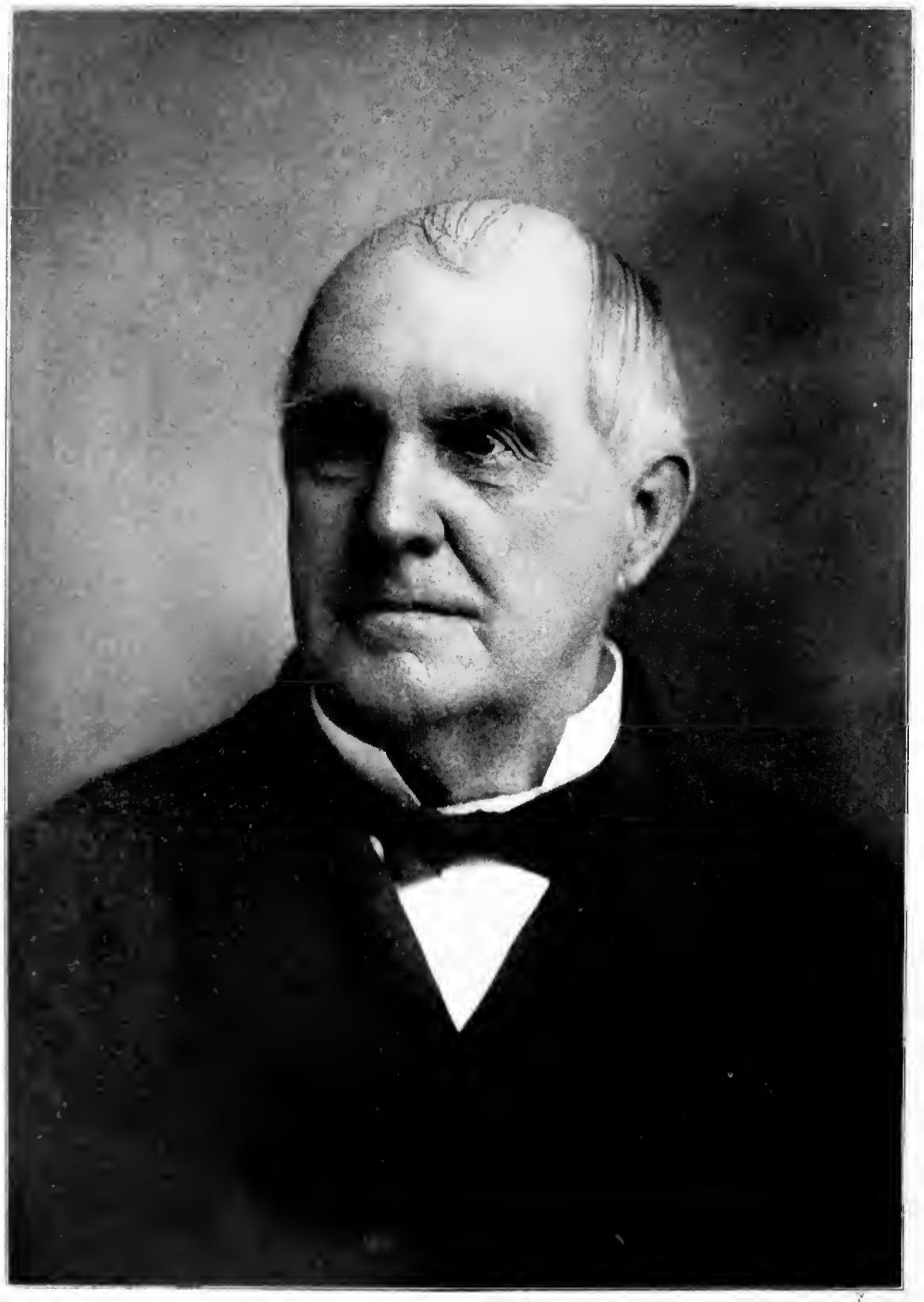


John Matthews.

PEEPS INTO LIFE

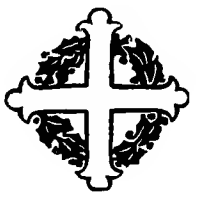
AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

REV. JOHN MATHEWS, D. D.

A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL

FOR SIXTY YEARS



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THE TENNESSEE ANNUAL CONFERENCE

OF THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH
SOUTH

DEDICATED TO
MY WIFE

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BY
C. M. HAWKINS

PREFACE.

SOME thoughtful reader, as his eye scans this page, may recall his youthful contempt for the preface; yet, properly viewed, it is the key to an author's purpose. This work proposes to honor Christ not only in one life but in His method with many. There was a long line of brave men who lived before Agamemnon, but those heroes are forgotten for want of a poet to sing their praises. There are many heroic souls who lie in unknown graves who aided, not only in laying the foundation, but in rearing the structure of the great Methodist Church, in the South. They bore the brunt of the battle while we enjoy the fruits of their victory.

In constructing these sketches, I lay no claim to large originality. Many of these ideas have accumulated on my hands. In the language of Montaigne, I present some of them as a "nosegay of culled flowers," claiming only the string that binds them.

In writing an autobiography, the ego must be in evidence. Philologists assert that "it took man thousands of years to say 'I' as a self-conscious personality." If this be true, why should one shrink from its use when it reveals the height man has attained?

We laud and honor the patriotic soldier who fights the foes of his country. Are not the men and women who fight the internal evils which menace society, equally patriotic and deserving of the applause of their fellow men? My object is to honor some of the soldiers of Christ; men and women fighting the good fight. This is the purpose of these "Peeps Into Life."

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CHAPTER I.

Glimpses at Life Principles.

" If I can live
To make some pale face brighter, and give
A second lustre to some tear-dimmed eye;
Or e'en impart
One throb of comfort to an aching heart,
Or cheer some wayworn soul in passing by—
If I can lend
A strong hand to the fallen, or defend
The right against a single envious strain—
My life, though bare,
Perhaps, of much that seemeth dear and fair
To us on earth, will not have been in vain."

—Helen Hunt.

I was born June 13th, 1826, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. My parents were Scotch-Irish, and transmitted to me some of the characteristics of that people. In classifying myself, let me say, I am not an optimist, nor am I a pessimist; I am a meliorist, or one who seeks to better the condition of mankind. In these " Peeps Into Life," the purpose is to stamp upon other minds the controlling motives of a life given to lift up humanity, that the readers may enjoy the simple annals of one who has spent almost sixty years in aiding human beings to climb into the bosom of God.

Early in my ministry, in formulating a plan of action, an idea was suggested to me by an ancient Roman custom. When victorious generals returned with their armies, it was the practice to distribute a certain amount of gold amongst their soldiers. In the course of events, one of these conquering generals took the same amount and put it into silver to scatter amongst his legions, saying, " It is better the many should have silver than the few only gold." Much of my time has been given to the study of so simplifying truth that the many might be helped. For more than forty years I have studied the easy passes into the human heart, that buried forces might be evoked; on the principle that a musician sits down before his piano and practises until without a conscious volitional act he will strike those chords which produce the sweetest and rarest music.

In looking over my shoulder into the past, life to me seems to be what the word " drama " signifies—a running to and fro of persons. This activity produces what a writer terms, " the rapture

of living." We are able to impart life to others without dying. In pushing my work a large share of rapture has been mine.

One of the great French writers of the day has said, "In me dwells some one greater than I." Reinforced by a Divine presence one sees wonderful possibilities in life. There is nothing finer than the sight of one illuminated by the Spirit of God sending forth rays of sunshine to gladden other lives. In peering into Christian lives we find they received an impulse from heaven.

Notwithstanding Huxley's dictum that "autobiographies are for the most part works of fiction," this volume shall be as unembellished as truth demands. In all writings there is something of that egotism which, as Coleridge said in the case of Milton, "is a revelation of spirit."

Some one has said, "All libraries are a mere peep into the inexpressible." In considering the past, one learns that the attempts to bring to light character is something almost impossible.

Years have taken from me my childhood, but have not taken away its essence. It is distressing to see men, as age grows apace, holding on to crumpled leaves and worm-eaten fruit. It is not for me to sit down and mourn like the man history describes. He had been an athlete, who had entered the arena where younger men were contending; and when he contrasted his now feeble and shriveled arms with theirs, and recalled what his own had been in their prime, he wept like a child.

It has been my habit to listen for new music and look for new sources of joy. They may be found. When one keeps his eyes and ears open, he will see and hear the bubblings of life's fountains as they pour forth their music. My cup of joy may be small, yet, I may not be conscious of it because of the exceeding sweetness of its contents. My body has grown old, but I can not afford to let my mind grow old, my heart to harden, or my spirit petrify. Old experiences may be as true as the Bible, but are no part of to-day's religious life, any more than petrified forests are part of earth's living verdure.

Few, if any, of the characters described in these pages will ever find a place on the pages of history; yet such noble natures are the makers of history. The world is quick to herald the fame of great generals, great statesmen, and great poets; but God and the angels look after the heroes of common life.

CHAPTER II.

Early Religious Impressions.

As far back as memory carries me there was a felt need in my heart. That unformulated longing held me until I was in the condition of the boy lost in the street crying for his father. The philosopher Kant gave shape to a like untrammeled longing when he inquired, "For what may I hope?" Is there an answer to such a query? If not, then were it better to be an elm in some great forest than to be a Martin Luther. My mother taught me the answer in lessons given at her knee. That answer thrilled my heart when she assured me that even a child may hope for salvation through Christ our Lord. Thus taught, love for Him pulsated through my whole being. If any one had demanded a reason at my hand for my hope, childish confusion would have followed. Montaigne helps to a solution when he says, "If any one should importune me to give a reason why I believe, I feel it could be no otherwise expressed than by making answer, 'Because it was He; because it was I.'"

As I peer into the past, and trace the unfoldings of a Christian life from my earliest recollection, without a consciousness of the fact the spiritual has grown up through the common. The daily tasks have been employed to meet my obligations to those with whom I came in contact, and let the spiritual evolve as the flowers evolve from the stem.

Sometimes, in early life, when in revivals, witnessing souls suddenly emerging into a state of joy, doubt as to the genuineness of my conversion would spring up, but a comforting thought was suggested by an older Christian, that no one could tell where darkness ended and daylight began. One may not always recognize the moment of transition from a sinful state into the new life in Christ.

When only a child, on every occasion presenting itself I responded to every call for penitents. When quite young, after entreaty upon my part, I was allowed to accompany two sisters to a Methodist watch-night service in the city of Philadelphia. To me, it was a revelation of new methods on religious lines. I was brought up in the solemn movements of the old blue-stocking Presbyterians. At that watch-meeting the house of God was packed. I sat in the gallery. As the service proceeded the interest deepened. At the close of the sermon penitents were invited to the altar. I was anxious to go, but the gentleman who policed the gallery would not allow me to go down, thinking only of preserving order. Sitting there, I listened and watched. A youth was at the altar, apparently seventeen years old. I heard his subdued and weird wail as he

cried for mercy. The minister was at the side of the kneeling youth and sang one of the old hymns—

"Alas, and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?"

This was sung to a chorus which I have never forgotten, for it went to my heart. There have been times when I have used it with wonderful effect.

"Oh, the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
The Lamb of Calvary!
The Lamb that was slain, but lives again,
To intercede for me!"

That scene and song intensified my purpose to be a Christian. I surrendered to Christ, and not only surrendered, but consecrated myself to His Service. My young heart was conquered. But—*was I converted?*

On another occasion, when about ten years of age, passing a Presbyterian church one evening, a hymn floated on the air, my ear caught the strain and I passed in. At the close of the sermon an invitation was given for persons who desired salvation to go forward. Quite a number responded. I took a place about the center of the designated seat. In a few moments the minister and elders proceeded to instruct those who went forward; not one of them so far as I could see, so much as noticed me. Perhaps they may have thought my action a childish whim. I knew then all I know now: that I was a sinner and needed a Savior. When the meeting closed there were greetings, but not for me. Lingering at the place until the congregation had nearly dispersed, a plainly dressed woman, wearing an old faded shawl and a bonnet out of style, stepped up to me, and uttered words like these, "Do not be discouraged, my child." Then, placing her old hand on my head, she invoked blessings on the lad. Through the long journey I have made, there have been times of discouragement, when unexpectedly I imagined that strange hand was on my head, and those strange lips lisping blessings upon my heart; times when I seemed to see that faded shawl and that weather-beaten bonnet; until new courage crept into my soul, and reinforcements from Heaven rescued me. One sweet day I hope to strike hands with that old saint somewhere. But—*was I converted?* That was the problem.

By and by circumstances over which Providence presided, necessitated my removal to Tennessee. Not long after my arrival in Shelbyville, on my way to my brother's store, one Saturday, passing a very plain and dreary looking church, my attention was arrested by a peculiar intonation of voice. Crossing the street to find out what it meant, I saw in the pulpit a small, neatly attired man. He was preaching to about twenty persons. His voice was rather lute-like and musical. Halting to listen, I found he had come to that

point of interest in his sermon where he reached what was known as the "godly, or heavenly tone," so often heard in those days. There stood Rev. S. S. Yarborough, a young man, handsome of face, with a hand placed behind his left ear, and from his lips proceeded that touching tone. That "heavenly tone" was simply what is practised now in some fashionable churches under the stylish name of "intoning." Some of our preachers, seeking after entertaining their people, will soon introduce what is called "intoning the service." What effect that hand, placed behind his ear, had on that young man's voice, I have never learned, to this day.

In the year 1842, a great revial broke out in the Presbyterian Church in Shelbyville, Tennessee, under the guidance of men of God. The meeting continued for many days, stirring the town from center to circumference. Over one hundred professed conversion, I amongst them. I was assured that if I believed in Jesus Christ and publicly confessed Him, that was all that was necessary. So I gave my hand to the pastor, Dr. Dashiel, as a confession of my faith.

When there was no service at the Presbyterian Church, which I had joined under special pleas which need not be mentioned, it was my pleasure to attend the homely little Methodist Church. The singing in their social meetings often melted me. On one occasion a protracted meeting was held in that church.

The pastor was assisted by the Rev. Joseph B. Walker. He was young and preposessing; his manners charming and his tongue eloquent. He became famous, and for many years was stationed in the city of New Orleans. In his preaching at that revival he emphasized the necessity of the witness of the Spirit, and insisted that if one was converted he will know it. This teaching somewhat alarmed me. At my room my Bible was consulted, and coming to certain passages, running my fingers along the words, my boyish prayer was, "Lord make me like that; give me the witness of the Spirit!" Sometimes, like the water-insect called the *synapta,* which has a peculiar device by which it holds itself firmly in any desired spot—having an anchor, the exact shape of the anchor used by ships; sometimes, my young heart was stirred by a hope which held me to Christ. Sudden conversions I had witnessed, but I had entered into the Christ-life without knowing when entering into it.

CHAPTER III.

INFLUENCED BY GODLY LIVES.

During this time there came into my life a woman named Mrs. Elizabeth Burnett, famous for her familiarity with Methodist doctrines, history, and spirit. That woman exerted an influence upon my life beyond all description. How spiritedly she could sing those glorious hymns of the Wesleys, now rarely heard! With what unction she sang:

"How happy is the pilgrim's lot;
How free from every anxious thought;
From worldly hope or fear!
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,
He only sojourns here."

What a wonderful grasp on God she had when leading in public prayer! She seemed to shake the very gate of Heaven with her importunity. Numerous hearts were kindled by her fire. Nicodemus-like, at night I visited her humble home. There she opened up the Scriptures, and explained the teachings of the men of God. She would read from Wesley, Watson, Fletcher, Carvosso, and Hester Ann Rogers and others, until my youthful being hungered to take in all Christ proposed to do for a soul. On certain lines, truth was burned into my heart. Association with that humble woman colored my whole life, as the river is colored, by the side of which the dye-wood grows. She was known in the town as Betsy Burnett, the sewing woman; her new name is yet to be learned.

With these and other influences affecting me, I became dissatisfied in the Church of my fathers, and withdrew to join the little group of working people constituting the Methodist Church in Shelbyville. This act of mine ruptured family ties; and my brother, who raised me, stated to me that it was the most unfortunate step ever taken for the family. He was a man of social position, a merchant, and for nineteen years president of the Branch Bank of the State of Tennessee. To ally myself with this group of Methodists was damaging. That Society was too poor to have a stationed preacher, even at a salary of one hundred dollars per annum, and board amongst the members.

A noted minister, a Presiding Elder who was visiting his wife's relatives in our town, was invited to occupy the Methodist pulpit. After his sermon he invited persons to join. Myself and his sister-in-law stepped forward and united with the Church. He was the Rev. Samuel S. Moody. Memory sees him now as I saw him in

the flush of his mature manhood. His eyes were clear and dark, his forehead high and broad, his hair glossy and black as a raven's wing. Both eyes and forehead said as plainly as possible, "We belong to a man of brains." His nose and mouth expressed what was literally true, "We belong to a man who feels, to one who is daringly resolute." He looked scholarly. His appearance would attract attention in any company. There I sat, looking into his face, in that little old church. He came nearer filling my conception of the look of an angel than any other human being I ever met. There was a gentleness of expression, coupled with a deep-set purpose, which emanated from his every feature which gave one the suggestion of purity. His spirit, as exhibited, calls to mind one of the old Greek tragedies, where Antigone, the beautiful maiden, is passing to her death because she had attempted, in defiance of the law of the city, to give a pious burial to her brother who had fallen in a civic feud, and she utters a line thus translated:

"'T is mine to join in league of love and not of hate.',

As a preacher he was unusually quiet for that day. Memory recalls a sermon by him on "Hope." His voice sounded like that of pine boughs moving softly in a light breeze. My pulse quickened as I listened. His was a nature finely touched and as free from earthly alloy as might consist with mortality. He filled the leading appointments of the Tennessee Conference, and was a very useful man.

He was not only happily, but usefully married. His wife's faith in God transmuted conviction into activity. It is said of a certain humble workman, that he boasted of having mixed the mortar of the great cathedral of Rome. It is human to feel honored to have one's name linked in some honorable way with noble enterprises. This noble woman prized the relation she bore to the work of extending the great empire of Jesus Christ. Mrs. Moody was a young lady of well developed mind and acted on the motto of the general so famous in Germany, "First ponder, then dare." Sixty-five years ago, one had to count the cost of going to a Methodist altar at a camp-meeting. Methodism was the butt of ridicule in the upper tier of society and she belonged to that tier. She was the niece of the Governor of Tennessee. During the latter part of the summer, a camp-meeting was held at old Salem in Bedford County, and people attended by thousands; amongst others Miss L. Cannon and two brothers. At the close of a sermon on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, the minister invited "mourners." To the surprise of all who knew her, this noted belle arose and went into the altar and, on bended knees in the straw, sought salvation. The tradition has it, when her brothers heard she was at the altar they were incensed, and after consultation, they marched into the place of prayer, and led her out, and soon started for home, feeling she had disgraced the family. Nothing daunted, she clung to her purpose and was

soundly converted. She longed to become better than nature made her. She desired to aid the coming generation to fulfil its destiny. Living a quiet but consecrated life she met the Rev. S. S. Moody, a minister who had taken front rank amongst his brethren. In due time they were married. Providence thus enlarged her sphere of influence. She filled her position as a pastor's wife with rare delicacy and common sense. She could sing in the language of an unknown poet:

> " Upon God's throne there is a seat for me;
> My coming forth from Him hath left a space
> Which none but I can fill. One sacred place
> Is vacant till I come. Father, from Thee
> I descended, here to run my race;
> A void was left in Thy paternal heart
> Not to be filled while we are kept apart.
> Yet, though a thousand worlds demand Thy care,
> Thy quick love flies to meet my slow-winged prayer,
> As if amid Thy worlds I lived alone."

Rev. William Mullins, was another character that entered into my young life. He was a local preacher near the town in which I lived. Once in a while he occupied our pulpit. His appearance and preaching profoundly impressed me, and led me to a consecration as complete as a lad could make. He deepened my conceptions of sin and the awful result of dying impenitent. He was a rugged-looking man. When aroused in the pulpit his eyes blazed like two torches; his eyebrows were shaggy and his entire make-up added to his utterances. On one occasion he arose in the pulpit as one wild from the wilderness, with the fury of God in his eyes, and in a voice that sounded like a trumpet announced his theme—" Eternal Punishment." From that hour until this the hunger of my heart has been to be a holy man and rescued from eternal punishment through Christ our Lord. On another occasion he discoursed on the Judgment Day. How my young heart quailed under the massive and thunderous truths hurled from lips which realized what that great day would unfold. Over and over again have I thanked God that such preaching fell upon my ears. He gave me such a view of the horrid and devastating nature of sin, that I have ever desired to carry the good news of a possible salvation from its power, to every human being. He frightened me out of sin. In the midst of my fears I looked for an escape, and learned that the goodness of God had provided a way; and that goodness led me to a deep and thorough repentance.

In Shelbyville, lived one of the most godly men ever coming under my view. George W Ruth, the silversmith, was a man of extraordinary spiritual power. He was not a fanatic, or one who harped upon a single string. He was an all-round man whose life was hid with Christ in God. He was in the world but not of it.

What a wonder he was in prayer! Years have come, and gone, but the influence of these prayers abides to this hour. In response to his cry the earth seemed to shake and tremble. When he died, the entire population turned out to his burial; a tribute to a Christian life. George W Ruth was the one who called upon me to officiate as the leader of a prayer-meeting. That was my first appearance before the general public.

The Methodist Church, South, has reason to congratulate herself on the work wrought in behalf of the slaves in ante-bellum days. She persisted in supplying them the knowledge of the Gospel. Annually, tens of thousands of dollars were expended in sending missionaries to show them how to find God. Besides the many special missionaries, every pastor in town or city had a colored church attached to his white charge. Multitudes were converted, and some developed into rare Christians, and lived holy and happy lives.

Amongst them I have two or three in special memory. Old "Uncle Cudjo" was one of these. He was a local preacher. In his palmy days he preached with great power at times, and wielded an influence of great value to society. Sometimes the whites had him in their pulpits. He was of marvelous physique; he seemed to be all sinews and strength. He was over six feet in height. He was aging when I knew him. He was mighty in prayer. He always prayed with his eyes open. One day, meeting him, I said, "Uncle Cudjo, why do you always pray with your eyes open?" "I'll tell you, young master. Once I preached to a large congregation and at the close of the sermon called for mourners. A large number came forward. I got down on my knees and prayed like bringing the heavens and the yerth together; when I said, amen and opened my eyes, dere wasn't a nigger dare! Ever since then, I watch as well as pray!"

Another colored man of character amongst white and black was "Uncle Barnaby," perhaps, as happy a mortal as I ever met. If he was not a genuine convert, no one ever was. He could literally sing,

"Jesus, all the day long, was my joy and my song!"

His heart was always bubbling over. He was venerable in appearance, his hair grey with age, but his eyes retained their sparkle. He was ever ready with a surprising answer to any query. One morning on my way to breakfast, I met him driving a mule, as he rode in the cart. He sat there smiling. As I was passing, my salutation was, "Riding on a cart this morning!" "Yes, yes, young master; but by and by I'll be riding in the King's chariot!" Memory recalls him now, as he rose to his feet on Sunday in the church, then moving amongst the people singing and shaking hands, while tears of joy chased each other down his cheeks. He would, every once in a while, utter a favorite term in an indescribable tone, which always touched the sensibilities; that term was, *"Hail! King Jesus!"* As

the old man entered the Holy City he must have thus greeted his Savior. His life confirmed my boyish faith in the power of the Gospel to save. The power of personality as seen in this old slave, reminded me of the saying of a recent author, "Character is caught, not taught." The influence of personality has never had its proper place in religious teaching. Said a Presbyterian pastor to me, "A gentleman remarked in my presence, 'When I see certain ministers I am led to doubt, but when I see Br. Blank, I feel that Christianity is divine!'" The latter acted upon Dante's suggestion, who advised that men eat angel's food, and be not content with the kind of food they share with the brutes. This man fed upon the promises of God.

My first Methodist pastor, Rev. William Burr, was a young man fresh from a large circuit. He was not a theologian in the technical sense but had a rich experience and was called of God to carry life-giving water to thirsty souls. Is it not true we are created with chords that respond to the touch that comes to us from the realm of the Divine? God can speak to us and we can hear Him unless we have been rendered too gross by sin. When Christ called His twelve disciples there was nothing about them except their loyalty. They had less education than can be found in most of our congregations, but He gave them His work to do. The same Master said to this young man, "I place you in this ministry that you may do in your sphere what I did in Palestine." The people in that day expected the minister to be acquainted with the Lord. He proved to be what they expected. There was in him such a combination of qualities as lifted him out of all vulgar mediocrity. He rose step by step until he became a front man amongst his brethren. Bishop McTyiere said he was the best Presiding Elder he ever knew.

To hear this man, as he unfolded his message, was like going to a living spring for a supply of water. He stressed the Atonement and pointed to the blood of Christ as an essential factor. This, my first Methodist pastor, fed me on food convenient for me, and to my taste it was like honey fresh from the rock.

CHAPTER IV

Beginning of my Ministry.

Rev. E. C. Slater, D. D., was born in Louisburg, Va., March 1st, 1818. At the age of eighteen years he was licensed to preach at Salem, Baltimore Conference. In 1838 joined the Tennessee Conference and was one of the most eloquent pastors in our denomination. He was social, popular and useful. In 1845 he was my pastor. From earliest childhood the call to preach was upon me, though unspeakable by me to others. The half smothered sense was ever present with me. Was it an impulse merely, or was it a pressure by the Holy Spirit? Nor did I fight against it; yet no one ever undertook the ministry more conscious of unfitness for it. All alone, I studied, prayed and availed myself of the means at hand for self-development. In an interview with Dr. Slater, it was decided I should preach a trial sermon to the blacks. The text used was, "Ask and it shall be given you." For twenty-five minutes I talked about prayer. Of course I was embarrassed. My manner was quiet, my utterances deliberate. The pastor tenderly gave me to understand that my quiet style would never do for a Methodist preacher. He did not inform me what style would do. In my anxiety to succeed, according to the common saying, "I jumped out of the frying pan into the fire." I went from one extreme to another. Had he given me definite instruction, with my ardent temperament, the right status would have been attained. My manner became boisterous. On one occasion, a Frenchman, using broken English, who was a member of the Presbyterian Church, said, "Me go to my church, me go to sleep; me go to hear you, me no sleep; you make too much noise!"

On March 25th, 1845, the Quarterly Conference licensed me to preach. While a clerk in a store, all my spare hours were given to the equipment of myself for a useful man of God. The absorbing interest with me was my relation to God through Christ. Times, like the flow of the tides, came upon me, when my heart longed for a perfect condition of faith. At that time I did not know there was such a thing as a divine discontent, a condition produced by the Holy Spirit leading one to crave the best things of God. The biographies of several of the noble men and women who were colaborers with Wesley, were placed in my hands. Their experiences fired my soul. Sometimes messages come to us through others, reaching us, not as utterances from the air but as testimonies carried to us through human hearts which have beat and ached like our own. At times, my condition of mind was that of dissatisfaction; therefore doubts sprang upon me, when truly the Holy

Spirit was producing a state of mind which would lead me to a richer experience and a more thorough equipment for my work. Nevertheless, all the while, my heart clung to Christ like the ivy when it throws its delicate tendrils around the sturdy oak.

Once in a while, I visited the near-by country churches and preached. The people gave me a large hearing. During the spring of 1846, a country school was tendered me and was accepted. Providence was opening up my way to enter upon an itinerant career. The Persians have a proverb which says, "Do the little thing now; so the big things shall by and by come asking to be done."

Another noble specimen of Christian manhood stepped into my life and blessed me all my days. The Rev. Ambrose F. Driscoll, Presiding Elder in our District. This man I have carried in my heart for sixty years. It would be a delightful task to write his biography; such a work would help the oncoming throng of ministers. All literary men would be happy if they could put nature into their books. Chateaubriant attempted to describe the early forests of America; Lamartine asked the richest language to help him describe certain home scenes. It would give me great pleasure to employ the richest language in portraying the life of this man who was of God's kind. He was converted at five years of age, and publicly remarked in a love feast, he never deviated from his sense of acceptance. His call to preach was like a word out of another world, and he soon died to earthly ambitions, content to go forth on a salary of one hundred dollars a year. In the Methodism of seventy years ago, the Church grew so rapidly, the authorities were difficulted to supply the demand for preachers. They had to employ lads of good report, to carry on the work of God. In our Church at that time our condition was like that of the Revolutionary period of our nation. Burgoyne was sweeping through the North with his well equipped army. The danger was so great that Massachusetts and Connecticut drafted every boy over fifteen years. So our fathers, from necessity laid hands upon every youth of any promise and sent him forth as a torch-bearer to enlighten the people. Ambrose F. Driscoll was sent forth in his youth. He started not without trepidation, but consoled himself with one of the grandest of thoughts, "God can take me at my own level and use me as I am." His life and work soon showed that he was of fibre fine as steel and that he possessed a courage born of thought.

This man became as a father to me. During the last of the summer of 1846, this man invited, yea even urged me to accompany him in the District to a series of camp-meetings, which I did. At these gatherings acquaintances were formed with representatives of the church both among the ministry and laity. Camp-meetings were then at their best. Hither gathered the men of power to work for Christ. That six-weeks' tour was educative. There I learned the art of conducting a soul into the Kingdom. The altar exercises were studied until they became familiar to me. That campaign

deepened my experience in every way. The earnest preaching, the fervent prayers and stirring songs all tended to carry me onward, until at times I felt like grasping one of the high harps close to the feet of God. Many scenes of great spiritual power were witnessed. Some humble men, but annointed of God, swayed the multitude as tree-tops are swayed by the wind. Sometimes men and women as if shot, fell to the ground under the preaching. Some went into what were termed trances; conditions of joy, whether in the body or out of the body it was difficult for them to tell.

When the camp-meeting tour ended, we were on the eve of the session of the Tennessee Annual Conference. It met in November, 1846, in Nashville. I went up to be examined and received on trial. The ordeal was passed satisfactorily. To me it was an eventful occasion. Some of the greatest men of the whole church were members. There were Drs. John W Hanner, Fountain E. Pitts, A. L. P. Green, John B. McFerrin, R. H. Rivers, Edward Wadsworth, and others—men who made history. Bishop James O. Andrew presided, assisted by the noblest Roman of them all, Bishop Joshua Soule.

The session seemed long, but the last day came and Bishop Andrew arose to address the preachers as was the custom, and to announce the appointments. Name after name was announced. Down the list he went until I not only thought but felt that I was forgotten. At last Middleton Circuit was called; Charles B. Farris and John Mathews were announced. A glow of pleasure ran through my frame. It had not concerned me whether I was to get a good or a hard appointment; only a place was desired. One ambition, one prayer possessed me, that I might learn to preach so as to be able to fill any four-weeks' circuit usefully.

CHAPTER V

Middleton Circuit.

Going at once to our circuit, my colleague returned to his home and I to the first appointment. A sense of responsibility affected me; the feeling was "Life is not an idle dream; it is the only thing with which to confront eternity." The church was known as Ransom's. Sunday opened bright and fair. The congregation filled the house. I ascended the pulpit with fear lest I might become stage-struck; then I prayed for superhuman aid. When I arose to announce my hymn my hands began to tremble; then clasping my elbows into my sides my hands were steadied while reading the hymn. My text was, "If any man serve me him will my Father honor." My sermon was a medley. My purpose was all right, and the people were respectful in their attention.

During that ecclesiastical year the ups and downs were numerous; more downs in feeling than ups. My governing desire was to live according to the teachings of our Lord. Being innocent of earthly ambition, my craving of soul was to be an energetic worker. Allison said, "Passion and reason in equal proportions form energy." During the winter I pushed on through rain, sleet and snow going to the churches even when not a human being met me. Then I was down. Sometimes no one invited me to their homes; what was to be done? Another down in feeling, but riding a few miles where a welcome awaited me, then was I up in feeling.

Young men are not always prudent and I was not an exception. On some occasions in my zeal my scythe cut down some corn with the weeds. My performance fell far below my ideal; this produced dissatisfaction upon my part and sometimes mortification; then temptation to abandon further effort, but resistance won in the fight. There was no great aggressive movement during the year but we had some fine meetings. My colleague, Rev. C. B. Farris, was in charge of the work; my place was that of a striker. For those days our circuit was small; only seventeen churches to preach in, each four weeks, besides preaching at night in cabins down in hollows.

My colleague was not only esteemed but loved by all who knew him. He was considered one of the most useful men in the Conference. According to the technics of the schools he was an uneducated man; but he was wonderfully magnetic in his association with individuals, and his life was almost flawless. The people delighted to hear him preach, and as a singer few surpassed him. He was also gifted in revival work. His home life was beautiful.

His neighbors not only respected but loved him. Long ago he made his exodus, passing to be with God.

On week days we preached at 11 a. m., and held class-meeting after every sermon. Often at night we would preach in a cabin in the hollows or on the hillsides for the benefit of those who could not climb. Once, having preached at Lebanon Church in the morning, at night I went to preach in a cabin at the foot of a hill. When we reached the cabin we found quite a number of neighbors gathered to enjoy the service. When the sermon was ended all but three or four returned to their homes. It was the custom for the woman of the house to prepare supper for the visitors. When sitting near the fire, while the mother was cooking supper, the child began to cry. To relieve the situation, I took the child and dandling him upon my knees I began to sing to quiet him. It was not a very great while after the Presidential campaign of Polk and Clay. The Henry Clay champions sang,

"Hurrah, hurrah, the country's rising,
For Henry Clay and Frelinghuysen!"

The Democrats used the same tune, and sang,

"Hurrah, hurrah, the country's rising,"
"Down with Clay and Frelinghuysen!"

In quieting the baby, and wishing to conceal my politics, I used the first line, coupling it with a line from a then popular revival chorus, and sang,

"Hurrah, hurrah, the country's rising,
If you get there before I do!"

It was thoughtlessness on my part. An old brother named Dunn heard my song. The following Saturday was quarterly meeting. This man was a steward and attended. He informed the Presiding Elder that, "Brother Mathews has ruined himself and injured the Church at Lebanon by singing Whig songs; no one will go to hear him preach!" My Presiding Elder was astounded. On Monday morning as he was about to leave for his home, as he led his horse he invited me to walk with him. He told me all he had heard, and exhibited great distress over the thought that I had ruined that Church. I was astounded and indignant! My Irish got the better of me and I resented the charge of singing Whig songs. In fatherly tenderness, he reprimanded me. Bitterly denying the charge, I said, "How could I sing Whig songs when I was born a Democrat!" He left me fearing his confidence had been misplaced. I returned to my duties smarting under the thought that no one would hear me preach at that church. When the day arrived for me to go to Lebanon Church, I started with fear and trembling. What if no one would attend! My heart beat with great thumps as I neared the place. When I raised my eyes judge of my surprise and relief to

see a large number of horses and several wagons which had brought a crowd to the place! Entering the church I found it filled in mid-week. Many had come to hear and see the young preacher about whom these rumors were afloat. This Brother Dunn was there, and with others, after the sermon, shouted over the floor. This added to my indignation, and retiring from the ground I avoided him. He followed me to my horse, and said, "Why do you not speak to me?" My pent-up ire broke loose, as I replied, "How dared you shout after telling such a story to the Elder, who is suffering on my account!"

It was on this circuit my pride was challenged. Being accustomed to the Presbyterian ministry and seeing they dressed well, having a nice Sunday suit, out of respect for the people it was worn. Soon it was whispered around, "Our little preacher is proud." When near my old home, during what was called rest week, I purchased four yards of homemade blue jeans, and had the tailor make a coat. I found a pair of gray cassinet pants, nearly worn bare at the knees. I donned these when starting on my next round. Riding horseback, the pressure upon the knees was so great that the pants split. Stopping at the home of a good brother, his wife, in her kindness of heart, after I had retired to bed, patched my pants. She had no grey goods but had some brown jeans and fixed the knee of my grey trousers with brown goods. It took a good share of grace thus attired to push on around my circuit. They praised me now for my humility, but they never knew what went on inside of me. All over that circuit I was known as "Little John Mathews."

CHAPTER VI.

Spring Hill Circuit.

The Conference, this year, met at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. I was domiciled at Dr. Manney's with a young preacher, Rev. Wm. H. Hughes. We joined the Conference at the same time. We were chums, and have remained fast friends through all the long journey we have made. He has lived in Texas for years and has been superannuated for a number of years. Well-beloved, we shall strike hands "when we have crossed the bar!" Our affection was like that of David and Jonathan.

At the close of the Conference, the appointing power sent me as Junior Preacher to the Spring Hill Circuit, Russell Eskew in charge. This circuit embraced a part of the best section of middle Tennessee. Many persons of culture, refinement and wealth were members of our church. My colleague had been kept on circuits where civilization was not at its best. He was too brusque. Physically he was large and vigorous, and equally as large spiritually. He was one of a class which fill places where men are rarely heard from by the outside world. He had toiled mostly in out-of-the-way places, but did a work without which the world would have been poorer. He took hold of his work with an energy begotten of God, and led souls to Christ. He never doubted that he was working in the vineyard by special invitation of the Owner. His convictions were of such a nature, had he discovered that he was mistaken, he would have cleared the vineyard wall at a bound, and at the risk of breaking his neck by the leap. His early advantages were limited and much of the crude mannerism of his early days clung to him. The more cultivated of the church felt he was not the man for the position. Being made aware of the fact, it became a thorn in his flesh. He held some misconceptions of his responsibilities, and sometimes said uncouth things in a rough way. It has been well said, "Apples of gold taken out of pictures of silver and hurled at your head may become instruments of great pain." He sometimes, with pureness of motive, held up the lamp of truth so that people could not only see, but dashed the lamp into their faces! This produced friction. However, strength was given him to grasp the rudder in the storm, and in the darkest hour he felt assured he would not be beaten and battered.

Russell Eskew was one of the best of men. Bating the few flecks in his life he was master of an ordinary assembly. His overmastering faith created an abiding joy. Like the honey-bee extracting sweetness from the flowers he extracted sweetness from the

promises. It might have been said of him as of Luther, he had "shaken every tree in God's garden and had gathered fruit therefrom." Though lacking tact at times, his heart was all right. His spirit was so unselfish my entire life has been influenced by it. As I look back over half a century into his human eyes I still see a son of God behind them. This holy man was toughened by trials which would have broken down any one with a taint of moral weakness. At one of our camp-meetings he picked me up and carried me on his arm through the camp as a father would a child, shouting as he went, while tears of joy fell from his eyes. He has long since joined the white-robed throng. Farewell, but not forever! I'll soon join you!

During this year my spiritual growth was perceptible. My condition of mind was on a line with the prayer of Lady Maxwell, "Put a thorn in every enjoyment, a worm in every gourd that would prevent, or in any measure retard, my progress in Divine life!" I sought to make myself over to God. I desired to see the world through the eyes of Christ. We had several precious revivals. At Spring Hill we had a delightful meeting, which broke out at my monthly appointment.

One of our prosperous churches was about four miles from Columbia, called Olivet. Here Wm. M. Leftwich and I met for the first time. He was at home from college during vacation. We met again many years after when he had become one of the leading pulpiteers of the church. He lived a devoted life and then went up to meet his Lord. Some most delightful experiences fell to my lot; and some rather sad ones. On one occasion Satan saw he had something in me and desired to sift me as wheat. Doubt disheartened me; doubt as to ever becoming a successful minister. It tormented me to such a degree that I sought my room, and flinging myself on the bed I wept until the anguish was almost unbearable. While in this mental agony, that noble man of God, Rev. Green Irvin, who was living with his father-in-law, "Dicky Chappell," came into my room, and with an expression of surprise inquired, "What is the matter, my young brother?" I unbosomed myself to him as to the fierce temptation to abandon the ministry. God sent that man to me. While sympathizing tenderly with me in that hour of darkness, he step by step led me out of darkness, pointing to my work, and what the future would do for me if true to God. Then he shamed me for allowing Satan to thus discourage me. The dear man, who lost his sight afterwards, never faltered, but walked with God. How everybody loved him! That interview has never faded from my mind; under its influence I have filled out nearly sixty years of active service.

Many blessings fell to me during the year. Being young and faulty in judgment, an event occurred which caused some severe criticisms which led me into an improper spirit. 'We had a week-day appointment at a church called Bethel. We had a small membership

there, and they were poor, rarely ever inviting the minister to partake of their hospitality. One lady, not a member, but well conditioned financially, was in the habit of inviting, what they called the parson, to dinner. On my visit a handful attended meeting, amongst others this one woman, who owned a few slaves. She brought her child with her, a toddler about three years old. While I was trying to preach, it was evident no one was listening to the sermon. This child was capering over the floor, entertaining the small group by drawing the mother's shawl across the floor, then falling down and kicking up its heels. In my embarrassment, in a subdued tone, intending to be sweet, I said, " I would thank the good sister to take care of her child." I was unfortunate in my choice of words, for instantly I perceived I had " raised Cain." Grasping the child by the arm, she half dragged it to the door. The meeting was brought to a speedy close, as there was a tempest in a teapot. When I passed out, some one told me the woman was talking, and said she " came to invite me to dinner, but I could not eat any of her meat and bread." Being imperfect, there was a rising within, and I remarked, I had one twenty-five cents in my pocket, could pay for my dinner, and the next time I visited Bethel I would bring my dinner! That retort spread like wild-fire in dry grass. My retort was wrong. But I took my dinner with me to Bethel at my next appointment. The episode was the talk of the neighborhood for a month. Quite a number attended service, and amongst them the squire of the district who invited me to dinner, and I went.

In the upper part of the circuit we held a camp-meeting near Chapel Hill. Not far from the camp ground, lived an old-time saint. He was odd, but good. He was small of stature, but stalwart in moral power. He managed with the aid of his wife and two daughters to eke out a poor man's living. Being industrious and pious he enjoyed his scanty bill of fare. He was famous throughout that section for his unostentatious devotion. He was of the kind described in the Cotter's Saturday Night. He always tented at the camp-meeting. Withal, he was considered somewhat eccentric. As Junior Preacher it fell to my lot to preach on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock. My subject was " Prayer." This old gentleman seated himself in the altar, astride the puncheon slab. He always sat in front of the stand with his face down. Having given several instances in answer to prayer from the Word of God, in my enthusiasm I exclaimed, " I can give others from the same source." The old man suddenly raising his head, and in his squeaking voice replied, " Give us a few more John; a few more! " Both congregation and preacher were upset, and the preacher collapsed, and sat down in confusion, as I could not command another instance!

CHAPTER VII.

Fayetteville Station.

At the close of this Conference year a few of us young preachers went to Clarksville, Tennessee, to attend the session of 1848. Here was to end my probation if counted worthy and I should pass my theological examination. The committee recommended me and I was received into membership and recommended for ordination to Deacon's orders. Before taking the vote for admission, the Bishop put the class through a most searching examination, from which I almost shrank; but explaining the vows to me, they were assumed with fear and trembling. With five others, on Sunday morning we were ordained Deacons. They have all gone with their report to God, save Rev. Wm. H. Hughes, of Dallas, Texas, and myself. We have reached the margin and ere long will drop from the ranks here to swell the ranks on the other side.

From that Conference, Bishop Robert Paine sent me to Fayetteville Station. It was a small town, of barely one thousand inhabitants. The membership, all told, numbered thirty-two. No one knew me. My name preceded my person, and inquiries concerning the incoming pastor were frequent. No one could answer these queries, save two brothers who had attended the recent Conference. They were seriously interviewed, and as seriously pronounced, "He won't do! his shirt collar is too wide!" In a few days the young preacher reached the town, where he found quite a respectable house of worship, and was warmly welcomed by the influential, in spite of his wide collar.

A few days brought the Presiding Elder, Rev. A. F Driscoll, whom I loved tenderly. He came with a rod. His interest in me was almost fatherly. His face is on my heart now. He was a solemn-looking man, so much so that the less respectful young preachers called him, "Old Dry." How he ever took to me so passionately is still a mystery—two natures so directly opposite. Mine was a bubbling, cheery nature. He was as solemn as the Ten Commandments. Sometimes I made him laugh. In his day the preachers arose at 5 o'clock. I was sleepy-headed. One day he lectured me about sleeping late, when like a child, I faced him with a smile, as I said, "Brother Driscoll, how can I wake up when I am fast asleep?" He turned away with a laugh.

But this particular visit was professional. He took me aside and gave me a lecture that made the fur fly. I turned red and pale alternately. No bee ever stung me with greater quietness. Had he shown temper, or even bossism, I would have had occasion to go at

him with fire; but, no; he was as cool and sweet as an October morning. He recalled faults, and referred to mistakes made by me. When he finished there was nothing left in me but hope! He pressed me to guard my weak points, and assured me that in the Bishop's Cabinet, "I nominated you for this station; Dr. Hanner said, 'He will do the preaching, but will have his own way no matter who is over-ridden!'" The word "mortified," is hardly adequate to express my state of mind! And to think the shirt-collar sting was yet rankling in my soul! It is a wonder I did not run away! That lecture changed my whole life. A law was passed in my mind never to have any friction in my churches; if people will not pull my rope, I will step back or forward and pull with them. From that day on it has been my study how to manage men without friction. Tact has been a favorite word; years have come and gone without discord. To recede when no principle is involved has been my motto.

In those days discipline was enforced. Some of our members who were backslidden in heart, attended a circus. The leading officials urged me to arraign the guilty. Preacher and officials knew very little about Church law. A woman and a prominent young man had, in face of warning, attended the circus. They were summoned to appear at a church meeting the next Sunday morning at 8 o'clock. The young man attended, the woman did not. Without any red tape, a Steward moved to turn them out of the Church. The motion prevailed, and they were expelled! These expulsions caused some excitement; the talk was, "Mathews will break up the Methodist Church." This report gave me some anxiety, but prayer and care resulted in a happy pastorate. The young man who was expelled was soon brought by the Divine Spirit under conviction, repented, was soundly converted, and in due time entered the ministry, and finally reached the front rank in his Conference. He was honored with the "D. D." by one of the leading colleges.

During the late summer and early fall, invitations were sent me to attend several camp-meetings. One of these was held at Holt's Camp Ground near Shelbyville. A great throng attended. Many preachers were present. Sunday was, on these occasions, usually a trying day, owing to the restlessness of the people. On this day confusion was evident. The Presiding Elder wilted at the task before him, and requested some one else to deliver the eleven o'clock sermon. The invitation was declined. Then he hunted me up and requested that I preach the sermon. After a short parly, and considerable apprehension, I consented. At the appointed hour the seats were filled and the square was crowded. There was a babel of voices. It was confusing. Announcing the hymn brought no relief. While the few were singing, the Presiding Elder whispered in my ear, "There are at least a dozen people trading horses on the camp ground." Kneeling down to pray, the story has it, that I began thus: "O Lord, we thank Thee for camp-meetings! They are good things. Some attend to show their fine clothes; some for their health

to save expenses in going to the springs; others to meet friends, and others to trade horses; for Thou knowest the Presiding Elder has just whispered in my ear there are at least a dozen persons now swapping horses on the ground! A few attend to worship God!" When the prayer ended, judge of my surprise to see a crowd pressing around the arbor. They had become silent and looked surprised and subdued, wondering, no doubt, what would come next. When the text was announced, I proceeded to give the substance of a conversation between two men traveling together on horseback and looking ahead. One descried a cabin ahead, and said, "No one lives there; boards are off the roof, fence down and weeds thick." The other replied, "Yes, it is occupied, for there is the water-pail on the shelf at the side of the door, and there hangs the ever-present sign of occupation, the *inevitable string of red pepper!*" The text was, "Your sins have separated between you and your God." After applying the story to the crowd, that multitudes were uncertain as to the purpose of life, I took up the dilapidated moral condition of the masses, and having the attention of the great outside crowd, with earnest prayer in my heart for God to give His Word power, in a tender manner I flung out truth after truth in reference to the responsibility of life, its end and aim. For about one hour sin was described, and when the end was reached, penitents were called. The response was prompt, a number came; some fell in the straw as if shot.

Here the story originated of the blacksmith, whose shop was near-by. His man "Sam," a slave, was in the habit of attending at night. Sometimes he took the jerks which made him sore for a day or so. This man called Sam, and threatened, "If you attend the meeting I will flog you." The attraction was too great and Sam went, took the jerks and was taken home disabled. The master, enraged, gathered the oldfashioned cowhide and, as he raised it to strike Sam, it flew out of his hand and the master began to "jerk," to his sorrow, for sometimes they fell on their face and blood would spurt from the nose.

With joy I left my old charge. My love for the people was pure. One of the leading stewards suggested, "We will send a petition to the Conference and have you returned." My reply was, "If you do I will die." It was a fearful ordeal to fill the pulpit for one year! How could I stand two?

CHAPTER VIII.

Decatur Station.

The Conference, this year, met in Shelbyville. Here Elisha Carr, so noted in Tennessee, had charge of the meeting for the colored people. The Baptist Church was used for their worship. They had no altar, nor any lamps, but used candles. When Brother Carr ended his very dry sermon, he proceeded to business, which was to improvise an altar. Holding a candle in one hand, he took hold of one end of a bench; then, seeing a man sitting in front of him, said, "Jake, take hold of this bench;" then fixing it as he desired, said, "Jake, do you want religion?" "Yes, master." "Then kneel at this bench." Addressing another man, he said, "Tom, you want religion?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. Thus he went on, holding the candle in his hand. When he reached about the fifth man, he said, "Peter, do you want religion?" "*No, master,*" was his response. "Then," said Carr, "*you hold this candle.*" It was a blessed Conference, refreshing the spirits of these laborers together with God. This year, my appointment was to the then small town of Decatur, at the head of the mussel shoals on the Tennessee River. It could boast of eight hundred inhabitants; two white churches, Baptist and Methodist. My advent into Decatur found me imploring Divine aid in my new field. I absolutely hungered for supernatural help. My method of praying was not then entirely satisfactory, having heard devout men talk of agonizing in prayer, of wrestling for victory. My habit was to speak with God for what I needed, then rest upon his promise. When attempting to spend much time in prayer, weariness and sleep would overtake me. But whether awake or drowsy the sense of need filled my soul, and an unformulated longing stirred my heart day and night.

This was a great year in my life. The Divine Presence was with us week by week. Conversions occurred at the homes as well as in the church. We had a remarkable revival in which persons were convicted so deeply they swooned away, then emerged into a life of joy. The Rev. P. S. Scruggs, who resided in the town, said, "All the pastor has to do, is to ring the church bell, at any hour of the day, and the house would be filled." Nine-tenths of the members attended class-meeting. I had for a time great joy in my work. But Satan would not let me alone. During the last Conference year I had read some infidel books, and some works on natural law, and some of the troublesome questions arose in my mind. I could not understand the philosophy of things and was troubled. I kept my doubts to myself, and fought the battle without

human aid. Virtually Carlyle's theory was adopted, though ignorant of it at the time. He wrote to a friend, "I don't want to hear of your doubts; I have enough of my own." My conflict was like a tempest, which for a season threatened to sweep me from my moorings. One Sunday morning while in the pulpit, seized with a feeling of desperation as I stood in that holy place, my faith towered above fear, and one emotion thrilled me, as I said to myself, "I will trust thee, O Lord, where I can not trace thee!" Suddenly, as a flash leaps from a cloud, there entered my soul a sense of rest that sweetened every faculty of my being. My heart emerged from the mist and fog with a mightier grasp on Christ than ever. Since then, in dealing with doubt I do as when I am eating fish; when I come to a bone I do not attempt to swallow it, I simply lay it aside and go on eating the meat! If I can not master the doubt at once, I lay it aside and feed upon the promises.

It was there I met for the first time the Rev. W G. Dorris, who had been received on trial at the last annual Conference. He was, perhaps, the most popular man in Morgan County, Alabama. He was appointed to Lagrange Circuit. He had never preached a sermon, yet was sent to preach to the faculty and students of our college. He started on his first round rather hopeful. Within a few days he was back, and to my surprise told me had concluded to abandon the work. My experience prepared me to sympathize with him, and I directed him to put up his horse, and come around to the office and talk the matter over. He was one of the most discouraged men I ever met. He secured a table, put it in my office, and I encouraged him to study and prepare some sermons. He spent one month with me. When the month ended he started on his circuit and made a fine impression. He rose to fill the leading appointments in his Conference. He was a born gentleman; and exhibited his noble qualities until the day of his death.

In Decatur there was a holy woman dying of consumption. Mrs. Ford desired an interview with me. Calling to see her, after Christian conversation she said, "Brother Mathews, I want you to make me a promise; will you do so?" The reply was "No pledge can be made until the subject is understood; you must explain the nature of the request." Then she said, "You are a young man; God has a work for you to do; opportunities will open before you; promise me you will never give up your ardent manner of preaching." I was surprised, but promised. Then she went on to say, "Some ministers begin well, but by and by lose their earnestness and fail." That pledge has been kept for over a half-century.

Having gathered into the fold quite a number of young people who were earnest and active Christians, Satan appeared, lifting up his lofty head in the shape of a dancing master. His claims were high. He proposed to take the crude and transform them into elegant young ladies and gentlemen, and urged them to join his class and become adepts in politeness. Hearing of his effort to draw off

my young members, I publicly suggested their danger. One day, in the hotel awaiting dinner, this man attacked me with great vehemence. Mastering my feelings, in a quiet way I replied in the form of a question or two: *"Who are you? Where did you come from?* A gentleman coming to our town asking a position in our public schools brings credentials. Where are yours? A minister coming to teach religion has to be accredited; you may be a perfect gentleman, or just out of the penitentiary! Who knows?" These interrogations infuriated him, and he raved like a wild animal in front of a red flag! He hissed out, "I am as good as you!" "That may be," was the reply, "but where are the credentials?" In a day or two he disappeared. We never heard of him after he left town.

An aged colored Christian, at this place, was superannuated by his master, who built for his old servant a little house and furnished supplies for his comfort. The old man was very regular in his attendance at church, in the gallery, on Sundays. He was very hearty in his responses. Everybody respected him. Now and then he visited my office and spoke always of his hope and faith. One day, my neighbor who was winding up the affairs of a defunct bank, called and said, "Uncle Tom is dying." Gathering up my New Testament I hastened to his bedside. He welcomed me with a smile. At an opportune moment, I referred to his visits to my office and his triumphant assurance of salvation. "Now," said I, "as you are about to cross into the other world, how is your faith?" Brightening up as if a beam from Heaven had entered his soul, and reaching forth his bony fingers as if grasping what I could not see, he shouted out, *"I hold Him to His promise!"* What a glorious time we had in that humble cabin! Ere I departed, he said, "Read to me some of Paul's strong sayings." I turned and read, "The life that I now live." He shook his head. Turning to, "My grace is sufficient for thee," he still replied, "Not that!" Then it flashed upon me to turn to, "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown." As I raised my eyes, his face glistened with the very light of Heaven! In a day or two he was translated, and entered through the gates into the Celestial City!

CHAPTER IX.

GALLATIN STATION.

I closed my fourth year in the regular work. My studies had been pursued and I had to be examined prior to ordination as an Elder. The ordeal was passed, and Bishop Wm. Capers ordained me to the office of an Elder. He was one of the loveliest of men. He was as gentle as a woman. His preaching was of the purest cast. His style was simple, but Addisonian in finish. He was the promoter of the plan which gave missionaries to the slaves.

Athens, Alabama, the seat of the Conference this year, was famous for the culture of its people and the strength of our denomination. The Athens Female College was at its best. Dr. R. H. Rivers was its president and Dr. Hubbard one of the professors, supplemented by a very able corps of teachers.

At this Conference Dr. R. A. Young was appointed to preach one afternoon. Conference was to meet in our church at the same hour; a few of us younger preachers went to hear Brother Young. When the opening exercises were concluded, in rushed the entire body of ministers, having unexpectedly adjourned. Dr. Young seemed in a quandary, and finally arose and said: "The Committee on Public Worship will please select another preacher; I am so embarrassed I can not proceed." This created a sensation. One of the committee turned to Dr. Alex. Erwin and requested him to preach. He went into the pulpit, a hymn was sung, and he then announced his text "Now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." He was at his best, and poured forth thought after thought until his audience was completely under his magic spell.

When the appointments were announced at the close of the session, my destination was Gallatin, Tennessee, as successor of that famous orator, Fountain E. Pitts. He had been the greatest soul winner in the southwest. The sense of responsibility was heavy, and my one anxious purpose was to live so close to our Lord that my spiritual life might put into play forces God could bless. Gallatin was the county-seat of the famous Sumner County. It was noted for its influential citizens. We had a neat house of worship and a devoted but not large membership. On my arrival an office was rented, and it was arranged that I should board a month with each of twelve of our families. My salary was fixed at one hundred and fifty dollars, according to the new law.

Early in the year there was a spiritual, forward movement and a promise of showers of blessings. After forming the acquaintance

of my people and letting them see my purpose to help humanity, an aggressive movement was made. The Sunday-School grew, as well as the congregation. Our people seconded my desire for a protracted meeting. We had a prosperous meeting, for a number were converted and added to the Lord. During the meeting while preaching one night my eye discovered a gentleman in the center of the church who was attracting attention. When penitents were called the reason was discovered. He had been stricken by the Spirit until he could not move. Two or three brethren who understood the situation, lifted him from the pew and carried him to the altar. Tears ran down his cheeks, and prayers went up to God in his behalf. Soon he was happily converted, and great joy stirred the audience. Others were converted as the meeting advanced. Another convert was a young man who was very wild in his habits. He would fight at the drop of a hat and drop it himself. He became greatly attached to me, and was my protector on all occasions.

During the year a saloon keeper, whose wife was a member, was induced to attend church one Sunday evening. The house was packed. He got behind the door. During the sermon as I was discoursing on hiding from God; I cried out, "Come out of your hiding place!" When the saloon keeper reached home, he upbraided his wife for informing the preacher of his presence. She told him she did not dream of his being there. He thought I called him out from behind the door!

In midsummer I spent some time in the county mansion of the Odems', a quiet place and a splendid household. Their kindness was excessive. The Vaughans were specially regardful of the pastor. The Douglasses were devoted Methodists. Belonging to us was Barton Brown, a local preacher. His two boys were lads of fine character. They both became not only prominent but useful ministers.

CHAPTER X.

ANDREW CHAPEL, AND CALIFORNIA.

In the autumn of 1851, the Conference convened in Lebanon, Tennessee. Bishop Robert Paine was in charge.

Here, for the first time, I met David C. Kelley. He was a young man of slight build; sprightly and well educated. He was reared in the lap of the church by parents who were affectionately regarded by all. This young man was to become a factor in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was sent as a missionary to China. In the course of time, and for cause, he returned and steadily grew into a man of wide influence.

At this Conference the Committee on Public Worship appointed me to preach on Monday night. After the sermon a brother circulated the report that the preacher was heterodox. The Presiding Elder, who took such a fatherly interest in me, inquired what was said by me. The position assailed was, "It is possible, had not an angel strengthened Christ in the garden of Gethsemane, the plan of redemption might have failed." The idea was gotten from the then most prominent Commentator of Methodism. This Presiding Elder was surprised at the criticism. A sensitive nature could hardly brook this assault.

Bishop Paine sent me to Andrew Chapel, Nashville. The Presiding Elder notified me my appointment was due to the fact that I enforced law. This church received me with cordiality. The Sunday-School was large and well superintended by Brother Newsom, a magnetic man amongst children. We had prosperous times during the six months of my pastorate. We had a crowded house the entire time. About this time a powerful appeal was made by the Bishop in charge of the California work; and, without carefully investigating the conditions, I consented to go. In March, 1852, the Bishop sent me a commission. As soon as possible the journey to New York began. On the 5th of April we sailed out of New York on the steamship "Crescent City." In a few days we arrived at Aspinwall, and there took a train which carried us eighteen miles inland. We then took small boats which were poled up the Chagres River by the natives. The hundreds of passengers had to lie by at night. There were no hotels. We slept on the gravel banks of the river; I covered myself with a large cloak. It was a novel experience. Thoughts of the past, the present and future occupied me until sleep crept on apace. Just as day was breaking, a human voice awakened

me, soft and clear. It was the voice of a Christian man, singing in tones which went to my heart:

> "In the morning when I rise, give me Jesus:
> Give me Jesus; give me Jesus.
> You may have all the world
> But give me Jesus."

That Sunday morning, that voice, are abiding memories. May that song be sung in the resurrection morn!

As soon as possible we were in our boats and on our way to the head of water navigation. About noon we left the boats and securing mules and horses we were on our way across the mountains for Panama. It was a trying trip on muleback along a single path that had been traveled for generations until holes were worn in the rock apparently six inches deep. There were points on the route, where, if these animals had misplaced a foot, we would be hurled over a precipice. These animals had gone over this path until they knew it well. We reached Panama without serious accident. We had to spend five days in that city awaiting the coming of passengers from a steamer which left New York a week behind us. Panama was a revelation to us; its cathedral, its numerous churches, its ringing of bells, its antiquated buildings and its peculiar population, conspired to set the heart of a Christian to praying that spiritual religion might come to all. We saw priests carrying fighting chickens to the cockpit for a battle!

At the end of our stay in that remarkable city, over twelve hundred passengers boarded the handsome steamer "Tennessee," for San Francisco. The trip on the Pacific Ocean was enjoyable. Twelve missionaries were on board: ten for California and two for Oregon. Here I found the character of the trials to be encountered. The subject of slavery was agitating the nation. One minister, rather coarse, affirmed in a heated debate, an impossible story. It was of a slave woman, who was thrown on a table and her tongue nailed to it! My reply was summed up in one word, "Preposterous!" How could any man get a woman's tongue, hold it out and proceed, with hammer and nail, to fix it to a table? Four hands could not do it.

While on both the Atlantic and Pacific, seasickness mastered me. My traveling companion who shared my stateroom escaped the sickness. Now and then he would enter the stateroom and taunt me by saying, "You can't ride in a carriage—eh? Head swims—eh?" It was provoking.

On the 10th of May, all was excitement on shipboard as we passed through the Golden Gate. We soon sailed up to the wharf of San Francisco. A great throng stood on the pier, some looking for dear ones, others as mere spectators. In that vast sea of humanity there was not a single familiar face. After a few hours I went ashore, and was directed to a good hotel where I registered.

It was but a short time until I went in search of our superintendent, Dr. Jesse Boring. About evening the office was found. The Doctor and his colaborers, Morris Evans and Joseph B. Malone, were there. My reception chilled me. My appointment to Shasta City was announced, but no one had any information to give me, only it was a mining town at the head of wagon navigation, in the county on the line of Oregon, four hundred and fifty miles from San Francisco. The following morning I turned over to Dr. Boring not quite seven hundred dollars, this amount remaining over my expenses. No information could be obtained, only that Shasta was a mining town of one thousand inhabitants.

That afternoon, somewhat discouraged I went aboard a steamboat for Calusi. Reached it in due time. There took the stage for Shasta City, as it was called. Arrived at my destination on Sunday afternoon. The town was alive, full of miners from surrounding camps. Saloons open on all sides, gambling dens on the right and left. A circus was in full blast, also a bull and bear fight. In the town were two ministers, one a Congregationalist, the other a Northern Methodist. Two persons had joined the latter Church. After prolonged inquiry I heard of one man, seven miles from town, who favored the Southern Methodist Church. Soon after my arrival, learning there was no Sunday-School, I began a canvass of the town, calling at every house to secure the names of the children for the purpose of organizing a Sunday-School. Visiting the few families seemed to gratify them, and they readily gave me the names of the children; fifteen in all.

After a fatiguing search, a room was secured on the main street in which to hold service. I could get it for Sunday morning. A piece of plank was secured, then on a piece of paper was written, "Preaching here on Sunday morning." This paper was tacked on to the piece of plank, and hung at the door. The room was worse than dirty; it was filthy. All alone I went to cleaning it, then improvised seats with borrowed planks, going from place to place hoping to create an interest. The other ministers claimed they had pre-empted things by right of priority. I walked several miles in the country among the mining camps, but did not find a solitary man in sympathy with our church. The word South excited the prejudices of those addressed.

Sunday morning arrived. A hand-bell had been secured. Standing in the door of my improvised chapel, I rang, and rang with vigor. At nine o'clock I organized a Sunday-School of children and men, fifteen all told. The meeting opened with twelve persons present. One or two sat on the floor smoking their pipes, others sat on the planks and a few stood. Before the service closed about forty-five heard the sermon. The only annoyance was a mule and an auctioneer. Seeing a crowd around my door the auctioneer halted and shouted vociferously, "How much for this mule?" Then away, but returned in a few minutes, crying, "I'm only bid so much. How

much for this mule?" His tongue went like a bell-clapper. It was nip and tuck between us in the way of voice. I at least held my own.

My stopping-place was called a hotel. The charge for board and lodging was eighteen dollars per week. The sitting-room was large and answered for bar-room, gambling hall and dining-room. At night we slept in what was called the "corral," or comb of the house which was full of cots and a blanket for each cot. With no income and small means, I figured just how long my money would hold out. The conclusion was a change of place. I found a room that had been used as a kitchen. There was a large hole in the roof, but it was the dry time. The floor was covered with grease. This I rented. Purchased a pair of blankets, a bucket, a tin water pitcher, a wash pan, and a tin tumbler. I made a wooden bench. Then made a candlestick by driving four nails into a small block of wood. These, with a couple of trunks, constituted my outfit for housekeeping. I purchased a loaf of bread, some crackers and a box of sardines. On this fare I subsisted. Needing clean handkerchiefs, I washed them in my tin bucket, and smoothed them out by putting them between Howe's Commentaries.

The first Sunday, after eating dinner, as there was no place else, I took a seat on the piazza of the hotel. The place was crowded and the streets thronged. A man under the influence of liquor happened to fix his attention on me, and stepping up to where I sat, said in a loud voice, strong and clear, "Stranger, let us take a drink." I replied, "Thank you; I don't drink." Then, with a look of surprise, eying me from head to foot, he turned to the passing crowd and cried, "Come here, all ye, and see a man in California who says he don't drink!" As David said, "I was the song of the drunkard." The jeer of a crowd is embarrassing.

For the next Sunday no room could be secured for love or money, in which to preach. The Congregationalist kindly offered me the use of his place, and I preached to sixteen. The Methodist Episcopal minister offered me his room for night, and I preached to about forty. Under these and other painful conditions, after persistent effort to secure a place in which to worship, and failing to secure a single sympathizer, I decided to return to San Francisco and report to Dr. Boring. After hearing my story he blamed me for living as I did.

In a day or two the Superintendent sent me across the bay to Sonoma. That circuit was in charge of Rev. E. B. Lockly. My mission was to investigate this charge, also the Napa Valley. I was to go to the home of Judge Shattuck. There my welcome was hearty. He had a lovely home. Brother Lockly was there. Mrs. Shattuck took me into his room, to introduce me. He was lying on a cot; did not even raise up, but reached out his hand to greet me. He was written down in after years as the laziest man in the State. He was a vigorous preacher when in the pulpit. He had several appointments, but organized no Society. Sonoma Valley had a large

number of Southern families within its bounds. The Methodist Episcopal Church had gathered them into her fold. At my suggestion, mules were borrowed and Brother Lockly accompanied me to see these Southern families. We announced it everywhere that I would preach in the Court-House the following Sunday.

Dr. Boring, the Superintendent, expected a church to be organized. My hesitation grew out of the fact that the Methodist Episcopal Church had not only a house of worship, but a large congregation, a prosperous prayer-meeting and a class-meeting in full blast. What to do troubled me; to organize would produce strife. When Sunday morning arrived the decision had been reached to organize. We secured the court-room and had it filled. At the close of the sermon an opportunity was given to any who would join us. Fourteen presented themselves. In the afternoon I preached in a private house at the "Landing;" two more joined us. The work spread. That week I visited Petaluma and Bodega. At the latter valley a drunken man chased me. Returned and rode over to Napa and Suisun valley and visited other points. Returning to Sonoma I found two letters from Dr. Boring, appointing me to Asbury Chapel, Sacramento, and to proceed at once. When I reached San Francisco the Superintendent informed me that circumstances demanded a change. In due time I was at my post, and called upon the brother in charge. Judge of my surprise when he assured me he had heard nothing of the change! The situation was embarrassing to us both.

The absolute membership in the city numbered eleven. Others were on the list, but were in the mountains or in other towns. We had a comfortable little frame building, with a sign over the door, "Asbury Chapel." The Methodist Episcopal Church was strong, and the pastor exerted himself to down us. Our denomination had a number of influential sympathizers in the city, who, owing to our weakness, stood aloof.

Taking in the situation, I determined to leave no stone unturned to accomplish good. Several leading lawyers and influential friends were visited and special pleas were made until they promised to attend and aid by their presence. A number of families were visited and an appeal made to them to send their children to our Sunday-School. One woman told me that a pastor said he "would as soon hear the devil preach as that man at Asbury Chapel, for his hands were stained with human blood, having been sent from a slave-holding church!" True to their word, an ex-Congressman, a Senator, and the Mayor of the city attended our service, and soon we were crowded. Then several united with us, and prosperity attended the work. Our Sunday-School reached an attendance of sixty; this was encouraging when we consider comparatively few families had removed to the city. We were assailed right and left, and I was necessitated to answer charges constantly. Every Sunday night after the sermon some time was spent in explaining and defending our po-

sition and presence. This incessant strife worried me, and was against my convictions. Still the Lord prospered us in every way. Our finances were kept up and the pastor was paid every Monday morning.

On November 2d an awful conflagration swept over Sacramento. It was a fearful spectacle. Great waves of flame swept from block to block until one was awed at the sight of a sea of fire. On came the leaping flames until our Chapel was on fire. Some friends came to my residence with a dray and took my trunks and belongings to a place of safety on the outskirts of the city. The then new State-house had been erected far to one side, so it escaped destruction. The Baptists applied for the Lower chamber, and I for the Senate chamber, in which we held service in a few days. People flocked to the city for work and in a short time one could barely tell there had been such a ruin by flame.

In consultation with the Presiding Elder and others, it was thought best for me to go out among the mines and try and raise funds. The Presiding Elder and myself took a boat to Maryville. From there we footed it. The first day we walked 27 miles. I had a pair of boots too high in the instep, and my feet worked up and down in them. By night great blisters were on my heels. The following day we walked 29 miles. The rain had fallen nearly all day. The last few miles I thought I would faint by the way. When near what was called a hotel, on the summit of a hill, my companion pointed, and cheered me by saying, "We 'll soon be there!" Sick in heart and blistered in feet I trudged along. When we reached the place and inquired for sleeping quarters, the keeper, seeing my condition, tenderly said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry for you, but our bunks are all taken." Some men, who had been playing cards, looked at us, and one said: "I 'll divide my blankets with these gentlemen." So another. We secured what we could, and put two short benches together. Then the Presiding Elder said to me: "Lie down on your side and go to sleep. I 'll take the other side and hold you from falling." Thus I slept. Next day we got on as best we could in my condition. We reached a mining camp, preached and took a small collection. At Grass Valley, Sunday was spent with Rev. John C. Simmons. I preached and secured a little help. The next Sunday I was at Nevada with Brother Blythe. These were stirring men and were doing a fine work. Returned to the city and took up my Church duties again. Now and then I secured a contribution for building purposes. The fight so distasteful to me was renewed. It was war—war against our church—and things had to be said which did not harmonize with my convictions, and I decided when the Conference convened I would ask a transfer to any Conference inside the Southern States.

When the Conference met in San José, Bishop Soule presided. In a private interview I gave him my views as to leaving, and thought of course he would grant my request. When the appoint-

ments were announced, judge of my state of mind when he read: "Sacramento, John Mathews." Very few words dropped from my lips; all I said was, "I am going back to the States!" Ere the semi-monthly steamer sailed, I was in San Francisco; called on the Bishop and requested a transfer. The old soldier, straightening himself in his chair and shaking his long finger, said: "Sir, if you go home you do so on your own responsibility." With some feeling, I replied: "Bishop, I am equal to that responsibility!" The next day I boarded the steamer.

Taine said that the seriousness which pervades English literature is due to the fogs and mists of England. This may be true, but there is no question that mind is affected by its environment. While I was cheered at what had been done for our cause, my heart always felt that the resistance to the assaults of prejudice would damage me in my personal piety; therefore my departure. Dr. Jesse Boring was undoubtedly a good man and an eloquent preacher, but was a failure as the Superintendent of this mission. A clear evidence may be seen in his policy of manning the mining towns and neglecting the rural sections where people were permanent. When the Methodist Episcopal Church had pre-empted the valleys he saw his mistake.

On reaching Tennessee I preached at different points until the session of that Conference. Bishop William Capers violated law and appointed me to Fayetteville station, though I was a member of the Pacific Conference. The next Spring that Conference located me, and the following fall I was readmitted to the Tennessee Conference. The California organ of our church, *The Christian Observer,* among other things had this to say after my departure: "We can not but entertain the hope that Brother Mathews, whose energy and success in the city of Sacramento has reared for him a monument in the affections of the people, will return." My intention in leaving was satisfactory to myself, whatever may be thought of my judgment. After fifty-four years, in looking back, my conviction is, Providence directed me.

CHAPTER XI.

Fayetteville Station.

In beginning my work at Fayetteville, new purposes, or amended ones, controlled. My spiritual progress had been overshadowed and at times embittered by the memory of defections. Now I determined not to carry the mood into my work. The slough was behind, and the well-defined road stretched on ahead of me. My faith was reinforced by the thought that the very distress we feel over our failures bears testimony that our aspirations are becoming our attainments. Some one says the most encouraging quality about any one is not freedom from all stains of the lower life, but the deathless aspiration which drives us forward and will not let us rest satisfied in any past, whether good or bad. My soul was not only fleeing from the devil, but seeking God with an irresistible craving for His best things. In this mood I went to my charge. The welcome was unusually hearty. The young men of the town petitioned for me and proposed to pay the salary.

My audiences were large and my preaching was earnest. Now and then a soul was converted. Early in the year, one Sunday night, a young lady of another denomination while listening to the sermon was deeply convicted by the Holy Spirit. She returned to her home, but refused to lie down or even undress. The next day the rumor spread over the town that the young Methodist minister had upset her mind. Exaggerated reports kept coming to my ears until I felt uneasy. Her friends had never witnessed any one under deep conviction for sin, and therefore were excited over her mental condition. But the next night while at prayer she was converted in a marvelous manner. I was relieved, and the girl was saved.

On another Sunday night, while preaching on "Pay thy vows," a young merchant was brought to see his state, and as I was closing the sermon he arose in the rear of the church and asked to be permitted to speak. He stepped to the front, and with tears running down his cheeks, remarked, "I want to make a confession." His action stirred the entire congregation. His confession in substance was this: Returning from the war with Mexico, under stress of shipwreck, he vowed if God would spare him to reach home he would serve Him. God spared him, but his vows were soon forgotten. "To-night my vows come back to me, and now by Divine help I propose to pay them." The effect was thrilling.

During the early part of the year a young woman lay upon her dying bed longing for a complete preparation to meet God. Being sent for, I responded at once. I explained as far as possible the way

to God through Christ. Her condition demanded urgency, so I poured into her dying ear this sentence: "Under no condition forget to plead—do this for Jesus' sake!" When delirium had clouded her brain, ever and anon she would cry out, "Don't let me forget what the preacher said, to plead 'for Jesus' sake!'" Years have come and gone, many hundreds of prayers have been forgotten, but that cry from those young lips still lingers in my memory. God can not turn away from that all-prevailing Name!

During the heated term I overworked myself. On a memorable Sunday, having lectured the Sunday-School, preached twice to the whites and once to the blacks, I was completely exhausted. Reaching my boarding-house, it was deemed necessary to send for a physician. Judge of my surprise when the doctor pronounced my disease to be cholera! Every one was astonished. I had not been out of the town in six weeks, nor had any stranger from abroad been near me. The disease prevailed slightly about twenty-five miles distant. It was difficult to accept the physician's diagnosis. Soon all doubt was dispelled. Friends removed me to a more convenient location. When it became known the Methodist minister was down with the fatal disease, the people became alarmed and some fled the town at once.

I had placed my body in the hands of Dr. McElroy and my soul in the hands of Jesus; my faith linked me to Him. We had a lady member who not only loved her pastor, but gave her time to nursing him through the day—Mrs. Galenus Steele. When the crisis passed, she was sitting in my room, while two or three others stood in the door. I spoke of my hope and faith in God; she humorously remarked, "Brother Mathews is scared!" Her young married daughter stood in the door and I wanted her to hear my testimony. The next morning about 9 o'clock Mrs. Steele called in and said, "My daughter, Maggie, was taken last night as you were!" I never saw Mrs. Steele afterwards. She spent the day nursing her daughter and worrying over this her only child. That night she was stricken with the disease, and in two days was dead. Her son-in-law and grandchild were sent to the country. They died out there. No one left of the family but the old great-grandmother and Mrs. Edmondson. The scourge spread until it exhausted itself.

When the epidemic had abated I returned to my boarding-house where the great-grandmother had Mrs. Edmondson, who was convalescing. It was decided by the physician that as her mother, husband and child were dead, it fell to me to inform her. As I sat at her bedside talking of the events of the past two weeks, she said, "Next Sunday week I will be able to attend church, and won't I make the walls ring with praises to God!" A remark dropped from my lips which led her to inquire, as she fixed her eyes upon me, "Where is ma?" "Gone." Hesitating a moment, she asked for her boy The answer was, "Gone!" Then asking for her husband, my reply was, "He is gone, too!" Her eyes filled with tears; then turning

her face to the wall for a few minutes, turned to me saying, "Brother Mathews, God spared me because I was not fully prepared to go!" A few days after it was evident her days were numbered. Again I sat at her bedside talking of Christ, salvation and Heaven. We sang some of the sweet hymns of the Church together. Another hymn was on my lips—one of triumph—and as the third line was uttered her lips failed her, the blood receded from her face, and in a moment she was gone! The old grandmother stood by and while I said, "She is gone," I imagined the angels on the mount of God were shouting, "She has come! She has come!"

To an inquiry as to how I spent my time, the response would be on a line with the Italian artist at Rome. He tells us he gave so many hours to work, so many to sleep, and after mentioning other things, added: "I give myself half an hour every day to meditate upon my Italian happiness!" During the winter I gave a certain number of hours to study, another group of hours to pastoral work, a certain number to sleep and food, a couple of hours to recreation and meditation on my Christian happiness. Books were devoured by me—especially any that bore on the work of a minister. Once and a while, my patience was tried by the demands upon my time of the many agents scouring the country. Our mid-week meetings were well attended, and seemed to be heartily enjoyed. I aimed, by special incidents, fresh facts and uncommon methods, to make these meetings interesting to all tastes.

We had some noble families in Fayetteville—the Shepards, the Hines, the Morgans and others. The Conference year closed, leaving me a sad, but better man. My labors were not confined to my parish, but I aided other pastors. During this year every spare moment was given to reading and study. Literature of a refining quality was secured, and poems of value were read for improvement in style. My faith claimed an interest in the Atoning Blood. What is all knowledge worth, if one judges amiss in the supreme points?

CHAPTER XII.

FRANKLIN STATION.

At the close of the Conference year, 1854, the work assigned me was Franklin, Tennessee. It lies south of Nashville about nineteen miles. The citizens were moral and high-toned. We had a number of representative families. A day or two after my arrival Bishop Paine sent me a message, requesting me to meet him at the hotel where the stage stopped for breakfast. At the time appointed we met. The interview was short but important. "John," said the Bishop, "you know your predecessor, Brother Lawrence, was very popular, and his return was greatly desired by his people. He had a great revival in the town, but had not learned how to train a church; it was decided to send an older man, and you were selected to do this work." It was a trying ordeal through which I was called to pass. He was one of the purest of young men and had a magnetic nature. Some of his friends were sadly disappointed at his removal. On the first Saturday after my arrival I dropped in at the drugstore of Dr. Wooldrige. In his conversation, I suppose without intentional rudeness, he spoke of how indignant many were at the removal of their former pastor, and said other things which touched my sensibilities, and losing control of myself for the moment, my reply was crisp and tart: "Look here, sir, I expect to put out every track made by Brother Lawrence!" My reply startled him. He informed my Presiding Elder, Dr. J. W. Hanner, of his mistake, and my reply. No one likes to be told he is not wanted. This reception called out the best that was in me, and I went to work with what the Westerners call "snap." My aim was to seek out the members and come in touch with young and old and draw them closer to God. He saw that in my heart there was a hunger for power and usefulness. In no previous year did my efforts accomplish more than in Franklin. Looking back I can see I was at times too brusque, and had much to learn in the management of men. I needed oiling, as the wheel needs it, to prevent friction and flame.

Our first Quarterly Meeting embraced Watch-Night service. Dr. Hanner was promptly on hand, but did not preach at 11 a. m. Sunday. A young lady of the community had died; on her sick-bed she professed conversion. The family desired the pastor to preach her funeral discourse. We had a minister in town who preached nearly all the funerals, not only in town, but country around. Men laughed and said he preached everybody to Heaven, no matter who or what he might be. With this fact in mind, in my sermon the statement was made in this form: "She professed conversion on her

dying bed, but the chances were all against her salvation!" It was an unnecessary statement. It might have been asked, "Who made thee a judge?" It created quite a stir in the community. One man met me on the street and said he did not want me to preach his funeral. I needed to be sandpapered to smooth down the tartness.

Dr. Hanner preached at night, but would not conduct the watch-meeting service. Quite a number remained to close the Old Year and begin the New in holy worship. We reviewed the past, confessed our shortcomings and all the members entered into a new covenant with the Master. It was a profitable time.

The kindness and love of the people were enjoyed. However, no pastorate can claim exemption from perplexities. An unpleasant duty confronted me in the Sunday-School. A lad belonging to one of our best families would not be controlled. After bearing with him time and again, something had to be done, as the school was being demoralized. Taking my position in front, I called attention to this lad, and ordered him to leave the school at once and not to return until willing to obey his teacher. He left, and there was no trouble after that.

We had three or four young persons who persisted in breaking one of the rules—they would dance. They were visited; tenderly but firmly admonished. When they discovered the law would be enforced penitence was manifested. No more tampering with law from that on to the close of my pastorate. Those who sought forgiveness were urged to use prayer as a stepping-stone to power.

During the summer preaching at 3 o'clock in the afternoon to the colored people as was the custom, in my sermon warning was given against superstitious views of religion. The house was crowded. The pulpit stood between the two doors; those going in or passing out had to go by the pulpit. One remark was, "Some were so superstitious as to believe they were converted in a dream!" The fact was emphasized that the mind must be wide awake to apprehend Christ. This stirred the ire of an old colored woman sitting in the rear of the church and she sprang to her feet, then started down the aisle, making an unearthly noise, in guttural tones—"Ump-e—ump-e," shaking her head in dissent as she passed me. The congregation was convulsed, and the pastor nonplussed.

About this time there fell into my hands a book which was creating quite a sensation—"Baldwin's Armageddon"— in which he assumes the United States to be the battle-ground for the supremacy of the world—Gog and Magog. Dr. Baldwin was one of nature's noblemen, and one of our foremost ministers, a student of prophecy, an orator, and devoutly pious. Owing to his convictions, when Nashville fell into the hands of the Federals, he refused to take the oath prescribed and was thrust into prison. After his release, during an epidemic of cholera, he went to and fro like an angel of mercy, ministering to the needs of the sick and dying. After a time he was stricken and after a few days seemed out of danger. All at

once he relapsed, and when he saw death inevitable, shouted and sang until death sealed his lips. He went to join the white-robed multitudes in the New Jerusalem!

At the solicitation of Rev. Alpheus Mizell, I visited Columbia. He was very anxious for a revival, and used every effort to secure the blessing of God. The Presiding Elder, Dr. Hanner, gave us two of his wonderful sermons. The evening hours were turned over to me. Hanner's compact and massive style made me dread to follow with my simple presentation of truth. God uses every man on his own level. On Sunday night there was a proof of the Divine presence. Many were at the altar, in that then fashionable church. One after another was converted and great was that pastor's joy. I had been prodigal with my voice, and when we closed I found myself so hoarse I had to return home to recuperate.

In those days the subject of music gave us great trouble. Some saintly old brethren with cracked voices would persist in leading. The young people would criticise and mock. Choirs were un-Methodistic. The old leaders refused to lead any longer. Then the pastor had to act as chorister. Sometimes the pitch was too high, and then the discord was painful. If the right note was struck, sometimes the people sung with spirit and unction. A meeting was called to consider the question of music. We met, talked, and left without deciding on any plan. Amidst the duties and frictions arising where many minds are to be consulted, appeased and controlled, my heart rejoiced over its deepening interest in the atoning blood. How soothing is a living faith in a living Christ!

By invitation, Rev. A. H. Dashiels, D. D., an able Presbyterian minister, was invited to aid the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in a protracted meeting. On Sunday afternoon I hurried through my sermon to the blacks that I might go and hear this minister. He was my pastor in Shelbyville, Tennessee, ere I joined the Methodists. In his denomination he was considered the foremost pulpiteer in the southwest. On this occasion his sermon was tinctured with gall. He assailed the popular revivals of the day; they were seeding the country with infidelity; if not for these revivals there would be fewer doggeries at the street corners. This stirred my blood, and it was difficult to stifle my anger. This is a sample of the way our Church was assailed from the start. The Astor library is said to contain about eight hundred volumes and pamphlets against Methodism. I learned that the Episcopal preacher assailed our church that same afternoon; and the Baptist pastor was circulating a work written against us. These were coincidences. These facts show the opposition through which we had to pass. The next day the Presbyterian minister called and hoped the Doctor's assault would not be resented; said he was deeply mortified.

Being urgently pressed to go down to Spring Hill to help in a protracted meeting, I assented. Hollis Horton, a prominent layman and noted singer, took me in his buggy That great revivalist, Rev.

C. C. Mayhew, was there and I heard him preach; there were several converts under his sermon. In the morning I occupied the pulpit and we had eight forward for prayers. After service we dined at the home of Rev. H. S. Graves, who was the able pastor. Perhaps we were in his house one hour and a half, then returned to Franklin. That was a fatal visit to me. Two weeks before, a child of the pastor had died of scarlet fever. A few days after my return sickness seized me. Mrs. Bennett, a motherly old lady, took me into her sitting-room, put me on a couch and administered lobelia all day long, hoping to sweat the disease out. But I grew worse. A physician was called, and pronounced it scarlet fever. An abscess formed in my right ear. When all was over my hearing in that ear was gone forever.

Our second Quarterly Meeting was of large profit to the church. Our Love Feast was an occasion of blessedness; some rejoicing, some weeping. The Lord had the right of way in that meeting. As usual we had great preaching by the man said to be the greatest preacher in the church, Dr. John W Hanner. We had some accessions and a general quickening of the membership. During the six months the stewards paid me fifty-eight dollars and twenty-five cents. No one could charge me with preaching for money. My spiritual happiness was according to God's promises. Having time for developing my faculties, I availed myself of almost every spare hour.

The Annual Meeting of the Bishops was held in May, and drew many of the representative men of the church to Nashville. These leaders interested me. The first one heard by me was Dr. Sehon, Missionary Secretary. He was a man of marked physical build, handsome beyond most men; his face beamed with sunshine. His address was good, style neat, but it lacked strength of thought. The following day a missionary prayer-meeting was appointed for 3 p. m.; but the Bishops were a half-hour late, one of whom was to lead. Dr. Jeff. Hamilton, Alabama's favorite son, was requested to open the meeting. The Bishops entered while he conducted the exercises. Bishop Robert Paine led in prayer, and such an earnest reaching after God one rarely hears. Bishop John Early prayed and then followed with a regular camp-meeting exhortation. The venerable Wesley Browning of Missouri, closed with a fervent invocation.

On this occasion Bishop Paine preached the funeral discourse in memory of Bishop Wm. Capers one of nature's noblemen. Bishop Paine had a fine character to hold up to his audience. Bishop Capers in his life was almost faultless. He conceived and organized the plan of Home Missions for the blacks. In a short time the slave States were covered with a network of missions served by white ministers. These men carried the Gospel from plantation to plantation. His catechism was generally used because of its simplicity. The leaders of our Church were thoroughly aroused on the subject of missions, and a great meeting was held. Bishop Joshua Soule pre-

siding. He was the personification of dignity, his bearing kingly. He impressed our people more profoundly than any one man within my knowledge. Our chief pulpiteer, Bishop George F. Pierce was the principal speaker. His address was good, but not equal to his high reputation. Revs. A. L. P Green and John B. McFerrin lifted the collection. Green was quiet and gentle in manner but forceful and touching; McFerrin was somewhat boisterous and carried forward the collection in his own inimitable manner. They were glorious men. Dr. Green was a gentleman of the first water, and as a word-painter could not be excelled. Dr. McFerrin wielded an influence for good that few men ever possessed. He was orthodox to the core. He nearly always carried the Conference with him. His sermons were not strong in structural ability, but he possessed that "something extra" which moved the multitude.

This year the Nation has been in a turmoil of excitement over a new political party called "Know-Nothings," a secret order which swept over the land like a gale. Nearly the entire male population had joined this order. It was anti-Roman Catholic. Only nineteen Democrats were left in Franklin. When appointed to this church, the Democrats were assailing the preachers over the State of Tennessee for joining what was called the "Dark Lantern," or "Know-Nothing" party. I was in a dilemma. After deliberation, I determined to announce publicly my political alliance. At the union Thanksgiving service, when it came time for me to speak, I remarked, "The political excitement is running so high, let me settle the question here and now I am a Democrat and expect to vote for Andrew Johnson for Governor. Now you know where to place me!" Strange to say, the campaign was passed without friction, my candor having won the good-will of all.

Notwithstanding the great excitement on every side, my heart went out in earnest prayer for power to do the will of God. If ever a soul prayed for one thing, I plead for a deepening interest in my personal salvation. Sometimes the fear haunted me that my duties as a minister might become merely professional, and my soul cried out again and again, "O Divine Lord, help me to keep my own soul alive!" This prayer I have stressed year after year.

During the year my dear old Irish mother entered into her eternal home. She died in Philadelphia. She was making her home with one of her daughters, Mrs. Sarah Simpson. Her death was unexpected. She had been feeble, but her condition was not considered critical. My sister entered her room and saw a great change had taken place, and exclaimed, "O mother, you are dying, and we are all alone!" Her response was, "No, Sarah; not alone, Jesus is with me!" What a devoted mother! Ere I can remember, my father died, committing his wife and children to God, assuring her of the Divine promise and care. The old family Bible often lay upon her lap, out of which she instructed the little ones. She made the Book fascinating by her simple explanation of the lives of its holy

men and women. As I grew older and recalled her loving care, her self-denial and sweet faith in God, my heart waxes warm. In my childhood as I saw her bowed in prayer, my wonder was why she was so long upon her bended knees. It is understood now. She was pleading with Him who promised to be a Husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless! God honored her faith; He led us by a way we did not know, but led us in the right direction.

The candidates for Governor arrived in our town to debate the questions at issue. Excitement was at white heat. Everything absorbs men more largely than the Gospel. A Democrat called, and requested me to make a formal call on Andrew Johnson, as there were so few sympathizers in the town. I did so, was introduced, and he at once remarked, "You are a brother of Bob Mathews of Shelbyville, Tennessee." They were devoted friends, and it is said Johnson never forgot a friend. When seeking the nomination Johnson could not secure it without certain votes from middle Tennessee. My brother controlled the votes of his Congressional District and carried them over to Johnson, and he was nominated. In after years when my brother's property had been ordered sold, being confiscated on account of his alliance with the Confederacy, the President being informed of the fact, the sale was countermanded and the property restored.

The pastor of Hillsboro Circuit sent for me to aid him in a meeting. At that point in his Circuit we had but two members The Campbellites have a large church and dominate the community. It was eight miles from Franklin. My landlord, a member of that denomination, piloted me. There was a union meeting-house in which I preached on Saturday morning. The text was, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." Some one notified me that if I preached as plainly here as in Franklin I would be mobbed! On Sunday, the people began to pour in from all directions. Methodists from adjoining sections and Cumberland Presbyterians, reinforced us. By request I discoursed upon the evangelical view of the Atonement; or how a soul was saved. Avoiding all offensive terms, I explained justification by faith in Christ. The congregation was attentive. Some wept, others shouted. There was evidently a King in the camp. After the benediction I learned that some of the Campbellites went away angry. One woman said she "wanted to smash my mouth." The battle was on. At night we had a time of power. The slain of the Lord were many. Penitents cried out aloud for mercy and God's people were stirred with joy. Some were converted in a remarkable way. After the meeting closed, the pastor learned that two men made a bet, after they saw me on Saturday, that this man could not get up a revival; the other took my side. The bet was a quart of whiskey! When the night meeting was at its highest point of interest, the man who won, called for his quart of liquor, and they had quite a time over that bottle! This account gives an idea of the moral tone of some in that part of one of the famous counties of Tennessee.

CHAPTER XIII.

Spring Hill Station.

The Annual Conference convened at Nashville in October, 1855, Bishop Kavanaugh in charge. Bishop Joshua Soule was present, and Bishop Robert Paine was present part of the time, but was quite unwell. Wm. C. Johnson was elected Secretary. F. S. Petway was our Conference singer; he had a rich voice and employed tones, at times, which made the soul quiver with joy. He was an excellent preacher, and a man of exceptional piety.

The Conference resolved to hold the Missionary Anniversary in each of our churches, to aid the German Church of the city. Two brethren were assigned to each church. Rev. Thomas W Randall and myself were appointed to Elysian Grove, a suburban charge. Randall was one of your Chesterfield kind; born such. He was an eloquent preacher and filled the leading churches of the Conference. There was music in his voice and magnetism in his manners. We took a collection, securing one hundred dollars.

Sunday was a high day in Zion. Bishop Kavanaugh gave us one of his great sermons, abounding in climaxes of great force. Old McKendree resounded with shouts of praise to our Lord. "The Power of Godliness," was his theme.

At this Conference, I met for the first time that remarkable man Rev. Wm. G. Brownlow. As editor of a partisan paper, he knew the history of every prominent man in political circles in the State, and woe betide the man who crossed his path! He and Elder Graves of the *Tennessee Baptist* drew swords, and there was war of as lively a nature as occurs in a generation. Their battle lasted for many moons. Brownlow figured largely in politics in the time of our Civil strife. He was an ardent Union man.

My appointment was to the Spring Hill Station. My new charge was visited at once. The village was small, but was surrounded by a high-toned people. They were cultured, moral and Christian. Nearly all were well conditioned, neighborly, and devoted to Christ's cause. My welcome was all that any pastor could wish. The Stewards met promptly and arranged for me to board for three months with Mr. John Cheirs, the leading merchant of the town. He had an elegant family. To my great surprise, I learned they had no Sunday-School, no prayer-meeting, and no class-meeting. In a community of culture this condition was unpardonable. Having on Sunday announced a mid-week prayer-service, twenty-five met me. Though naturally buoyant, depression for a time affected my emotional nature, but did not influence my action. My aim was to

win the confidence of the people. While one can not always control his mental state, he can move on even when beclouded. Sometimes we hear a song which runs thus:

"Some days must be dark and dreary."

This is not necessary in Christian life. If my will would sink completely into the Master's, there would be no low spirits. He may be testing me for future service. On the following Sunday morning we met to organize a Sunday-School; had only twelve present owing to heavy rains. As has been my custom, an appeal is made at each meeting for recruits. On the next Sunday we organized our Sunday-School with forty members and decided interest was shown. My heart turned to some of the promises and these fell upon it like spray-drops from the river of God. These drops revive the faculties. Sometimes impatience gets the better of me, impatience of success. Then I fall back upon these promises, and as is said of the great Welsh preacher, Christmas Evans. "By prayers, he shoved and shook the gate of Heaven." Sometimes my every faculty cried out for help in trying to save men. All one can do is to trust and obey.

It was in this town, during a heavy sleet, a farmer of wealth from the county, rode in for his mail. Halting at the door of the hotel, he inquired of the landlady, "Is there any news?" "Oh, yes," was her prompt reply, "good news: we have a new minister who preaches so loud that in bad weather we can all stay at home and hear him!" This man at once began to attend my ministry and proposed to give me a fine horse if I would go out for him. Roman Catholic as he was, I the more appreciated his offer, but did not go, as I had no need of a horse. He contributed to the pastor's support.

At Spring Hill was located a very popular high school, in charge of a man famous as a teacher. Professor Peebles was a man of high grade and remarkable ability in developing youths. From many sections boys were sent to him for training. During the session I met a lad, modest and handsome, in whom I became deeply interested. My interest never waned. The lad was awakened, joined the church, and started for Heaven. That youth developed and grew into one of the most famous pastors of our church, and has filled successfully a number of our principal pulpits: Rev. Felix R. Hill, D. D. He has been a skilled workman and highly esteemed as preacher and pastor; he is magnetic in manner and wins the love of his people.

On that same charge I began the practise of calling mourners after the morning sermon. The congregation was made up of first-class people, called by some aristocrats. The ladies dressed elegantly. My effort was to save these and their children, if possible. One bright Sunday morning, when the people were out in force, and the ladies in full dress, after an earnest sermon, an appeal was made to seek Christ, saying, "If you are in earnest in your desire to be saved, you will not be ashamed to approach the altar at 11 o'clock Sunday

morning!" The first one to start was the leading lady of the community. She was deeply moved. Others followed, and the work moved on under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. From that day the interest deepened and souls were saved. How grateful to God I felt for His presence with us!

It was my habit, at the close of the Sunday-School, to spend about fifteen minutes in catechising the children. In trying to keep the children interested I threw in some pleasantries and they were ever on the alert. One Sunday morning, when near the close of the school, in the presence of many visitors, a bright little daughter of President Peebles sprang to her feet saying, "Now, Brother Mathews, you have been asking us all questions! May I ask you one?" "Yes," was the instant response. Then she said, "Tell me, where was Moses when the candle went out?" The question threw me off my balance, it was such a surprise. The spectators laughed, and all I said was, "We will look to the Lord, and be dismissed!" The child made the inquiry in good faith; a mischievous uncle put her up to catch me.

During this ecclesiastical year I aided in both protracted and camp-meetings. These meetings exerted a wonderful influence over the untrained people of the towns and country, for many never attended religious meetings only on such occasions. One of these was held at Goshen Camp-ground, in Maury County. As a neighboring pastor, an invitation was sent me. On the evening of the opening I was expected. At the root of a large tree on the campus sat a man over middle age awaiting my arrival. He had a message for me, one he was commissioned by a dying daughter to deliver. Six or seven years before, when Junior Preacher on that Circuit, while preaching at the Goshen Church, this young woman kept talking, to my annoyance and that of most of those about her. The talk confused me. I hardly knew what I was saying. At last, I looked at her in such a way as was unmistakable in its meaning. It did no good. Then under an incensed state of mind I reproved her with great plainness of speech. She ceased, but the meeting was marred and it was necessary to close. I went my way feeling badly at a necessity which demanded such a sharp rebuke. After years, this father brings the message from the lips of the dying young woman; it was that this reproof saved her. The reproof set her to thinking, and finally led her to repentance and conversion. She felt she was going to Heaven, and desired her father to let me know I was instrumental in her salvation. Of course it gave me joy.

Rev. C. C. Mayhew was the lion of that camp-meeting. His fame as a revivalist was spread all over that section. Much was said of him and he deserved all that was said in his favor. His zeal was at white heat. The people crowded to hear him. He took for a text "They cast four anchors and looked for the day." It was a talk all aflame. The effect was magical. The crowd was captured. He was comparatively young but had great power over untutored

people. In after years he transferred to the Illinois Conference; modified his style and stood in the front rank amongst his brethren. He lived well, and of course died as he lived.

Martin Cheirs was a man devoted to the cause of Christ. He was a man of wealth and lived as he had been instructed. He feared God and was one of the most faithful of our people, always in his place in the house of God. He inherited a number of slaves. Amongst them was a woman with whom nothing could be done without resorting to violence. After consulting with friends he concluded to sell her, and give the money to the missionary cause.

In this, as in all my charges, I reached after the youths. After forty, it is said, you can not change a man's convictions; he is crystalized. My aim was to create convictions. In the family of Thomas Bond was a young son whom I undertook to win for Christ. Success crowned my efforts and he became an active Christian. When my pastorate closed I was sent to Alabama. One day a letter reached me from the father of this youth. In it was the story of his sickness and death, and his triumphant passage from time into eternity. He charged his father to write me, and state, through my instrumentality he was led to the Savior. That letter was a joy-bringer to my soul. When tempted to discouragement that message, like a beam of light, scattered darkness and illumined my path.

Perhaps the work of the year gave me as much comfort as one could expect, if the original meaning of that word be accepted, "to be strong together with God." My union with the Divine Being was more palpable and satisfactory. In my labors my dependence was upon the Holy Spirit as the cementer of this union.

The harmony between pastor and people was about perfect. The three brothers, Martin, John and Nat Cheirs gave their influence to helping on the Lord's work. They helped to make their pastor forget life's burdens. Their wives aided in pouring celestial music into his life. Thomas Bond and family were equally as helpful in the midst of the battle and roar of life's cares, and aided to keep the altar fires of his soul aglow. Professor Peebles, with his great reputation as a scholar, was as encouraging as one could desire, listening, not as a critic, but as a devoted worshiper. There were the McElmores' and others equally as helpful. The Church grew in numbers and piety.

CHAPTER XIV

FLORENCE STATION.

In the fall of 1856, the Tennessee Conference convened in the beautiful little city of Huntsville, Alabama. Bishop James O. Andrew presided with his promptness and dignity. A certain Quarterly Conference requested their preacher, a very young man, to enter objections against the return of his Presiding Elder. He did so, but was frightened in the statement. The Presiding Elder at once arose and responded, "If that young man had stood by me, as I stood by him, there would have been no complaints." Asking permission to say a word, I remarked, "Bishop, you see if we younger men dare report the objections of our people to those over us, our motives are impugned, and we will be subjected to personal feeling in the Cabinet. We are afraid." Bishop Andrew sprang to his feet, and said, "If I knew a Presiding Elder who would carry his personal feelings into the Cabinet, he would not fill that office long!"

At that session, by request, I was put up to preach one afternoon, that a committee might hear me, to see if I would do for their pulpit. Of course I knew nothing of this until months afterwards. The chairman of that committee was the influential man of the town and Church. I never felt less like preaching. The day was warm, the audience slim. The report of that committee was, "He won't do for our church; not at all!" But the Bishop sent me to that Church, notwithstanding. The following Sunday I was in my pulpit, as pastor of the Church in Florence, Alabama. Here the Wesleyan University was located and was extensively patronized from the south and southwest. It was then at its best. Rev. R. H. Rivers, D. D., was president, assisted by an able corps of professors.

On my arrival, I was sent to be the guest of the Hon. W. B. Wood, local preacher and lawyer. He and his lady, for she was a delightful woman, received me graciously They had a beautiful home. On Sunday morning I awoke thinking of my introductory sermon. Naturally I was nervous. The sermon so occupied my mind, that, when I had about finished my toilet, picking up the wash bowl, I stepped to the window to throw the water out. In my nervous state I threw bowl and water both out, and such a crash, as it struck the brick chimney! It awakened echoes all around. One may well imagine my embarrassment. It was a trial to go down and face the family after such a catastrophe. Mastering my nerves, the summons to breakfast was obeyed, and at once I inquired, "Did you hear the crash?" I apologized, though somewhat confused.

This was the first act in the drama of the most important year of my life, as one may conclude before its close.

Florence was quite a town, with its university and other interests upon which the citizens looked with pride. It has always proven an ordeal to me to preach a first sermon; on this Sunday more than usual. We had an audience not only of the citizens, but the college faculty and students, Dr. R. H. Rivers, Professors Rice, Casey, Malone, and others. The house was crowded. I was just sufficiently embarrassed to put my faculties into full play. The new surroundings stirred me, and I was at my best. New truths presented themselves; such truths once learned are like new countries into which our lives have entered, and in which we ever after live. There is a new sky over our heads, and a new earth under our feet. One of these truths is well expressed by a poet, " Life is the chance of winning the prize of love."

This was my opportunity to win the love of my people. I entered upon this pastorate with a deepening conviction of the necessity of being a sunshine-maker. I had learned that, while a rose is a thing of beauty, its color and symmetry being perfect, these, however, are not so much the qualities which attract us. What makes us prize it is its fragrance. One of the noblest views of life is to feel one is privileged to make others happy; and to be a sweetener of life was the prayer of my inmost being. As I gazed upon these representative young men, who will shape society in the future, I determined that my preaching shall converge to securing a verdict from these young men for Christ as an atoning Lord.

On my second Sunday the house was filled, and to my delight the college professors and some of the students had joined Judge Wood, the chorister, in improving the music. It was not artistic; it was better, as it was heart-touching. This action gladdened me, as in nearly all my previous charges I had to be chorister as well as preacher.

Another Sunday, while preaching with great earnestness, my coat sleeve caught my brief and hurled it flying over the pulpit. For a moment the people wore a look of surprise. I did not stop talking but deliberately walked down into the chancel, picked up my brief, and placed it on the Bible. This recalls a scene in my first station. The warm season had necessitated the opening of the windows. The wind was blowing and two currents met over the pulpit and formed a small whirlwind, and it took up my brief into the air. A small dog was resting in front of the altar and seeing the brief in mid-air he began—" Bow-wow." As he barked the young people began to titter and I began to blush. A Steward came to my relief, and as the paper fell to the floor, he picked it up and laid it on the pulpit. But the meeting was spoiled.

As the weeks passed, my interest in my charge deepened. The people rallied to my support. It was then Judge Posey laughingly

informed me of the report of the committee who went to Conference and reported, "He would not do!" The prospect for a revival began to loom up. Seeking by prayer the help of Heaven, and then doing all I could as a human agent, resorting deliberately to certain inoffensive witticisms, one could but hope. I justified myself all through life on the basis of a teaching laid down by a writer who in describing a successful minister and naming his qualities, he remarked, "Added to these he possessed that one rare faculty that vitalizes all the rest, humor." The multitude needed saving, so pushing the battle I struck when things ripened. One Sunday I called for penitents and several responded. I announced services through the week. Having the hearty coöperation of the college faculty and the citizens, the work moved on in power. One rarely ever witnesses a more spontaneous action. Night after night souls were converted, and when the meeting closed, according to count, one hundred and fifty were under the sway of the Holy Power. It was an epoch in the lives of many. In after years a large number of these converts took high positions among their fellow citizens. One became the General in charge of the Texas Rangers during the Civil War, and never lost sight of his Christian duties. He constantly held prayers in his tent. Years after he was elected Governor of the great State of Texas, and honored his Lord and Church by a blameless life. Another became the great land lawyer of that State. Others took leading positions in the States where they resided.

During this ecclesiastical year an event occurred which colored and changed my future life. At a Christmas dining I met a young lady from East Alabama; a Miss Mary A. Menefee. She was on a visit to the family of Rev. R. H. Rivers, whose daughter had married her brother. It was love on sight, and ere long I began to sue for her affections. She was a "bonnie lassie," fair to look upon, and winsome. Her qualities as observed by me won my heart, and in due time, in her teens, she gave me her maiden hand and heart. We were married April 30th, 1857. After nearly a half century I can truly say, "It was a happy union." While my imagination pictured her in glowing colors, as years passed by I found she excelled my anticipations. She found her chief earthly happiness in the home; she filled that home with sunlight. The language of a poet expresses our experience:

"Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together:
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather:
Oh, they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life, from home."

While a woman of taste, giving due care to the body, she did not allow her soul to sleep in the lower life of the senses. She availed

herself of her educational advantages and added to her scholastic acquisitions and fitted herself to play the important part she took in the interest of Christ's Kingdom. She was ever ready to do the Lord's work, and her glad coöperation lightened the burdens of my ministries as we were called year by year to some of the most influential churches of our denomination. Her scholarship aided me, her faith cheered me, her wise advice saved me from indiscretions. In the great epidemic of yellow fever in New Orleans, in 1878, she would not leave my side. When urging her to go to a place of safety, her reply was, "If you stay I will stay." My response was, "If I knew I would die I will stay. We are here by no choice of our own; we are here providentially." She faced the peril, cheering me day by day as I almost flew from sick-room to sick-room, and from funeral to funeral. At last we were stricken, and lost one of our five children. Ere they placed her youngest born in his coffin, I carried him in my arms to the upper room where the mother lay convalescing, that she might have a look at her little one. She gave one steady look, then calmly patted his little cheek, while a tear dimmed her eye. He was our sacrifice to duty.

Rev. R. H. Rivers, D. D., was president of what was then known as Wesleyan University. He was made on a scale for the highest usefulness. There were men his superior in intellectual grasp, but in his realm as teacher I never knew one who could shape and color other minds as Dr. Rivers. Man at his best has a preference for the ocean as compared with a pond, and for a boundless prairie as compared with a square yard of dirty grass in a city. Dr. Rivers saw that God made it possible for him to attain the broadest sweep of love which is the supreme grace. The affectionate element is of more value to a minister than any other. There are characters that go through life putting out lights and blighting hopes; others go through the world making sunshine on the right and on the left. As a preacher he was clear and enlightening, and could be understood and felt on account of his warmth. Dr. Rivers won hearts on every field, but was particularly successful with his pupils. He had a voice that rang out like the tones of a silver bell. At times that voice would tread the maize of passion, all the involutions of harmony, then would die away throbbingly like the far-away tones of a lute. His loving nature was his element of power. Said an eminent writer, "Give me a firm faith and a light heart, and the world may have everything else." He was what is known as a magnetic man. It is a fact that, the very moment we find ourselves in the presence of certain characters, some subtle essence, as mysterious as thought itself, will find its way to the mind and stir the soul. In vain one tries to get a clue to the secret. He was such a man. He closed his earthly career in preaching, and died as he had lived, loving everybody and cheering all around him. His was an enviable life and a glorious death.

CHAPTER XV

Tuscaloosa Station.

I had promised my young wife that I would, at the end of the Conference year, transfer to the Alabama Conference. This was the first and only transfer secured at my own request in a ministry of fifty-eight years; yet it has been claimed that I have been the most transferred man in the Southern Methodist Church. The Bishops have sent me hither and thither until I hardly know "where I am at."

The Alabama Conference met in Selma. I attended the session. That remarkable man, Bishop Early, of Virginia, presided. It was not only a large body but was composed of many strong men. Here was Thomas O. Summers, D. D., the walking cyclopedia; Jefferson Hamilton, another pulpit Hercules; and A. H. Mitchell, D. D., then in his prime. Here were some masters of oratory; Rev. P. P. Neely, D. D., the crook of whose finger gave emphasis to a word; Rev. Dr. Baldwin was a very fine rhetorician and a judicious and lovable man; Dr. O. R. Blue, cool and self-poised stood abreast of the foremost, and generally carried the body his way of thinking. At the Selma Conference I had for a roommate Rev. H. N. McTyeire, D. D., afterwards famous as a Bishop of the Church.

When the appointments were announced I was sent to Tuscaloosa. After the adjournment Drs. Summers and Hamilton came to me, saying, "Young man, you are going to the most intellectual Church in our Methodism." Their description somewhat alarmed me. On my arrival I found Tuscaloosa to be a beautiful little city; its citizens cultured and mostly wealthy. Here resided ex-Chief Justice Ormand; a famous physician, Dr. Guild; Alfred Battle, then of large wealth and wide influence; Dr. Garland, then president of Alabama State University; Professor Bronaugh of the University; Dr. Bonnell, president of the Female College. All members of our church.

On our arrival at Tuscaloosa, we were taken to the parsonage next door to our church. It was plainly but neatly furnished. The ladies had busied themselves in brightening our surroundings and gave us a welcome which warmed our hearts toward them. As I entered upon my duties the prayer of my heart was that God would bless my labors. We are told in the Old Testament when Hannah sent up her prayer, her face was no more sad. Prayer tranquilized my spirit, and fear of man no longer saddened me. My faith in the supernatural was well based, and my eyes turned to

the hills from whence help cometh. There were men then, as now, who would emasculate the supernatural from our system. The old legend informs us, when Æson was old, Jason, his son, desired Media to renew his youth. That was done by drawing off his blood and by filling his veins with the juices of certain herbs. Some men, then and now, draw off the vital force and leave us at the mercy of human methods. In this Church I adopted the plan which I have pursued through my long ministry, that of calling for recruits after every sermon. Many years have passed but the memory of a scene which occurred one Sunday morning when the house was crowded still refreshes me. I had made an earnest appeal. For a few moments there was no response. After a pause, a queenly looking young woman, a leader of "the four hundred," arose and came to the altar. It was a surprise to all, and the audience was thrilled with delight. More was renounced then, than now, as the rules were enforced. This was the beginning of a work that went on successfully during my pastorate in that city.

My opportunities for improvement mentally were numerous; books were at my command. I had dabbled in the lighter sciences mostly. The heavier sciences I did not tackle. To my mind, the study of facts rather than theories and phantoms, was the more profitable. To store my mind with knowledge—useful knowledge—was a pleasure. Then, my opportunities for usefulness were great, and the one deep purpose of my heart was to carry a cup of happiness to every lip. Prayer, like incense, ascended Heavenward. I needed God; and believing that the man who needs God is the man He wants to help, my heart was open to the Holy Spirit, and His assistance was invoked. God's presence and help were felt to be necessary in a special sense, as the country was convulsed over the slavery question.

We had a number of devout members. It had been a well-instructed Church. Some of the foremost ministers of our denomination had filled this pulpit. The community at that time was largely constituted of rich planters who had built mansions and located in the city for social life and educational facilities. It was a delightful community.

During the year many joined on probation. When the day arrived to receive them into full membership, I adopted what was then an unknown plan. All the reception ever given me was to take my name. I had seen them called forward and questions propounded, but no hand of fellowship extended. My idea was to make the reception as impressive as possible. To each one I extended the hand of fellowship, and while holding the hand invoked God's blessing upon each one. It was an impressive scene. How to win old and young became a study. Experience had taught me that the majority in all congregations, rich and poor, were reached not so much through the intellect as through the affections. James

Russell Lowell once said, that "Books are, at best, but dry fodder, and that we must be vitalized by contact with living beings." No abstract statement, however logical, ever opened the eyes of an unsaved man. It is the touch of human sympathy that awakens the divine in man.

During the summer bilious fever attacked me. I was confined to my bed for some time. Many friends called to see me, among them preachers and other men of prayer. My soul hungered to hear the voice of supplication, but no one proposed it. In my weakness it never occurred to me to invite the ministers to talk with God on my behalf. One day, a preacher from an adjoining circuit dropped in, and in a few minutes inquired, "Would you like to hear a song and prayer?" The very thing my soul craved, and my response was a sobbing assent. George M. Talley was a sweet singer, and struck up that precious hymn,

"Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God."

An angel-song at that hour could not have been sweeter. It is said a drop of musk will scent a room for a thousand years. I do not think I will ever lose the fragrance of that song and the prayer which followed.

When convalescing, some of my wealthy members insisted that myself and wife with our infant daughter go to the Springs. They were twenty-five miles from the city. The Battle family had a cottage there, and sent servants and provisions ahead; while the Vaughn family furnished horses and carriage for transportation. We found everything to make us comfortable. My recuperation was rapid. Returning reinvigorated, my work was taken up with energy. My strong attachment to that people has never been effaced. God prospered the work. As the Conference year was drawing to a close, it became necessary for financial interests for my removal to East Alabama. At the Conference session held in Macon, Mississippi, my request was granted and I was sent to that beautiful town, Tuskegee, then famous for its educational facilities and its moral tone.

CHAPTER XVI.

TUSKEGEE STATION.

At Tuskegee, was located the Tuskegee Female College; Rev A. J. Lipscomb, D. D., president, and Rev. G. W F. Price, professor, with quite a number of lady teachers. Here, too, the Baptists had a very flourishing female college. At the same time, the citizens claimed to have one of the best classical high schools for boys in Alabama. My new charge received me with open arms.

The nearest neighbor to the parsonage was Rev. G. W. F. Price, who in after years became so famous as an educator and as a man of eloquence. As a word-painter he was unsurpassed. Words of the choicest quality flowed from his lips, not at random, but of special adaptation. He rose step by step until he was known all over the land, and honors were crowded upon him. While gifted as a teacher, his spirit was on a line with the mind of our Lord. Few men exerted a wider influence over young minds, or lifted more young hearts into hopefulness. His life was marked by a manliness worthy of imitation. He lived nobly. His influence sweeps on. After forty-three years I became his pastor again, and found years had not severed the bond of friendship which united us in the long ago. When taking charge of McKendree Church, Nashville, Tenn., he was the first man to commend me in public. In writing of such a character and closing hours the approach must be reverential. In his sickness he sent for me. When, on the last visit he spoke of our long acquaintance, and of his love for me, reaching up his arms clasped me around the neck drawing my face down to his he uttered words of triumph.

Notwithstanding the country was in commotion over the question of Secession, and war seemed inevitable, the pastor succeeded in influencing his people to subscribe the needed funds for a new house of worship. After long interviews and discussions in committee, I was appointed to write a New York architect to send us the drawing for the plan of a church that would cost thirty thousand dollars. That amount had been subscribed in the form of notes, payable at different times. After waiting a time, the plan arrived and all who viewed it expressed approval. It took time to let the contract, and before the house was begun my pastorate of two years expired.

It is not all sunshine in any life. We were called to bury our second child, a son. His dust lies in the cemetery in that town, and hope anticipates a reunion in the great City of our God.

Here Satan lifted his lofty head and disturbed the quiet joy of

a prosperous Church. My predecessor was an able preacher. Like the rest of us he sometimes made mistakes. During his administration, a rumor floated around, that a Judge, a member of his Church, was seen in an adjoining town under the influence of liquor. Dr. Cotton called to see the Judge and informed him of the report. "Who is your informant?" demanded the Judge. The informant's name was given. The Judge called on him, and he denied ever giving the minister such information. The Judge was left to his own inferences, and withdrew from the Church. The pastor was greatly perplexed, but was helpless. During my term two of the Judge's daughters were reported as dancing. This rumor excited some of our strictest members and there was a clamor for discipline. On Monday morning while crossing the square, an official member accosted me, alleging that rumor said these young ladies had been dancing. Said he, "Discipline ought to be enforced or the Church will be demoralized." I quietly replied, "I am willing to call to see the girls at once, but they may demand my authority for the report, can I use your name?" "No, not at all; it would damage my business." Hardly had I gone a block when another brother, considerably excited, accosted me, and urged the enforcement of discipline. I said, "I will go at once to the Judge's, and see the young ladies. They may demand my authority; can I use your name?" "No indeed, the family would become my enemies." These were good men, yet would let the pastor suffer in reputation by alienating a family. After weighing the subject, my conclusion was to go and see the family and talk the matter over. When the young ladies entered the parlor they were evidently excited. Quietly my object in visiting them was stated. I had simply called to talk over the rumor; not to bring charges, but to have a Christian chat. There was an ebullition of feeling on their part, but as "a soft answer turneth away wrath," my answer was on that line. They spoke of hide-bound members, but in quiet tones I replied, "If you were dying, who would you send for to pray for you, a dancing Methodist, or one of the hide-bound?" As they began to soften, I said "Let us pray." My heart was in that prayer. When the "amen" was uttered and we arose, every eye was suffused in tears. God's finger had touched these young souls. The weeping mother, between her sobs, said, "Oh, if the Judge had been approached in like manner as you have come to-day, he would not be out of the Church to-day!" Then appealing to the young ladies I said, "Can you not give up some pleasure for Christ's sake?" They requested time to consider, and promised to make known their decision in a few days. On the following Saturday they informed me they would give up dancing. Not many months passed until they both married, and removing to other homes united by letter with the Church and became noted as Christian workers.

On one occasion I was called to see a dying patriarch. For many years he had preached the Gospel. It was a feast of fat things

to hear him talk. In triumphant strains he exclaimed, "No fear. I'm ready to go and be with God!" When the statement is made, "He was a Christian!" it signifies a character like Christ's. In times past it did not always imply so much. Thomas a Kempis was a believer, but he lived in a cell for seventy years. Pascal wore a girdle of thorns to keep in check any form of comfort. This old saint won his title bravely, meeting his obligations to man and God.

Some one asked me if I did not get lonesome so continuously by myself. The response was, "Not if I have a book to read or a subject on which to write." My aim is to be a master workman in the Lord's vineyard, and I follow Adam Clarke's suggestion, "To intermeddle with all knowledge." Took up Rev. Abel Stevens's "Preaching for the Times." As Dr. Johnson said of a certain book, so would I repeat of this work: "The critic ought to read it for its eloquence, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety."

Presiding Elders are expected to be wise and prudent, but are not always so. Mine grew impatient for a protracted meeting. My idea was to depend on the ordinary means until we were ripe for such a meeting. At his Quarterly Meeting he announced a protracted service. He carried on the meeting in his own way, but at the end of the week closed without apparently accomplishing anything. He ran the meeting; I coöperated with him.

Tuskegee was noted for a number of talented men. Here resided Hon. David Clopton, a Steward, afterwards in the Confederate Congress, then later a judge of the Supreme Court. He was a man of large ability and equally esteemed for his purity of character. For a number of years he was Superintendent of our Sunday-School in Montgomery, Alabama. Here, too, was the Hon. Robert Ligon, a Steward, and in course of time Lieutenant-Governor of the State. Here resided the Morgans, the parents of the celebrated United States Senator Morgan. As a member of our Church we had an elect lady, a Morgan, now the wife of ex-Supreme Judge Chilton, and mother of the Rev. Claude Chilton of the Alabama Conference. The Judge was a large-hearted Baptist and his wife a strong Methodist. This ecclesiastical year closed delightfully Many were converted and added to the Lord.

CHAPTER XVII.

AUBURN STATION.

At the Annual Conference in December, 1860, I was appointed to Auburn. Political excitement ran high. Many of the States voted themselves out of the Union, and a Confederate Congress met in Montgomery, and Hon. Jefferson Davis was elected President. The excitement, North and South, was intense. War was inevitable, and Auburn was one of the centers for the training of Confederate soldiers. When Mr. Davis was on his way to be inaugurated the people poured out to hear his speeches. His address at Auburn was temperate and serious. The tasks confronting him called for deliberation and wisdom.

We had a strong Church at Auburn, and they warmly received their new pastor. Nearly the entire community were Methodists. The East Alabama Male College was then at its best. Rev. Dr. Sasnett was at its head. He was a fine thinker, a strong administrator, and a Christian gentleman of a high type. He was a great preacher and gave us an unadulterated Gospel. He was supported by a strong faculty. At the call for volunteers nearly every student responded and the college closed. We had in Auburn a Female College, now in charge of my predecessor, Wm. H. Harrison, D. D. In after times he was Book Editor, and editor of our *Quarterly Review*. He was a close student and a man of ability. This college had been for years in charge of one of the best and strongest men in the Church. He was a scientist of the first water and a teacher unsurpassed in any section. His Christian character was such that he adopted the Bible in his curriculum, and taught the Gospel as he taught grammar or chemistry. My wife attended this college, and learned from the lips of this layman a clear view of theology and never lost the deep impression of Professor Darby's spiritual instruction.

Quite a number of the members of the Alabama Conference resided in Auburn for the purpose of educating their children. One of these was the Rev. E. J. Hamill, agent of the Male College. He was a remarkable man. His appetite for knowledge was abnormal. He was a unique preacher, a strong debater, and a very godly man. Our great Sunday-School leader was then about twelve years of age and joined our church under my ministry. Dr. Hamill is surpassed by no man in America in the knowlege of the needs, influence, and the best methods of conducting Sunday-Schools. His teaching is of untold value to the rising generation. He is ably

reinforced by his accomplished wife. It is a pleasing fact to me now, when old and under physical disabilities, that I helped to give shape to this young life and encouraged his boyish purpose to live for God.

Notwithstanding the inflamed condition of the public mind we had some profitable times, some conversions and growth in Christian life. My heart was true to God. While I was true to the State and voted with the people, my conviction was God would have his way with the Nation. During the year attended camp-meeting and aided to extend the Lord's cause. I made regular pastoral visits although naturally, I did not love it. Why pastoral visiting is so distasteful to so many ministers is an enigma to me. With prayer and reasoning I sought from the first to overcome this distaste. One of our most popular Bishops assured me that the most distasteful part of his duty was that of visiting. Yet, this is the left hand of a minister's power; preaching is the right hand, and nothing can supersede it.

In Tuskegee and the adjoining charges there was considerable excitement over the fact that a number of the preachers were turning out their beards. Members declared they would not have bearded men in the pulpit. My taste has always been for a smooth face; I therefore escaped a disturbance. But in Auburn another trouble arose. We were in a transition state over choirs and organs. The congregation had purchased a cabinet organ and organized a choir. We had a valuable member, a man of great moral worth, who loved to sing. He was no artist and sometimes would miss the right key, but nothing daunted would try again. How he watched the pastor's lips that he might get the start of the choir! Sometimes it was a race to see which would get the start. Of course it was embarrassing to the pastor to witness the confusion produced by both starting different tunes! These facts of beards and music show to what annoyances pastors were subjected in conducting worship. Gnat-bites sting one, so trifles sometimes disturb the work of the Church. Some good men claim they are standing by a principle, when fighting for a prejudice. Lord Bacon said, " Prejudices are idols." It took tact to keep from allying oneself to a party.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOWNDESBORO DISTRICT.

The Annual Conference convened in Greensboro, the seat of the Southern University. It was a stirring Conference on account of civil strife. Everywhere one heard only "War! war!" The Conference met in its then shape for the last time. It voted to divide into the Alabama and Montgomery Conferences.

The morning of the day Conference closed, Drs. Hamilton and Mitchell called to see me to know if I would consent, for the time being, to remain in the Alabama Conference and go to one of the Churches in Mobile. My interests were in the bounds of the Montgomery division. After considerable persuasion, I agreed to go, as the Bishop had commissioned them to make the proposition. Three hours after this interview the appointments were announced. I expected to go to Mobile, but lo! other names were called, and my mind began to wonder, "What next, and where?" He read on and on; still my name was uncalled; until near the end of the list, "Lowndesboro District, John Mathews, Presiding Elder!" I was for a few moments dumbfounded! I had then, and have ever since had, a repugnance to being a Presiding Elder. True, the presiding eldership is an honorable position, but honor, while appreciated, was no compensation for a position where souls were not inducted into the Kingdom of Christ. It is a position too, where great power over other lives is exerted, and personal likes and dislikes, even in good men, sway their actions. I had learned it is a futile thing to fence with authority. About all one can do is to bite one's lips and accept the situation. As soon as possible, in a somewhat sulky mood, I went to my District. The Bishop told me his reason for the appointment. I will not give it; it may have been "taffy."

My family was located for the time being in the town of Lowndesboro, a small place, but choice society. We boarded in the family of Mr. Thomas, a man of great wealth and of fine surroundings. His wife was one of the most saintly women who ever lived in that place. To serve God was her joy; to do good her highest happiness. Wealth did not intoxicate, but spurred her on to a closer walk with God. While she could not create spiritual life any more than she could create the morning star, she put her soul where Christ could shine upon it, and thus secured power.

My first aim was to magnify my office. As the Discipline directed, as I went from one Quarterly Conference to another, I made a specialty of looking after the support of the preachers. I was absent from home a month; high waters and prairie mud inter-

cepting me. A point with me was not to turn back. Going to one appointment, I had to pass through a swamp. As far as the eye could see there was nothing but water. In conversation with a gentleman of the vicinity, he informed me that great holes had washed out in the road, and about a half-mile in the swamp there was danger; that if I would but keep a certain tree in sight and make for that, I would be safe. I rode forward, but was somewhat alarmed; and like a certain General going into battle, his legs shaking from fear, he said, "If you knew where I was carrying you, you would shake worse than that!" Bravery lies in the blood, courage in the mind; one is brave in proportion as he does not think, but is courageous in proportion as he thinks. Pushing onward, I was constantly apprehensive of falling into some hidden washout. Though unable to swim, I had confidence in my noble and high-spirited horse. When, after an hour's wading, that special tree was reached, I turned to the right and waded on until at last I reached solid ground. Near where I emerged from that swamp was a man clearing a piece of land; and having a fire, the privilege of drying my wet clothes was granted me. Moving on for a few miles I saw another sheet of water ahead of me! What now? When it was reached, not knowing what else to do, I decided to cross it. My horse would go in up to the saddle-skirts then wheel around and run out. On a high ridge on the side a gentleman witnessed my effort to force my horse into the water; lifting up his voice he cried out, "Mister! Are you trying to swim the Alabama River!" How could I know it was the river! The instinct of my horse saved me; no doubt, but for him, a Presiding Elder would have drowned! In Alabama, to this day, they tell this story, with numerous additions and embellishments. In a speech before the Conference, in describing the scene, I spoke of my "fool horse refusing to go further," when the preachers responded, "The man was the fool!"

In meeting the Quarterly Conferences, when the support of the pastor was under consideration, the Stewards would say, "We raised so much last year." My answer was, "Never mind that." Then I inquired, "About what does it take to support a man and family in comfort in your community?" The answer was about double what they had paid. In urging them to assess that double amount, they alleged it could not be raised. My reply was, "The pastor will take corn, meat, spun truck, peas, hides and tallow!" Then they began to see light. At the Brundige Quarterly Conference one brother subscribed hams, another side bacon, another corn, and another peas. The subscription went on until the question was sprung, "How can we get these things to the pastor's home?" Two brethren proposed to furnish wagons, and two others subscribed their services to drive. All this besides the usual money assessment. The question was then asked me, "How about your pay?" "Oh," said I, "anything will do; I'll take corn or socks,

or shucks or hides!" They subscribed corn. My home was a long distance, so I employed a man to pen the corn and cover it, and went on my way. Before the next Quarterly Conference they were writing to me, wanting to purchase the corn at a large advance in price, but I wrote back to divide it out amongst the families whose husbands had gone to the army.

The Civil War was being waged with great energy. Every man had to take sides. Strangers had to give an account of themselves. As Presiding Elder, visiting the various Quarterly Meetings, the people whom I visited would soon inquire, "Where were you raised?" The next night I would be the guest of another neighbor, who would soon inquire, "Where were you born?". The answer promptly given, in both cases, "I was born in Philadelphia, but raised in Tennessee." These neighbors would meet and discuss the Elder, and as to his nativity and raising they would say he told me so and so. Suspicion as to my loyalty to the Confederacy was aroused. Dr. Hamilton, at the Conference in the winter, laughingly told how I was suspected. Ever after, when interrogated, before I replied I would say, "I was born in one place and raised in another." The people used these terms interchangeably.

During my absence, the overseer on our plantation was conscripted, which necessitated my presence there. The family was large and without any one to look after the servants. Mrs. Mathews returned and put things in shape by the time I finished my round on the District. We had hard times. We had to weave our own cloth to supply white and black. I attended the field hands that the crop might not fall short. It was difficult to secure supplies of any kind, as we were so far in the interior. Though ships ran the blockade, yet the supplies were exhausted long before any could reach our section. We could secure no medicines. An old North Carolinian had told me of the curative properties of peach leaves and I had sacks filled and stored away. When any one was sick, the order was to get a handful of peach leaves and make a tea. Our supply of salt gave out, and the only thing we could do was to dig up the earth floor of the smoke-house, and run it through a home-made "ash-hopper," then boil the water in large kettles, and in this way we secured some salt. It, however, retained its dirt color. The typhoid fever broke out in the family, and the physician decided it was caused by the use of this salt. Two of the blacks died, and my wife lay for weeks, hovering between life and death. She lingered so long, the physician abandoned the case. One Sunday evening her mother and I talked of the abandonment, and she said, "Mr. Mathews, do not let her die on our hands without making another effort!" Then it occurred to me that I had heard of a physician at a hamlet eight miles away. A messenger was despatched post-haste, but the plantation blacks dealt in the marvellous to such an extent, when he found the physician, he stated all the physicians around had been there, but none were attending

now. The doctor said it was an abandoned case, and refused to go. The next morning I sent again. He came, examined my wife's condition and at first refused to take charge of the case, but finally consented. He was an eclectic physician, and for two weeks did his best, and then, shaking his head, said, "She has changed and is now in a stupor;" and going to see the sick black woman, he remarked, "Frankie's life chances are worth a dozen of your wife's." That was Monday. On Thursday we buried the black woman, and the wife still lives.

During the distressing state of affairs, it was difficult to even get flour. About twelve miles away I learned of a well-to-do man who wanted some Methodist hymn books. I had four dozen stowed away in a loft. After considerable discussion, he agreed to give me a sack of flour for my hymn books. We could get no coffee. We used what was called "Confederate coffee." Wheat was parched and ground, then boiled; but it was a poor substitute. Some Confederate soldiers of the commissary department camped near us one night; we sent some milk to their camp, and they sent us five or six pounds of coffee which lasted us for special use, until the war closed.

One law guided me heretofore, and now it was adopted with renewed vigor, because of increased responsibility: "What thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might." Certain facts, I had learned, contained the germ of all organized Christian work. These facts were studied, hence much time was given to study how to reach the human heart—the easy passes into each heart. A musician spends days and even years in studying how to evoke the richest music from his instrument, and will practice until, without a conscious act of the will, his fingers touch the right keys. There were times when I felt I had little or nothing to bring as the sheaf of my offering when night closed in; but I studied and trusted God for results.

CHAPTER XIX.

Oak Bowery and Lafayette.

The Conference of the year 1861 met, and Bishop Pierce presided and stated that the Bishops had agreed, when any of the ministers had financial interests at stake, to appoint them where they could take charge of such interests. I was relieved of the District and put in charge of Oak Bowery Circuit. My home was in the bounds of this Circuit. I never failed to meet my appointments, and the people were ever ready to attend to discuss passing events before service began.

Then at another Conference, Lafayette and Oak Bowery were made a station and I was put in charge. Lafayette was fifteen miles away, and Oak Bowery eight. Preached at these towns on alternate Sundays. All kind of rumors were afloat. We could hear of the defeat of our Confederate forces. Sherman's army was marching through Georgia. Raids were dashing through Alabama. A raid was approaching our section. Some neighbors rode out two or three miles and watched the burning of cotton-gins along the railroad track. We had to hide some things, but the raiders would often find and seize them. My wife's mother had sent over to her daughter a bottle of peach brandy to be held for medicinal purposes. Wife hid it in the ash-hopper. Some of the servants, unknown to her, witnessed the hiding. The raid passed within a mile of us, and when it had passed my wife went to the ash-hopper, uncovered the bottle, but every drop of the brandy had been used up. We never knew who stole it.

We were not a great distance from Andersonville, famous for the number of Federal prisoners and the trouble to secure food for them. Soldiers with wagons scoured the country for supplies; they would order us to open our smoke-houses, and take half the meat we had on hand. The food supply was about exhausted. The road was filled with soldiers in groups, deserting, but telling the people they were on furlough. As the days passed with us, it was one long agony. We believed our cause was lost and prepared to acquiesce as best we could. Two years before I had stood in the pulpit and in preaching to a large audience, I called upon the wealthiest man in the audience to witness as we rode home. My position was this—let this war terminate as it may, I will accept it as providential. When we were sure Lee had surrendered, the next Sunday everybody turned out to church to hear and see. In my place I called upon that same man to witness. "Now," said I, "the result is known. My family loses as much as any one in the 'beat,' and I accept it as providential."

When Lee's surrender was confirmed, the blacks were summoned from their quarters into the houseyard and informed they were all free. "You can go or stay. If you stay and finish the crop it will be divided amongst you as when white men work on shares." They remained and finished the crop. There was no demonstration. They were dazed. One man spoke up and said, "We will not let you and Miss Mary suffer." When they retired to their cabins it was in a solemn silence. As we entered our house, Mrs. Mathews, said, "Are we not poor? We 'll never have anything again! We will not be able to get even sugar and coffee!" To quiet her fears, my reply was, "After this flurry is over I expect to have all we have been enjoying!" She knew we did not have a single nickel. That night we went to sleep not without effort, and woke up in the morning in a new world.

Just about sunset a man riding a very fine horse stopped at the gate, and inquired could he get himself and horse fed? He would not let the animal be put into the stable, but she must be fed at the gate, so if pursued he could mount and away. I had never charged any one for a meal, but believing he was a horse thief, when he inquired for his bill, I replied, "One dollar." He drew from his pocket a soiled rag, and unwound it, counted out ten dimes and handed them to me. That dollar was my financial start in the new world of things.

The following Sunday morning my appointment was at Lafayette, fifteen miles distant. When the town was reached I found it in possession of a company of Union soldiers. The officers and some of the men attended the service. It was told me that some were denying they were Confederates. I always had a contempt for shirks and cowards. During the sermon I alluded to the fact that the county voted for secession by a majority of nine hundred, and it was not thickly populated. Then I stated, "My vote was for Secession and for Davis because I was in alliance with the people. Now we are whipped I accept the situation as providential." The army men congratulated me on my candor.

In the afternoon, as usual, I preached to the blacks. The house was full and we had a spirited meeting. Just before the benediction was pronounced, one of the leaders stepped forward, and laid his handkerchief down on a table, and remarked, about thus, "While we sing let every one come up and contribute something for our preacher!" A song was started and they marched up one by one and put their offering on the table. The collection amounted to ten dollars and some cents. The absorbing question with me was, what to do. Here is a plantation, mules, provender, cotton, and equipments for farming. Shall I live here and cultivate, or sell out and continue as a traveling preacher? The problem was not hard to solve. I decided to be true to the vows of my youth and continue in the active ministry. The Lord opened up my way. The plantation was sold. Then an auction of mules, wagons, plows,

corn, fodder, cows, and other things all brought good prices and my way clear to go on propagating the Gospel. Rumors were spread abroad that the Government would not allow the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to exist. The question confronted us, "What are we to do?" A few left us. Bishop Andrew issued a circular calling on the preachers to continue in their work, and stating that a General Conference would be called and our status decided. Preachers and people held on, and the result has been a marvelous prosperity. By the meeting of our Conference in December, I was ready for the long march which I have made since that day. We had no Bishop. Rev. O. R. Blue presided, and sent me to Wetumpka as the only opening for me.

However, before leaving our home, I held a protracted meeting at our near-by chapel, and a revival of great power was the result. Rev. Samuel Harris, a very strong preacher, and a very spiritual man, aided in the work. He was one of the most useful local preachers I ever knew. It was one of the old-time meetings. Men and women were convicted through and through. It was not mere enamel but went to the core. It was a Baptist community and amongst the many converts fourteen men were immersed by me in the creek near by. These converts were my neighbors and knew my manner of life. The work of God moved on in spite of the losses sustained by the people.

Property may vanish, but something of more value remains. An eminent writer has said, "All the rest of your life in this world is left; and all Heaven, and all God. He is behind and before. He can go back of the things that trouble you."

CHAPTER XX.

WETUMPKA STATION.

Wetumpka was comparatively a small town, but I found a large-hearted people. We had a small membership but a good house of worship. The Allens were generous to a fault, and as loyal to God and the Church as they well could be. The Houghton family was remarkably helpful to the pastor. The head of that family afterwards moved to New York, and became a partner in the great firm of Hurd & Houghton. Their love lasted to the end. Judge Loomis was one of our warm friends. Others might be mentioned, whose names are recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life. While the membership was small the people crowded our house and it was a treat to preach to them. A notable conversion was that of a young man who afterwards became a Baptist preacher and, after studying at their Theological Seminary, went as a missionary to a foreign land. In thinking of my work I always felt I was touching China through my young friend.

The ever perplexing problem of music annoyed some of us very much. There were several fine voices in the congragation, and a certain worthy brother led, but his leadership was unsatisfactory. One Sunday morning the hymn was announced. This man started off, but before he reached the end of the first line, stopped and said, "Oh, it is the wrong metre," and started up another just as a lady's voice was heard, and hers was a wrong tune as was also his second one! I instantly said, "Let us pray." These efforts marred the entire service, and all were mortified. A few desired a cabinet organ to accompany as well as guide the singing. Others were bitterly opposed to "machine music" in the house of God, and threatened to leave if one was introduced. Smarting under the failure on Sunday, three or four put their heads and money together and quietly ordered an instrument from Montgomery, and by Saturday night had it in place and gathered a few singers and practised plain tunes for worship. Judge of the surprise in the congregation when the organ opened up. The singing was so hearty no one could object, and no one withdrew from the Church. The crisis was passed with only two or three growls, and one or two others showing their teeth.

During this year my services were given freely to aid in other meetings. My Presiding Elder was always ready to give his preachers words of cheer. Kind words help one in the battle of life. Brother D. M. Hudson was a sunshine-maker.

The General Conference met in May in New Orleans, and was

under the sway of new men who revolutionized much of the machinery of the church. Four Bishops were elected. The six-months' probation was abolished and they even went so far as to abolish the name of the Church. At the earnest entreaty of Bishop Paine the last action was reconsidered and the old name was restored. Bishop McTyeire was a leader in reforms. He was pastor of Court Street Church in Montgomery, Alabama, when elevated to the Episcopacy. He held the pastorship until the ensuing Annual Conference.

At our first District Conference great interest was exhibited. At this meeting I was appointed to preach one night, and gave them a sermon on the Intermediate State. The Bishop the next day talked with me about the points I made. The next Sunday he was in his own pulpit and gave them a sermon on the same subject. The following Sunday in compliance with his request, I agreed to fill his pulpit, as he was away on official business. Being familiar with my sermon on the Intermediate State, I gave it to the Bishop's people. When the meeting closed, a Steward said, "Why, the Bishop preached that sermon last Sunday!" Of course he believed I had plagiarized from the Bishop. The reader is left to infer for himself.

CHAPTER XXI.

MONTGOMERY STATION.

At the Conference following, Bishop Wm. M. Wightman, presided with great acceptability. He was courtesy itself, and wise in the conduct of the business. I was elected Secretary and served as long as I remained in that Conference. At the close of the session I was announced for Court Street, Montgomery. It was in my eyes no small matter to fill a pulpit so ably filled by McTyeire. I took charge with fear and trembling, yet relying on God in Christ Jesus.

My reception by the officials was not very enthusiastic. I was considered a home product and therefore unheralded, but, feeling I was there providentially, I determined to faithfully perform the monotonous and even trivial things, using for Christ the smallest opportunity which offered itself. Praying constantly, and trusting in God's promises, I gave to His work my best. My effort was to make my pulpit an attractive one, therefore I sought to present truth in freshness. My Sunday-School Superintendent was William Price, a scholar and a worker. He was a man who might well be recorded as a genius. He was full of resources and made the school attractive. Enthusiasm creates enthusiasm as life creates life.

My methods of developing the Church were aggressive and rather out of the ordinary. These subjected me to the criticism of being eccentric. As I once answered a critic, "Some men can not distinguish between eccentricity and freshness." As a cautious man, no important move was made without submitting my ideas to the Board of Officials; they did not always approve, but we had no friction. It takes two to make a fuss. Sometimes I felt trammeled. When proposing to do something not exactly in the way that something had been done for years, the chief spokesman would say, "My brother, we came into the Church under Dr Hamilton's administration!" In a pleasant spirit I replied, "That was twenty-five years ago, and the world has turned two or three summersaults since then!" When there was the appearance of friction brewing, I receded. The Board of Stewards were worthy gentlemen; some were broad-minded business men. One or two were hard to deal with. One brother would oppose every measure introduced without consulting him. We had no young men on the official board. Two names were proposed at Quarterly Conference and the opposition was strong. My plan was, we must train young men to carry on the work. They were elected. One of them was the noted Virginian preacher, Rev. John Hannon, D. D., the other

a professor in the Alabama State University, Hon. Will Thorington. They were exceptional characters. Young Hannon attended prayer-meeting. After a proper wait, one night I called on him to pray. He answered, "Please excuse me!" I repeated the request, "Brother John Hannon, lead in prayer." He, after a moment's hesitation, struck out on the Lord's prayer. The next time he was requested to pray he was ready with one of those brilliant, sparkling prayers for which he has been long celebrated.

In my ministerial work an appeal was made as I closed each sermon. Many of the young men of the city attended our Church, and some of them were caught for Christ. On one occasion I prepared a class of young men numbering fourteen, calling them to the altar and propounding the usual questions. My charge was one I hoped would be remembered. It was an impressive scene, which I remember to this day. Some one remarked, "They are only youths!" signifying they were not of much value to the finances of the Church. What of that company? One of them became president of the leading bank in the city where he resided. Another became the leading merchant of the city and stood in the forefront of those interested in Christian work. When I went West, I found another the cashier of the largest bank in the city. One became a fine business man, but was cut down by death in the flush and vigor of young life. Another became a leading business man, and, running down the list, all but one took a fine stand in society.

In Court Street Church we had some as noble Christian men and women as could be found in any section of our land. We had a large element of financial ability and social power. Judge Clopton and family, Judge Rice and family, Colonel Jack Thorington and family, Mrs. Lomax and sons, the Judsons, the Arnolds, Powells, Smiths, Thomas Mount and family, the Harmons, the Blues, John Browder and family, the Lakins, Hobbies, Hannons, Williams, and my life-long friend B. M. Washburn, with others.

On one Christmas eve a dray stopped at the parsonage gate, loaded with all kinds of comforts. The card was signed, "From the brothers-in-law of the Church." Provisions to last through months. Such kindness was appreciated.

On another occasion, Mrs. Mathews' health having failed, it was necessary to have a change of climate. She was taken up the country, but there was no improvement. She was unable to sit up. One day Mrs. Arnold called at the parsonage and handed me about four hundred dollars, and said "This is from friends. Have your wife meet you at Opelika, and take her North." She was brought on a bed to Opelika, put in the stateroom on the sleeper, and we started northward. The travel exhilarated her. Reaching Atlanta, we changed and traveled all night. When she wakened in the morning in East Tennessee, she said, "I am hungry." She was strong enough to walk in to the breakfast room and enjoyed her food. She improved rapidly. We reached Baltimore and spent Sunday

there. Then off to Brooklyn to see our dear friends, the Houghtons, who took us to their home and gave us a welcome such as makes the heart glad. A rest of several days, and we were away to Niagara to see that wonder of wonders. Then we sped away to the Alleghany Mountains, where we tarried until wife's vigor was restored.

We had in our Church a certain excellent man who had a hobby. He was half deaf and without any special culture. He was possessed with the idea that he was called of God to lead in singing, yet, could not hear his own voice. While the people were assembling he would, in a loud cracked voice start a song; often it was difficult to recognize the tune. He told me a former pastor proposed to make a bargain with him, "If you will not start a tune in the church I will not!" He declined, saying, "Some poor sinner might catch his song and be saved."

While pastor of Court Street Church, God blessed our home with the addition of a little daughter; we named her Mattie. It was at the time of carpetbag rule. The blacks were insolent, and were expecting the division of the lands. They had been told this, and were generally waiting for "forty acres and a mule." When starvation began to stare them in the face, some of them would seek employment. We found what we called a motherly old woman to take charge of our little one. The child was perfect in health and at that age when she slept nearly all the time. One bright afternoon as I started to make some pastoral calls, I did what I had hardly ever done before, told my wife where I would call. While at the house of one of my members, a runner came to the door, saying, "You are wanted at home—the baby is dying!" The nurse had poisoned the child! When I entered the house the physicians were tossing the babe in the air, hoping to restore respiration. Alas! Soon all was over, and little Mattie passed to be with Christ. The old nurse was obliged to earn her bread but did not want the trouble of holding the child, and had secretly purchased a vial of laudanum, and in ignorance gave it enough to kill a dozen. Such was the political status, no one ever officially took notice of the act. The carpetbaggers feared to arrest any of the blacks.

During the four years of war, we of the Southland were so shut in, we fell behind in the knowledge of religious developments on some lines. There came to our city, in the interest of Sunday-Schools, a Mr. Pardee, whom I learned to esteem and love. He held an "Institute," which I attended with great profit, absorbing his principles until, with the aid of a few works which he afterward sent me, I undertook, at the instance of brethren, to hold Institutes over the State. The pastors of the Protestant Churches of Mobile invited me to hold one there. At the appointed time a large concourse filled the church, and for four days I held three services each day. My hope was to contribute to the advancement of Scriptural knowledge. Pardee's work, in my judgment, for simplicity and clearness has not been excelled by recent writers.

At the General Conference in Memphis, in 1870, being a delegate, I was present when the report on Sunday-Schools was introduced. The discussion was animated. At this General Conference Rev. A. G. Haygood was elected to take charge of the Sunday-School department. My name was suggested for the position, but I assured the parties I would not serve if elected; I loved the pastorate too well. Dr. Haygood came to me after his election and said, "I know very little about this work." At that interview I gave data for securing valuable literature for his department, and advised him to delay going to Nashville until he thoroughly posted himself. We never met again until the General Conference in St. Louis, at which he was elected Bishop.

Rev. Mr. Earle, a celebrated Baptist evangelist on a tour South, proposed to give Montgomery a three-days' meeting, if all denominations would unite. We consented. He came. Large crowds attended his ministry and a great interest was begotten. At the last gathering on the third day, Mr. Earle requested the ministers of the different denominations to state their views as to continuing the union meeting, or each pastor hold services in his own church. My voice was for union meetings, but the majority went for separate services. We adjourned, after each pastor announced preaching in his own church. The next night I conducted meeting in our church in the lecture-room, with a fair attendance. From that night on the interest deepened until there was one of the greatest outpourings of the Spirit ever witnessed by me. At the end of the week the other churches closed. For a time I was alone. Rev. O. R. Blue was visiting in the city. His coöperation was invoked, and he agreed to help me. The understanding was he would preach every night and I exhort after his sermon. We moved up into the large audience room; the city was stirred to the core. One rarely ever witnesses such manifestations in conviction and conversion. That large altar would be crowded, and the aisles filled with penitents. Hundreds, first and last, sought for mercy. The poor were there, also the rich; the young and the old; the educated and the uneducated; lawyers, merchants, physicians, and others. Men and women cried for mercy and there were loud shouts from hearts as they emerged into the rapture of the new life. At this meeting I heard what was termed the "holy laugh." A lady of the highest social standing, and the name she bore historic, who had long been a member of the Church, was so filled with joy she marched up and down before the altar, tears streaming down her cheeks, saying in silvery tones, "I have heard of the holy laugh, and now I have it!" Then followed a laugh which would have stirred an angel's nature. The audience was subdued and an awe settled upon every one present.

Brother Oliver R. Blue was one of a group of strong men, members of the Alabama Conference forty years ago. He won his way to the front. He was a man of exceptional make-up; rarely did he exhibit any emotion. He gave the people truth in its clearest form.

He handled those themes which produce conviction and repentance. Sin was made hideous in the eyes of his hearers. Dr. Blue was very efficient in his ministry. He won many souls, not by ingenious *dialectia,* or vivid scene-painting, or massive erudition, or by pathetic appeals, but by the awful earnestness which is fired of God.

During my pastorate in Montgomery, I formed the acquaintance of a business man whom I desired to win. I used all the Christian strategy of which I had knowledge; yet thought failure would be the result on account of his hesitation. Perseverance was rewarded, and B. M. Washburn turned his face Heavenward. The Holy Spirit did the work. He has been in several General Conferences, and on General Boards, and is teacher of one of the largest Sunday-School classes of young men in the entire Church. He dearly loves the Church and is ever ready to augment its power. Our hearts have been as those of David and Jonathan.

Mrs. Cala Thorington, had she lived in St. John's day, would have been named "The elect lady." When I became her pastor she was a mature Christian. She was rooted in Christ. As the root of an apple-tree grows down silently into the soil, feeling its way after earth food and water, and drawing up nourishment for every limb and leaf, so she went down into Christ for her spiritual nourishment. We form our estimate of people's thoughts by their deeds, because they were thoughts before acted upon. There was a blending of qualities which gave symmetry and polish to her life which made it shine in beauty before the world. She was handsome, educated and refined. Mrs. Thorington emerged into a womanhood of great refinement and usefulness. Her husband, Colonel Jack Thorington, was a prominent lawyer and an elegant gentleman, one who aided his wife in her high aims. Years ago there was a famous singer who sang an inspiring song. Over and over again the request would go up, "Repeat it!" It was called "A Lift on the Way." This elect lady was always giving some one a lift on the way. Often, on Sunday morning, would she send her carriage around to take some poor widow unable to walk, to the house of God; then sending them home. This was her custom. Was this not a lift on the way?

CHAPTER XXII.

Felicity Street Pastorate.

About eighteen months before my term of four years expired in Montgomery, Bishop Keener visited our city and spent part of two days trying to influence myself and wife to consent to go to New Orleans, but we had the up-country horror of yellow fever, and declined. Our last year in Alabama, Bishop McTyeire interviewed us two or three times on the same subject. We were unwilling. Finally he put the matter upon the conscience, and said, "Some one has to go for Christ's sake; why not you?" He touched us in our love for our Lord. I said nothing more; without assenting to his plea, the Bishop went forward in sending us to New Orleans. Then began really, what in Methodist parlance, may be called my career as a "Giraffe;" a term employed sarcastically to designate those who are sent from city to city in the interest of the Church of God. The men who employ this term may be said to be cowards. They fear to assail the Bishops who transfer these preachers to leading Churches. I have often wondered why our Bishops never lift a pen in defense of this berated class.

We reached New Orleans during the session of the Conference in that city. I thought we were rather heroic in allowing ourselves to be transferred where we were liable to face the "black death" any season. Judge of my surprise when a young man took a seat by my side, and remarked, "Do you see that man moving among the preachers?" I had noticed his going from one to another. "He holds in his hand a resolution to which he is securing signatures. The resolution is against the transfer of Dr. Tudor and yourself; they are counting noses and already have a majority." Three Bishops were present, and report said it took the combined influence of Doggett, Marvin and Keener to prevent its introduction. That was the way the Louisiana Conference proposed to receive me!

At that session it was announced that I would preach on Sunday morning at Felicity Street Church. The members wanted to sample me, as I had been announced as a transfer to that charge. My text was, "Looking unto Jesus." The theme was, "The Eye on the Right Object." The next morning as Dr. Linus Parker was on his way to his office, as editor of the *Advocate*, a gentleman jumped from the car and accosted him, saying, "That man won't do! He encourages baseball playing!" "How so?" asked Dr. Parker. "He used an illustration of a catcher, who never fixes his eyes on his hands, but on the approaching ball, his hands instinctively adjusting themselves to the object!" This critic became one of my

warmest friends. He was a good man of small culture, and no broad ideas of life or how to catch men.

These receptions were not very uplifting to a [illegible] who believed he was providentially called to that work. In [illegible] of this Church I faced everything with a strong faith [illegible] ing for the baptism of the fire, without which all my plans would prove abortive. My predecessor, Dr. Parker, told me I would find about seventy faithful souls; the rest were "hangers on." My first aim was to win the confidence of my people by getting in touch with them, visiting as rapidly as possible. All moral delinquents were treated kindly, never letting any know I had heard of their lapses. A brother who had been noted for being specially gifted in prayer, but had backslidden, had come out to prayer meeting to hear the new minister. He had been drinking to drunkenness. When the meeting reached the point of warmth, and all were called to unite in prayer, this brother's name was announced to lead in the prayer. What a surprise! He halted, seemed to choke up, but what a prayer! It was full of penitence, full of pleas for mercy. When we arose from our knees all were in tears. He afterward said he felt the Church had not cast him off, and renewed his vows. He was ever in his place after that.

Another man, high in financial circles as well as social life, was still an attendant upon the means of grace, but his face unbetrayed plainly the drinking habit. As his pastor, I gave him special attention. He never knew that his sin was known to me. The poison of the serpent was employed and results [illegible] his face began to whiten, the red sign was [illegible] me, and in the home circle, to my wife I [illegible] pression, "Brother Blank is getting white around the gills." He righted up, not without a struggle. In a [illegible] stated in penitential tones, "You bore with [illegible] been turned out of the Church. I am glad I [illegible] was faithful until God sent for him. In this [illegible] pastorate, I have dealt with delinquent. Another [illegible] I moved, was to deliberately employ utterance [illegible] subjected me to severe criticism. These utterances were repeated in the homes of the people and many came out to hear a man who handled truth without gloves, calling a spade a spade. Some thought the pastor too plain, but the body of the membership [illegible] Right or wrong, many souls entered into the [illegible] clamored for a protracted meeting. My way was [illegible] Spirit's movements, then prayed. I watched [illegible] Spirit to move the [illegible] My preaching was [illegible] once every week by a [illegible] sonal accountability [illegible] God in Christ was [illegible] wrath to come [illegible] to Christ." I [illegible]

tration was used: Here are three men, each purposing to cross the Mississippi River to reach Algiers. One goes by ferry boat; the second takes a skiff, and the third determines to swim over. The point is getting there. No one can say to the other, "You are not at Algiers, because you did not get there as I did." This young lawyer soon afterwards notified me he had crossed the river and reached the Savior.

We had a smooth sea until the questions of a new organ and music were struck. Three-fourths of our people wanted a large organ and a change in our music. One element opposed the change. How to handle these questions in the Church, perplexed me more than any Church of my ministry. Some suggested a fair. It was voted on and carried. The ladies managed it, and when the rent of the hall was paid and all other expenses deducted, we had in hand three thousand two hundred dollars. The element opposed to the fair, in a Church Conference, offered a resolution to use the money for another purpose. The resolution failed and an organ was ordered. Some alterations had to be made for organ and choir. The choir loft only seated fourteen, whereas about twenty belonged to the singers. What was to be done? The Board elected a lady as chorister. She had to drop some of the singers, and concluded to drop the people whom she thought would willingly submit, on account of goodness and age. Her action created feelings of a damaging nature, and one man blamed the pastor, and carried his ill feeling to a very great point. The pastor wrought on, not indifferent to this state of things, but constantly prayed for help, never alluding in an unkind way to the enmity upon the part of this prominent man. The people prayed and coöperated with the pastor, crowds attended the Church, and penitents were converted week by week. I spent much time in what, in my boyhood, politicians called "still hunting." Whenever I heard of a man or woman concerned about salvation they were hunted up and advised.

About this time, Mr. D. L. Moody was invited to hold a protracted meeting in the Coliseum Place Baptist Church. He had not then become famous. He rarely filled the lecture-room at night. In the mornings he conducted experience meetings in the lecture-room of the Carondelet Street Methodist Church. One morning I was requested to lead. My talk was on personal work. I repeated an incident in my work in Montgomery, of a woman who slipped in and out of my prayer-meetings. She always sat back, evidently trying to keep hidden by shading her face as much as possible. Week by week she was there. At last she was missed. We wondered what had become of her. Several weeks passed, when a stranger called and requested me to go and see a woman dying with consumption. Promptly responding, judge of my surprise when the door was opened, to see the woman missed from the prayer-meeting. In those days, the pastor had to lead the singing in those meetings. She said

to me, "I sent for you to ask you to sing for me once more the hymn you sang so often. I want to hear it again before I die:

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'"

She joined in the song, then I knelt at her bedside and prayed. Then she told me briefly that she had been a Magdalene. Desiring to be saved, she attended the services at the church. Looking at me with her brimming eyes, she said, "Won't you sing it again for me? It will be the last time." Reseating myself, I struck up with a glowing heart,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

She soon passed to her rest, leaning on the Friend of sinners!

This story touched the hearers. The next morning a messenger brought to me a large picture, handsomely framed, called "The Rock of Ages;" a woman clinging to the Cross in the midst of life's storms. Mr. Moody sent me a book on Exodus, on the value of the blood. It had his autograph, which I have kept all these years.

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A middle-aged woman, named Mrs. Dalton, gave a large share of her time to Church work. She was unpretentious, but a bundle of common sense. Noiselessly she went in and out, carrying sunshine wherever she appeared. There is always work about a Church which corresponds with the kitchen work in our homes. The pastor often has trouble to secure workers for this department. Mrs. Dalton came to me and said, "If there is anything to be done that no one else will do, give it to me!" One can generally find persons willing to do work in the Church which corresponds to piano, or other parlor duties. She accompanied me into humble homes, and to those who needed consolation. She was a steady, quiet toiler. An incident occurred which was of an exciting nature, which threatened to end

tration was used: Here are three men, each purposing to cross the Mississippi River to reach Algiers. One goes by ferry boat; the second takes a skiff, and the third determines to swim over. The point is getting there. No one can say to the other, "You are not at Algiers, because you did not get there as I did." This young lawyer soon afterwards notified me he had crossed the river and reached the Savior.

We had a smooth sea until the questions of a new organ and music were struck. Three-fourths of our people wanted a large organ and a change in our music. One element opposed the change. How to handle these questions in the Church, perplexed me more than any Church of my ministry. Some suggested a fair. It was voted on and carried. The ladies managed it, and when the rent of the hall was paid and all other expenses deducted, we had in hand three thousand two hundred dollars. The element opposed to the fair, in a Church Conference, offered a resolution to use the money for another purpose. The resolution failed and an organ was ordered. Some alterations had to be made for organ and choir. The choir loft only seated fourteen, whereas about twenty belonged to the singers. What was to be done? The Board elected a lady as chorister. She had to drop some of the singers, and concluded to drop the people whom she thought would willingly submit, on account of goodness and age. Her action created feelings of a damaging nature, and one man blamed the pastor, and carried his ill feeling to a very great point. The pastor wrought on, not indifferent to this state of things, but constantly prayed for help, never alluding in an unkind way to the enmity upon the part of this prominent man. The people prayed and coöperated with the pastor, crowds attended the Church, and penitents were converted week by week. I spent much time in what, in my boyhood, politicians called "still hunting." Whenever I heard of a man or woman concerned about salvation they were hunted up and advised.

About this time, Mr. D. L. Moody was invited to hold a protracted meeting in the Coliseum Place Baptist Church. He had not then become famous. He rarely filled the lecture-room at night. In the mornings he conducted experience meetings in the lecture-room of the Carondelet Street Methodist Church. One morning I was requested to lead. My talk was on personal work. I repeated an incident in my work in Montgomery, of a woman who slipped in and out of my prayer-meetings. She always sat back, evidently trying to keep hidden by shading her face as much as possible. Week by week she was there. At last she was missed. We wondered what had become of her. Several weeks passed, when a stranger called and requested me to go and see a woman dying with consumption. Promptly responding, judge of my surprise when the door was opened, to see the woman missed from the prayer-meeting. In those days, the pastor had to lead the singing in those meetings. She said

to me, "I sent for you to ask you to sing for me once more the hymn you sang so often. I want to hear it again before I die:

'Rock of Ages, cleft for me.'"

She joined in the song, then I knelt at her bedside and prayed. Then she told me briefly that she had been a Magdalene. Desiring to be saved, she attended the services at the church. Looking at me with her brimming eyes, she said, "Won't you sing it again for me? It will be the last time." Reseating myself, I struck up with a glowing heart,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

She soon passed to her rest, leaning on the Friend of sinners!

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in violence. This devoted woman, at my request, played a part. A woman of whom I had never heard, lay upon a sick-bed. She sent for me. When visiting her she unfolded her history. She was a Roman Catholic, and had sought soul rest; did what was prescribed, but failed to find it. She had heard of my work and wanted me to help her to find comfort. There at her bedside was an improvised altar, the candle and the crucifix. Not a word was said against these things or against her Church. I explained to her how a soul finds Christ. Then I sang some of the hymns of petition, amongst them this:

"Show pity Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live."

Then I prayed at her side. As I was leaving, she urged me to return the next day, which I did. The improvised altar was gone with the candle and the crucifix. She informed me that she slept sweetly through the night; her fear had vanished. With further instruction day after day she grew in faith and comfort. At last she proposed to join my Church, and in due time she was received. After weeks of patient suffering she began to decline. In the meantime it was noised abroad that she had turned Protestant. It was in a section of the city in which many uncultured Irish Romanists lived, and threats were made. This sick lady asked for protection. Mrs. Dalton was requested to take care of her and guard her. When death seemed inevitable, a mob gathered about the house and threatened to break in. A priest was sent for, and in an excited manner called to see me, saying, "I have a note in my pocket from Mrs. Blank asking for extreme unction." I knew that could not be possible, as her hands were so paralyzed she could not write. When he was seated in my parlor, my first remark was, "Let us talk the case over. I can differ with a man and yet talk without excitement." We got on nicely. My proposition was, "Let us go to the house together, and if she wants to receive extreme unction I will remain and see you administer it." When we approached the house there was another priest, and a boisterous crowd. When Mrs. Dalton heard my voice she opened the door and let us in. Seated in the parlor we agreed that one priest should speak first. Her sight was gone and her hearing defective. This priest spoke in a loud tone, saying, "Mrs. Helen!" No response. Louder: "O Mrs. Helen, did you send for Father Blank?" "No," was her answer. Calling her name again, he inquired, "Do you want to confess?" Her reply was, "To nobody but to God." He then plied her with another question, "Did you send for Father K—— or anybody?" She did not know I was in the room until after her answer. At his last interrogation I put in, saying, "Tote fair! tote fair!" When she heard my voice, she said, "Yes, I sent for Father Mathews." He responded, "There is no Father Mathews!" The other priest went through a similar questioning with like results, then the priest said,

"We are satisfied." The mob outside was very anxious, and banging on the fence and door, showing intense excitement. We passed out and stood on the front steps, then the priest said to the crowd, "We are satisfied, Mr. Mathews has acted the gentleman." I said, "Tell them how we are satisfied!" They did not, and at once I spoke out and stated, "She dies a Protestant." Turning to the leading priest I said, "Disperse this mob; this woman in charge is afraid to stay in the house. I hold you and your Church responsible for any damage that may occur." One of the priests had a cane in his hand and ordered the crowd to disperse; they did not move until he stepped down, then they scattered like a flock of sheep. The daily press never noticed this occurrence.

This Church had a remarkably well organized Sunday-School. For many years William H. Foster had been in charge, and his system and work gave it a far-reaching influence. His zeal never flagged. Few men in the whole Church evinced a larger interest in the children than this man. In this school was a young lawyer in whom I took a deep interest. He was a gentleman and a Church member. My interest in him never abated until I saw him licensed to preach. He soon took a high stand in the Church and has stood amongst the foremost men of the Louisiana Conference; a man whose convictions were so clear as to the way of salvation that no one was ever fed on doubt suggested in his pulpit. He has been not only active, but a very useful pastor. He married a young woman who largely reinforced him in his work. I refer to Rev. J. T Sawyer, D. D., of the Louisiana Conference. His fame grew out of his love of the essential teachings of Methodism.

It was while pastor of Felicity Street Church, that the plan for a seashore camp-meeting was conceived and pushed to completion by Wm. H. Foster. Through opposition and jeers he never let up. A mass meeting was called at Carondelet Street Church. Speakers were announced in large posters, and each Methodist pastor urged his flock to attend. The evening arrived, the speakers were on hand, and they awaited the coming of the crowd. Bishop Keener, with all his pluck, showed he was discouraged. Dr. W V Tudor, the eloquent pastor of the Church, said he could not speak under such discouraging conditions. Seventy-five persons all told made up the audience. After much whispering and consultation it was agreed to begin. It was thirty minutes over the time announced. No one would lead off. I was not on the program, but was anxious for success, and, like the others, disheartened. Shutting my eyes, my prayer went up against despondency. Then came the thought, "Why can not God work through the few as well as the many!" The leaders pressed me to open with a speech, which I did. During my talk a stranger to me said, "I will give you one hundred dollars!" Talking under the inspiration of that subscription for eight minutes, the same stranger said, "I'll give you fifty dollars more!" The tide was rising. Dr. Tudor had recovered, and when I turned to the

stranger and said, "Who are you, anyhow?" Tudor replied, "He 's all right!" Dr. Tudor followed in a fine address which deepened the interest. Then followed Bishop Keener with one of his remarkable talks. Mrs. R. M. Walmsley came to the rescue and the Bishop announced we had about one thousand dollars to make a payment on the ground, and the camp-meeting was assured.

Our prayer-meetings were often seasons of great spiritual profit. They were attended to such an extent, the pastor's heart was cheered. We had one family whose presence was an inspiration, the Thompsons. They marched in Indian fashion, and their entrance was always noticed, there were so many of them. We had many accessions at these mid-week services, and conversions always create interest. Our class-meetings were seasons of deep spiritual profit. One lady told me she would attend class if I did not ask her any questions. I agreed, she attended regularly. One day, when the meeting was under the sway of Divine power, while in the act of passing her by she instantly spoke out saying, "Sisters, I did ask the pastor not to say anything to me, but I feel like talking!" and with tearful eyes and tender voice told of her love for her Lord. My meetings were like home conversations.

I had my *crux*. In this charge I suffered an indignity at the hand of one of the most influential of my members. It grew out of a misapprehension. He took into his head I wanted to put him down in the Church. One Sunday morning sitting by a stranger in our Sunday-School, talking over the plans for success, this brother stepped in front of us, doubled up his fist and shaking it under my nose said, with quivering lip, "I 'll let you know you can not put me down in this Church!" I looked into his face and in a sense of sorrow, did not utter a single word! He walked away. The stranger seemed astounded, and I sat there dumbfounded. As pastor, I ever after put him forward, but I failed to win him. His opposition was not pronounced, but determined. He was a useful man, and served his Savior, but felt I had wronged him. His course toward me was never mentioned by me, and it was never discovered by the people. It takes two to get up a Church row!

We had a very old lady member whom the Church supported. She won much sympathy inside and outside the Church. We paid her a certain amount monthly; she was a kind of pet of our people and devoted to the Church. The pastor often called. One day as she lay on her dying bed she said to me, "I have some money saved, which I want you to take to the Conference and place it for the benefit of the wornout preachers." A friend attending reached between the beds, and drew out about nine hundred dollars! The money was turned over to me, and then turned over as she requested.

In reviewing my four years as pastor of Felicity Street Church, I had my ups and downs, but far more ups than downs. God blessed my ministry and enlarged the membership, and gave me the hearts of multitudes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

First Year at Carondelet Street.

Attended the Conference session, at the end of my four years at Felicity Street, at Alexandria, Louisiana. Bishop Paine was presiding, assisted by Bishop Keener. The presiding Bishop was quite feeble, but was in his place regularly. At the close of the session I was assigned to Carondelet Street Church, in New Orleans, as successor of the eloquent W. V Tudor, transferred to St. Louis and stationed at Centenary Church in that city.

On Sunday morning I was in my pulpit to conduct the services, but not in the best possible mood. One can not always control his mental states. When the hymn was announced and the choir started off, I found the music so grating, I went to praying in my heart, and the petition was, "O Lord, do not let this discourage me, for the sake of Thy cause!" I was greatly perturbed. My ugly mood began to vanish while leading in the opening prayer. When my sermon closed I was refreshed in spirit, and as had been my custom, calling for recruits, judge of my dismay to see thirty persons from my former Charge walk forward and join the Church! I anticipated what would be said—that I proselyted them—when I knew no more about it than the veriest stranger. Gossip was busy, and with a heart leaning upon the Divine promise I resolved not to sin with my lips. I was always extremely sensitive to unjust criticism, while I quailed under the impugning of my motives; I talked with God about it, passing through another tunnel dark and long. I was learning to lean more and more upon the Divine Spirit.

The Stewards were generous with me. Here, as elsewhere, I never put in a single word about my allowance. They kindly fixed my salary at four thousand dollars. They had an excellent Sunday-School Superintendent, as noble a specimen of Christian manhood as I ever met. It was not as large as some schools, but it was conducted on high principles. He diverged from a number of usages, but the divergence was in the right direction. This Church had a large number of well developed Christian men and women, who stood ready to coöperate with the pastor.

At the night gathering it was an invariable rule to call for penitents. Week by week, men and women responded to my invitations until it was the common talk, "There is a constant revival at Carondelet Street Church." Sometimes a dozen would bow at the altar, then two, and then five. Many were attracted to the church, as there is a fascination about the work of genuine conversion.

Our prayer-meetings grew until our large lecture-room would

be crowded at an ordinary service. The pastor studied variety, aiming never successively to hold two services alike. Sometimes my opening would be an incident of the day. I would call to see some suffering saint, listen to her words of hope, then go to the prayer-meeting and open it with the relation of the triumphant talk of a bedridden Christian and then say, "Now let us pray that we may reach the same stage of triumph." Then at the close I would read a few verses on the line of what went before. Some of God's little ones felt like the old patriarch who had served God all his life; in his dotage, some one read to him the last part of Revelation, where Heaven is described. It so affected him, he exclaimed, "Give me my hat and cane, I want to go to that country where they need no candle, neither light of the sun!" Another time we would have two or three hearty songs. Then the pastor would say, "Now, we do not want you to pray for the Sunday-School, or for missions, but for a personal knowledge of acceptance with God;" then would call on some one gifted in prayer. Another evening we would have an experience meeting, and I would say: "Now, I want your experience in brief. Do not lecture us; I am paid to do that; just give us a scrap of your experience!" We had in this Church an old brother, true as steel, but lacking in discretion, who sometimes spoiled our meetings with harangues out of harmony with the occasion. Once in a while the pastor felt compelled to interrupt him by saying, tenderly as possible, "Brother we are not on that subject!" He answered me promptly, "*But you don't know;*" then go on. At last I had to sing him down, but he would not stay down. Religious tramps often annoyed us. Science asserts that every eighth person is deranged. A place to prove this sometimes is in a large experience meeting.

On the other hand, there were many whose experiences fell like dew upon the grass, reviving and refreshing the hearts of the hearers. Let me state deliberately, that this Church was honored by the membership of the saintly Wm. Sherry. He was undemonstrative, but pursued the even tenor of his way like the path of the sun in the heavens. He was such a man as God approves. He grew up into a holy manhood. Growth is a sight in which God delights. It is one of His pleasures to stand off, as it were, from His work and see it alive. Growth is the triumph of the Divine skill. If Enoch satisfied God, so did Wm. Sherry. For more than forty years he taught the Bible class. The late Bishop Linus Parker was one of his scholars.

A prominent character, a cotton broker of age, who gave his heart to God while Dr. Tudor was pastor, Mr. J. P. Harrison, died one day sitting at his desk and having finished this sentence in a letter written to Dr. T. O. Summers, of Nashville, Tennessee: "I have staked everything on Christ!" When discovered, the pen was still in his hand. A pathetic picture.

Rayne Memorial Church was finished, and the 3d of January

was announced for the dedication. Dr. Munsey, the gifted orator, was appointed pastor and arrived in time to preach the opening sermon. He came with a wonderful prestige as a pulpiteer. Gossip was busy about him. Being entirely bald, it was said he was such an intense student that he unconsciously pulled out his hair. At a private interview, Drs. Walker and Parker and myself decided that my church was too far down town to close, but the people of their charges would be dismissed to hear this famous preacher. Quite a number of my people went up town to hear him. Our Sunday-School was demoralized, such was the anxiety of the teachers to hear Munsey. My conclusion was there would be but few hearers in my church; but the congregation was large, many strangers having dropped in. Five persons joined the Church after the sermon. At 3 p. m. I went up to St. Charles Avenue Church, as it was then named, to a union communion service. The attendance was small. Bishop Keener, being a minute man, opened the service on time, and had administered the sacrament to the ministers before the presiding elder or pastor arrived. Dr. J. B. Walker said the morning sermon was very fine, but half the people did not hear him he spoke in such a low tone. At night Dr. Munsey delivered his famous lecture on "Elijah," after which Bishop Keener dedicated the church. The house cost over $33,000. Brother R. W Rayne, the donor, was unable to be present.

In my pastoral work I called to see Captain Bassett's family There I met the mother-in-law, Mrs. Vanbibber. She is one of Christ's saints, now advanced in years, and equally advanced in Christian life. She is a remarkable lady. She was educated in New England, and came South in her young womanhood to teach in a seminary in Alabama. Her ideals were of the highest, and she taught so wisely as to create in her pupils a desire to reach these ideals. In the course of time she met a young preacher, Richardson by name, who won her hand and heart. He was a fine specimen of Christian manhood; was elected editor of the Texas *Christian Advocate*. In a few years death claimed him. Such was the widow's character, she was sought after and in proper time was married to Mr. Vanbibber. She never failed to let her light shine. With her, duty became a pleasure. Some persons are faithful, as if that dear word "Duty" were synonymous with glory, or praise, or even with victory. When the six hundred rode up to the Russian guns at Balaklava, they did not ride to win; they rode to die, and they died. This lady was ever found in the path of duty. With pureness of heart she moved according to the order of her Lord.

The Louisiana Conference of our Northern brethren met in one of the colored churches, Bishop Gilbert Haven presiding. He was so thoroughly interested in the brother in black, he accepted their statements as true, no difference how improbable. He was a strong man, and kept the South stirred up by publishing the marvelous statements emanating from the ex-slaves. Some of the charges

were true, but as a writer once expressed it, "That truth was dashed and bruised with lies." Our Church had accomplished a great work for the blacks in the city. Why then did they leave us? They were told we would re-enslave them; that we were only waiting for the opportunity. In an interview with one of the colored preachers, who was highly esteemed by our people before freedom, and equally esteemed by white and black in their Church after leaving us, I inquired of him why was it they left us, when our Church had done so much for them. I can only state his answer. After emancipation, Dr. Newman called a general meeting of the colored people to settle their Church relationship; speeches were made, promises given, stirring up their hopes, and the question was put thus, "All of you who want to belong to the rebel Church stand up!" Not one dared to rise; it would have infuriated the already excited crowd. Thus all were counted as joining the Methodist Episcopal Church. This was the statement made to me by Elder Green, the most influential colored preacher in the city.

Roman Catholicism dominated the city. Their wealth ran into the millions. New Orleans was settled by men of that faith. In spite of all opposing influences, it has tinctured Protestant sentiment more or less. The Sacramentarian idea has found its way into the minds of the non-church people. As pastor, calls were frequent to go and baptize children and adults when death was apprehended. In a certain case, I was sent for to baptize a dying man. His mind was entirely gone, he recognized no one. His wife excitedly demanded his baptism. My reply was, "Madam, he would have no knowledge of the act, and if in his senses, would decline." She begged and entreated until it seemed she would grow wild, for she believed in the saving act of baptism. She wailed out her grief. I was in a quandary. Finally I yielded with great reluctance. The wife was satisfied. The man died without returning to consciousness. In one family eight children were baptized, on the basis of the supposed saving efficacy of the ordinance. Many, very many cases, where children were in the act of dying, the ordinance was administered.

New Orleans Methodism had in its ranks a group of noble women. Amongst them was Mrs. Susan B. Thomas, a cultured and elegant Christian woman. She possessed a robust intellect, and had the ability of imparting to others what she knew. Perhaps few women ever exerted on the female mind of the South a greater moral influence. She was educated by the celebrated Wilbur Fisk of New England. Some leading Southern families sent for teachers; three were selected and each left her mark upon the female life of the South. When I first met Mrs. Thomas she had grown gray in the service and was on the retired list, but her mental fingers would grasp the highest truths and discuss them with a charm which fascinated the listener. Her spirituality was of the highest order and of a joyous nature.

Some one has wisely said, "What the world needs more than anything else—more than the gifts of money, speeches, theories, organizations—is the *revival of personal agency.*" Mrs. Fannie Lyons has literally given herself to the work of saving others. Few persons in New Orleans have equalled her in contributing personal influence to enterprises for the good of the race. In local organization she has stood in the front rank, and in the Home Missionary cause she has wrought with unabated zeal for many years, and has used her energies in promoting the woman's temperance organization. She has lifted hand and voice in furthering all uplifting enterprises. After years of active work she is still in the field. The world needs more such noble spirits.

A touching scene was the baptism and reception of Thomas G. Coony into the Church. Being sent for, I had a number of interviews with him. Jesus was presented in his attitude of Savior until He was accepted as being able to save to the uttermost. One afternoon, at an hour fixed by himself, that a number of his friends might witness the ceremony, I baptized him. What a tearful hour that was! There stood the mother near her son, the sisters and brother near the mother, and friends standing round the invalid's chair. He responded feelingly to the questions propounded, and as I applied the water to his brow, which signified the Spirit's work in the human soul, all hearts were touched. After the ordinance, the right hand of fellowship was given, and a welcome into the Church of our Lord. He lingered many weeks, his faith gathering strength as the days went by. At last the end was reached, and his soul was launched into the higher realm called Heaven.

Another convert was a Roman Catholic. A Baptist lady called for me to accompany her to see a Mrs. Vicario, supposed to be dying of consumption. Found her agitated over her soul's safety. It was a great pleasure to show her the way to Christ. Calling for a Bible, there was none in the house. While a friend went to find one we sang some of the soul-lifting hymns of the Church and prayed for her salvation. When the friend returned with a Bible, passages of an encouraging character were read to her; such was her interest, she listened to God speaking and took heart. She soon accepted Christ by faith and the light of life shined into her soul.

All ministers have times when discouragement attacks their faith. But these attacks furnish the occasion to insist upon the genuineness of our convictions. Years ago I passed from Panama to San Francisco in a powerful steamship. She pushed her way steadily day by day against wind and wave. I did not see the force that propelled her; it was down in the engine-room. The spiritual force works on, out of sight, even when discouraging things occur. One day I found Dr. Linus Parker, afterwards Bishop, laboring under a discouraging mood. During a lengthy interview he expressed the fear he was doing no good. He told me how a drunken Romanist abused him, owing to his failure to visit the man's wife

on her dying bed. When sent for he had a severe chill, but informed the messenger where to find a minister. Even a man whose life was an exhibition of commanding faith became discouraged. Hardly a week passed in my ministry without some discouraging occurrence, yet my faith stood squarely on God's promise.

Secured a ticket to Ames' Methodist Episcopal Church to hear Bishop Gilbert Haven lecture on woman's rights. He is nothing if not radical, on every question. It was interesting to hear him talk. He stirs things everywhere he goes and keeps up a commotion in State and Church. He nominated General Grant for a third term, and set the Republican party ablaze. He assailed the South with a fervor hardly compatible with his position in the Church of God. Whenever he attacks, the fur flies. The Bishop talked for one hour and a quarter, claiming the earth for woman. He had an audience in sympathy with his views, but very few Southerners were present. I met him socially, through the present Bishop Hartzell of Africa, and found him a genial, jovial spirit.

Pastors have to deal with men sometimes whose nature is a puzzle. We had a member who had a rich experience and his public prayers were soul-stirring and uplifting. It was a real pleasure to hear him. He rarely attended preaching, and seldom ever attended communion. He reminded me of a piece of plank with the grain running both ways on the same side. This man possessed some excellent qualities, yet, if his example had been followed, would have wrecked the Church. When the pastor was stricken with yellow fever, he proposed to give up his work and nurse him, which the physician in charge would not allow. He was about as cranky a man as one would meet in a score of years. He was generally on the other side of all questions of Church methods. I am not to be a judge, but I think he is in Heaven. His tangles and crochets constitute the wood, hay and stubble which will be burned up. Perfection of action in human eyes is an impossibility; God only requires perfection of intention.

Kitty Garrett was the name of an old colored Christian. She was a consistent, honored, child of God. She never deserted the Church which led her to Christ under the old *régime*. Her seat in the house of God was rarely vacant; the Gospel message was meat and drink to her soul. She was gifted with a degree of common sense far above the women of her color. She was self-supporting, and enlivened her toil with the songs of Zion. Her next-door neighbor reported as hearing her singing all the evening. That night she died. No one knew at what hour the angels met her, for she was alone. She passed away leaving her old tabernacle in her humble bed. Our Church gave her a decent and Christian burial.

The St. Anna's Asylum is a large, airy structure, erected in memory of a daughter of Dr. Merceir, as a home for destitute females. Having visited the home often, it was found to be a noble

benefaction. The purpose of my visits was to make brighter, lives that had been shadowed by sore trials. Some of them lost their earthly possessions, but held on to their faith in God. Of the many inmates, two or three were of our denomination, and at the regular services I took my turn in preaching, seeking to encourage their faith in Him who honors the confidence reposed in Him. In visiting this institution from time to time, my eye caught the form of a kneeling woman, who spent all her waking hours on her knees in prayer. No matter what hour one dropped in, there was that kneeling figure with moving lips asking help of Heaven. Her mind was unbalanced, but she was harmless. Poor old soul, without a known relative on earth to give her even sympathy, in her loneliness her eyes turned toward the hills from whence help cometh! Long since, the cloud passed from her brain, and in that pure realm where the good gather she has found her place, and with the mighty host of blood-washed has joined in high praises to Him who redeemed her and presented her to God without spot or wrinkle or any such thing.

Another institution, called "The Fink Home," was intended as a refuge for destitute ladies who had been raised in affluence. It was a real home. A Mr. Fink died, leaving a handsome sum for its establishment. By some means the bequest had been lost sight of, and the city had used the funds. A member of our denomination unearthed the donation, and the result was this retreat. Brother Keller deserves the thanks of the community for his work. In this delightful retreat lived one of our members, a woman of rare spirit; rare in that her religion was all joy. She realized the sweep of that scripture where the Savior says, "Your joy shall be full." In the classroom, and in the public assembly, she bubbled over in her Christian happiness, and would act on the Psalmist's suggestion, to "shout for joy!" God's promises were ever on her lips. One Sunday morning an elegantly dressed couple from a Northern State visited our church and heard the old lady shout. When passing out of the house of God the visiting lady said, "Thank God, I have lived to hear a shout of praise in a Methodist Church once more!" Now and then is heard from Methodist lips the statement that the emotional in religion is dying out. If this be true, we will have a dead Church.

A certain woman sent for me, as she desired a special interview. I responded to the request, not knowing its nature. Often, strangers like this wife send for me to help them out of their troubles. I found this lady gloomy and unhappy. She desired a divorce from her husband. Her story was an affecting one. The man's bad temper was dilated upon; his general treatment was discussed, the blows he had given her, and his drinking habit leading to other acts of cruelty. The interview was somewhat lengthy and called for sympathy. My position was one of delicacy. My advice to her, in face of Christ's utterance in his Sermon on the Mount, was to bear her trials for the Master's sake. She had

assumed vows at God's altar which could not be set aside at will. She was also assured, God would develop great qualities in her if she bore her sufferings in the right spirit. She at first gave evidences of irritation over my position, but as the conversation extended she changed and seemed to appreciate the principles involved.

There are times when a minister is forced to stand on the border-line between truth and falsehood. Persons demand of him if he has heard anything from certain parties as to the questioner. Not long ago the daily journals announced that a certain Roman Catholic professor gave several reasons justifying one in telling falsehoods. The truth should be told at any cost, though friendships be severed. A woman called upon me, not one of my members. She was full of spleen toward a family and wanted me to take sides with her. She lived at General Somebody's and had to sleep in a tub! Dreadful people in her eyes; nice enough in the eyes of others! Such a string of complaints one rarely hears. She kept me standing in the cold until I shivered. Only three days before her kinswoman had informed me she would not be happy anywhere. Would quarrel with every one and everywhere. It was a case, possibly, where a woman could say, "I feel better; I 've given the minister a piece of my mind!"

A note received, requested me to call upon an old saint on his dying bed; Father Crebbin, an Englishman who belonged to the Primitive Methodists in his native land. He had great strength of character without much polish. Rugged but grand in moral qualities. His experience was not only ripe but rich. He had something to tell and told it clearly. He was over eighty years of age. While lying there, I asked, "Would you like to hear a prayer?" "Yes," said he, "I would like some of your oil." "Is your heart at rest?" I asked. "Yes, filled with the fullness of God," was his answer His was linked to Christ, and in patience he was waiting for the King's chariot. There he lay, old and grey-headed, without trepidation, without flurry—simply waiting, listening for the descending convoy! What a wonderful witness of the sustainments of God in life's most solemn crisis. A short while and he was gone. The world lost much when he departed. Heaven gained a new harper when he entered the Golden City!

In response to a call sent out by some friends of the Young Men's Christian Association, I attended a meeting in Dr. Mallard's Presbyterian Church, to prepare for the visit of two laymen who proposed to work in the interest of young men, Messrs. Hall and Cree. About thirty persons responded, four ministers among them. Dr. Mallard informed the gathering that the Presbyterian ministers as a body would have nothing to do with a convention of the kind proposed. My views were solicited; my response was, "I am for lending a hand to those who were proposing to save souls." I offered the use of Carondelet Street Church. What a change in a

quarter of a century! The Presbyterians now almost run the Young Men's Christian Association.

Received a letter from Bishop H. N. McTyeire, requesting me to write up the Church news for him, saying "You used to write such full letters." They were private. His letter was inclosed in one written him by Dr. Austin of this city, a celebrated yellow fever physician, about some of our city ministers. The Bishop inclosed it for the reason assigned by him; it does a man good to be encouraged when he deserves it. That letter uses this language, "Dr. Munsey enchains me. Mathews brings me to my knees and makes me feel like doing better." To some minds the Bishop seemed cold and austere; not so. His office did not remove him, as in some cases, from the circle of friendship.

Some days the number of callers is astonishing. To be sweet to each and to all put me up to all that was best in me. Most of them called in the interest of the body, and now and then a streak of petulance would seize me in spite of my prayers and philosophy. Just as I sat down to write a discourse, the bell rang and the message was, a lady wishes to see the pastor. A Mrs. Fog wanted me to lend her a dollar. She was a female tramp. Already had she wrought upon my sympathies until she had fooled me out of five dollars, making false statements. Having refused to aid her further, she withdrew from our Church and joined the Presbyterians to secure help. They found her out in due time and ceased to aid her; now she has the cheek to ask me to lend her a dollar! Another woman noted as a beggar of the better class, would take the money and purchase lottery tickets even when her children were suffering for bread. She was aided until witnesses proved her guilt. One would hardly believe the passion for gambling could so possess a mother.

Another caller was a woman well provided for, as well as her six children, in St. Anna's Home. Her business was to borrow ten dollars to start a little store and be independent. She had no idea of business and inside of ten days would be in debt. Many persons will not be satisfied; they would be miserable in Heaven unless totally reconstructed. Men callers were more frequent than the other sex. Sometimes touching stories of homes in ashes, and children needing food, but it became such a common story, at once they were detected. It sometimes proved a great trial to say, "No." Once in a while a case would not accept "No," and I had to threaten to send for a policeman.

Another day the scenes shifted. Early, a caller notified me of the death of a young mother who joined our Church recently. Over a year ago I united her in marriage to her husband; now requested to attend her funeral and at the side of the coffin baptize her babe. A sad case, yet full of Divine comfort in that her faith failed not. Spent the day in pastoral work, knowing that God works through others. Sometimes during my labors a sense of weariness would

steal over me, and the tempter would say, "Return home and rest!" When my governing principle was recalled, I pushed on. It is a well-known fact, the stream that stops flowing dries up or becomes a stagnant pool. In my work, some hearts had been cheered, some tears dried, some were helped over a trial and on I went until time to attend the dead mother's funeral. At 6 p. m. I reached home weary, hungry, not having tasted food since early morning. On entering our home I found an Irish minister awaiting me. He had letters from prominent men in the Church. His mission was to secure funds for a school in his native land. There I sat as he patiently unfolded his mission. How could I be sweet when hunger was demanding to be appeased? Mastering myself, my manner was kindly, for he impressed me favorably. My wife, wise and tactful, came into the parlor, inviting the gentleman to join us at dinner. But he had dined; then, "Please excuse my husband, as he has had nothing to eat since early breakfast." He replied, "I 'll wait." This I regretted as it would necessitate a hurried, half masticated meal. He waited, and my mood was not made any sweeter by the dinner.

A call came to make a visit to Gretna, across the Mississippi. A man was dying who desired to see me once more. He joined the Church during my pastorate at Felicity Street Church. He had made headway in Christian living. He, like a soldier, met his obligations. The soldier would hardly come to much who did nothing but stand and mark time. This man, as I approached his bedside, stretched forth his hands in greeting his former pastor and, as he did so, for very joy, sobbed like a child. The interview was one of blessedness to my poor heart, which sometimes was assailed by the fear that I had done very little in peopling Heaven. There he lay, trusting and rejoicing; willing to go or stay as God might wish. How it strengthens one's faith to see a man who stands upon the shore of eternity, peering into the future, and shouting forth, "There is light ahead!" The sting had been extracted from death, and he was passing through the valley of the shadow of death fearing no evil. Glorious religion that fills the future with rapturous visions!

Two temperance Evangelists came from Philadelphia to New Orleans, at this time. Mrs. Dunham, called as the co-worker of the celebrated Christian temperance advocate, Mrs. Wittenmyer. They were touring the South for the purpose of enlisting the ladies more directly in the fight against the liquor traffic. They proposed to organize a "Ladies Union" to help overthrow the monster. As usual, at their request, I offered the use of Carondelet Church. When the hour appointed arrived, about fifty ladies met to hear the address. The word "address" hardly conveys the true idea of what we heard. It was a heart to heart talk. Mrs. Wittenmyer talked for an hour and a quarter; the interest did not for one moment abate. As she talked her face beamed with a light almost

seraphic. One rarely hears so touching an appeal to throw out the life-line to save sinking souls. Her prayer was literally a talk with God. Strange as it seems, our people, as a rule, would have little to do with people from the North. The sting of carpetbag rule still smarted. I took the risk of violating public sentiment in opening the church to these holy women. Mrs. Wittenmyer, by invitation, attended our mid-week prayer-meeting, which as usual was crowded. Her talk was brimming with Christ. Her plea for the degraded man made one think of Jesus; then raising her voice she exclaimed, "Sisters, after the crucifixion the Savior went up. Then the cry was heard, 'Be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in;' He entered, and the first to follow him was a *thief!* A converted thief!" This sent a thrill through every soul.

On Saturday mornings, going into my study, the order was to say the pastor can not be seen unless it is imperative. In every case it was claimed to be imperative, if it was only to borrow a nickel. On this Saturday morning a man demanded to see me—it was absolutely necessary. He was ushered in, and at once stated, "I want to give you my views!" I often see through a man at a glance and discover his object. For a time this man baffled me. I opened up the way that he might state briefly the purpose of his visit. Several questions were propounded to draw him out. "Do you attend Church?" "Sometimes." "Want to join the Church?" "No." "Well, what?" "I want to give you my views!" "Views about what?" At last he excitedly said, "You ought to go to the banks and get money; the Church sustains the government and the banks, and you ought to get it there!" The man was evidently unbalanced, for he repeated his statement again and again, until patience ceased to be a virtue. I said to him, "My wife is ill and I would like to run up-stairs and see her;" but he sat unmoved, only repeating, "The Church must go to the banks for money!" Greatly bewildered, I thought to freeze him out; was he simply ignorant, or crazy? I arose to leave. He arose too, but began again about giving me his "views." I requested him to excuse me; my plea being, "I have much to do to-day," and bowed him out. This process may have been one of God's methods of developing in me some of the finer graces. I was undergoing a training for self-mastery!

Always on the lookout for seasonable opportunities for saving men, when the Y. M. C. A. evangelists closed their labors I concluded to push the battle, and solicited the aid of Dr. J. B. Walker. His reply was, "I never was busier or happier than now," and consented to aid. These evangelists in their methods made things easy, and required only submission to Christ and accepting Him as Savior. Little was said of repentance or regeneration. The hour for meeting arrived but we had only a few present. Dr. Walker was true to his promise and gave us a short discourse under a sense of discouragement. He sat down and the meeting was in my hands. The

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prospects were against us and for a few moments the promises were forgotten, but my faith rallied, and I said, "This meeting is continued for the purpose of affording an opportunity to any who may desire to be saved." After a short but earnest exhortation, the invitation was given to seek Christ, and sixteen came to the altar! Two men whose hair was white as snow came as seekers, and an elderly lady was anxious to be saved. Several professed conversion and the meeting ended in joy. The weather changed and for a week we had a New Orleans flood. The meeting was continued, and we gathered in a number of converts.

I was notified that one of my spiritual children had just died, Letitia Jones, a full orphan. "Tish," as she was called was over fifteen years of age. She was physically disabled and under size; the effect of a spinal trouble. During my pastorate at Felicity, she gave her young heart to Christ. My sympathies for the little girl were very strong. She was thoughtful beyond her years. When my family was necessitated to leave the city to recruit wasted energies, she said to Mrs. Mathews, on her return, "I knew you all would get back safely, for I prayed for you every day, and never forgot it once!" Her faith was of that simple kind which Christ approved. She was gentle as a lamb, though a child of pain, and early perfected through suffering, and soon overtook the loved ones who had preceded her to the Holy City.

At the close of a noonday prayer-meeting, a touching scene occurred. After the benediction had been pronounced, a lady of another denomination rushed across the room to where I stood, and cried to the people passing out, "Come, let us all kneel down while Brother Mathews prays for my children!" She was greatly excited over her wandering boy, and the mother's heart yearned for his rescue. A number grouped around us, we put our supplications together and invoked the aid of Heaven. Tears mingled with that mother's and she was comforted because of such sympathy in her grief.

In my own Church, at almost every regular service, some one is saved. This doubtless grows out of the emphasis I place upon the cardinal truths of our Gospel. One Sunday morning, my discourse was on the value of the blood. The text, I John, 1, 7, "And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." My points were, first, His blood alone is the ground of forgiveness. Second, that same blood is the basis of all achievement in Christian life. Third, the same precious blood is the sole foundation of our confidence for ultimate salvation. It is difficult for me to recall a time when I had greater freedom in expounding these principles than on this occasion. Many a tear glistened in the eyes of believers, and my own heart glowed with Divine ardor. When the invitation was given for action, a gray-haired physician came forward exhibiting deep emotion. For years he had attended worship but until this day had not yielded to be saved. Soon he was brimming

with joy. Then a young lady followed, showing the truth affected all classes. Doctor Johnson, president of the college at Brookhaven, was present and closed with prayer both unctuous and inspiring. Long ago he passed up in triumph to see the Lamb that was slain open the Gates of Heaven to the blood-washed!

At one of our prayer-meetings, Brother Wm. R. Stewart, our bubbling brother, was over from Ocean Springs. His talk was animating. He stirred all hearts by his utterances of faith. He failed in business in the city. In his goodness of heart he went security for one of his fellow members for eighty thousand dollars and had it to pay. He was a man of great energy and could not be kept down. His Christian life was never hidden. Of course he was criticised, but nothing could move him from his moorings. He anchored to Christ.

A long letter reached me from a cousin in Ireland, a maiden lady, Miss Elizabeth Brigham. In this letter was given a history of my ancestors. She is a capable woman, being a contributor to various magazines in Europe. At my request she searched for data as to our ancestors. She took several months to vertify her statements. She traced the history of the family back to the "Culdee" of Scotland. She visited the latter country and called at the old castle which once belonged to the family, and the present mistress took her through it, and gave her a view of the original portion of the mansion. The castle belonged to the family which gave Bruce the crown. The family had always belonged to the Culdee before the reformation. My parents were cousins and of course of the same family. The original name was Breckin.

In every large Church you will find at least one or two fault-finders. They are sometimes characterized by that inelegant term, "soreheads." Nothing goes right. One of these just returned from New York and Washington City, where he attended one of the Hammond meetings, was filled with what he saw and heard. In one of our meetings he compared us with the interest there, to our great disadvantage, and his talk was like dashing pails of cold water over us. He stated the number in attendance. In reply, I stated we had two hundred and fifty-five at our last prayer-meeting, a larger number than he said he saw. He gave the experiences of a reformed drunkard. A gentleman who heard him arose in the audience, and said "I am from the East; no one seemed to care for my soul there. I came to New Orleans and here I found Christ and Christian friends." This testimony counteracted the effect of the talk of the fault-finder. It occurs to me that some members have formed the habit of complaining.

In my pastoral rounds, I called upon a lady of fine common sense—an ex-Romanist. I congratulated her on having three sons of such moral worth. She replied, "Yes, they are good young men, but I had trouble in their raising; but I made them obey me. I had to use the cowhide to enforce obedience. They ran away once but

I held them to what was right; and now they thank, bless and obey me." Many boys are ruined by the indulgence of parents. There is a maudlin, sickening sentimentality that children must not be coerced. There is a current, but false sentiment on many lips, which asserts, "You can coax but not drive me." We are all driven by circumstances to do what has to be done. An indulgent parent is the worst enemy a child can have. Sometimes it is a great mercy for parents to be taken to Heaven.

In our midst, lived Dr. Ahrens and his wife, both Germans and cultured. He has stood head and front of our German ministry; a preacher of rare ability and deep piety. His discourses were fresh, instructive and warming. It was a treat to hear him. His wife was particularly entertaining in our experience meetings. On one occasion at the seashore camp-meeting when witnessing for her Lord her cup ran over, and in her joy she turned to her native tongue and gave us German; then suddenly aware of the fact, exclaimed, "The Lord understands German as well as English!" Her life was an epistle read of all.

Visiting in my rounds, I came upon a lady of rare quality. She is not only brave but courageous. This lady faced public opinion in her effort to save fallen woman. Some condemned her as rash, but with quiet zeal she stretched forth her hands to save her fallen sisters. She took some of them to her own home until they could be provided for, and thus sheltered a number seeking aid. Noble women are not all in Heaven. Her motto was, "Rescue the perishing!" She gave not only her money but her reputation and herself. Like the Master, she made herself of no reputation.

The hour for this class of work having arrived, pen, paper, and book are all laid aside for stern duty. More and more do facts convince me of its value. Personal interest in individuals is a key that seldom fails to turn the bolt. A call at the home where there is sickness, where a broken arm is in splints, or some great sorrow is hovering over the mind, will go further in fastening human hearts to a minister than a dozen elaborated discourses. Human minds crave sympathy and are won by its exhibition when everything else fails.

In New Orleans, Easter was celebrated with a pomp and splendor I had nowhere else witnessed. The Romanists and Episcopalians expend large sums, thus appealing to the senses through eye and ear. To uphold their action they appeal to the Old Testament in its instructions as to the spectacular in worship. They forget this was God's way simply because the race was in its infancy. He was dealing with childhood. Christ appeared, not in robes or ritualistic splendor, to let men see there is a higher realm. On Easter days a number of our people, attracted by the decorations and music, go to these churches, particularly the young. They go to see the show. The eye and ear are fed, while the heart is never touched. These facts led our less spiritual ministers and people, for

self-protection, as they alleged, to make Easter Sunday a gala day. At this day, a number of our churches are decorated to vie with other churches in attractions. The music is most elaborate, and the sermon is relegated to a rear place in the program. Little by little our way of honoring the resurrection of our Lord is abolished and the spectacular is adopted. Back in the centuries the Israelites desired a king. The splendor of heathen courts created a desire for a like splendor. As childhood loves red shoes, so a childish condition demands the spectacular in religion. Where this trend will end it is not hard to see.

It has been told me that years ago the doors of one of our churches, in this city, had been locked on Jefferson Hamilton, so long in after years, occupying an extraordinary share of the attention of our Church. Dr. Hamilton was from New England and appointed to old Poydras Street Church. He assured me that two men, a Mr. Curtis and a Mr. Ross ruled the organization. They did not want a Northern man or any independent thinker. They locked this noble man out of the church. It created a furore, but these men held sway. The authorities had to transfer Dr. Hamilton to the Alabama Conference. The leading Church received him and he left the imprint of his great life on Alabama Methodism. These same men drove from the Methodist Church one of the most eloquent men ever in their pulpit, Dr. Nicolson, afterwards a Bishop in the Reformed Episcopal Church. These officials carried things as they pleased, with a high hand, until two comparatively young men, John C. Keener and H. N. McTyeire were sent to New Orleans. They were young men of purpose, and saw it to be necessary to break the power of these two officials, and only succeeded after a long and bitter contest which for the time being affected the Church disastrously. I have known Churches where one and two men ruled with a rod of iron. No wonder the old philosopher said, " It is sweet to command, though it be but a flock of sheep." There have been two or three occasions in my long ministry when, for the sake of Christ, I swallowed insults, and saved the cause of the Master from injury.

Reaching home one afternoon I found a middle-aged man who called to see me, but made the strange proposition to employ my wife. He was a total stranger to us both. He desired her to call on the officials at the Custom House, and secure for him a position, and he would pay her a certain amount monthly. His plea was, " She has influence and can secure me a place." We considered the proposition as an insult! We were indignant, but bore it as best we could. As pastor, many appeals have been made, but no money promised. Agents have offered me valuable books if I would recommend them, even when I had not read them. Some ladies went away incensed, when in reply to such a proposition, I said, " Madam, I am a teacher of morals; what respect would you have for me, were I to commend the book when you know I have never read it?"

On Saturday night, having finished all preparations for Sunday's work, I retired and soon was asleep. The bell rang, and I was awakened and notified that two gentlemen called for me. A Miss Georgia Cook was said to be dying. Her sister was one of our best members. The sick woman was unconscious. It was heart-rending to witness the distress of that household. The young woman was suddenly stricken down and became unconscious before she had time to make an appeal to the Savior. She was present the previous Sunday night when I made an earnest appeal to accept Christ. She may have done so. Little did she dream that before another Sunday night she would pass into the beyond and stand face to face with eternal things! All I could do was to ask God to save her and give the family inward support to pass the trying ordeal in submission.

Dr. J. B. Walker, my successor at Felicity Street Church proposed an exchange, to which a ready assent was given. The following Sunday I was in my old pulpit. The Doctor had announced my visit, and a number of my former parishioners were in attendance, persons who owing to infirmities were not constant in attendance on the worship of God. True to my purpose to save souls, my sermon was on that line. The text was, "Why sit we here until we die?" The subject was, "The Interposition of God to Save a City." One position at the outset, was the necessity of will power. One may be vigorous, handsome, and strong, but may be under a poor commander; the result is that life is a failure. An army may be well equipped, but if under a poor commander, defeat is inevitable. From that I passed to the necessity of instant action; then the saved city. Called for penitents, and five came to the altar, and four kneeled at their seats.

It is a great trial sometimes when the soul of a pastor has been thrilled with joy over conversions to be met by a disagreeable person, whose tongue goes as the clatter of a bell. She began on her ailments. The physician, she informed me, diagnosed her case as almost unparalleled. Before I could make a response she flew at the reputation of a Mrs. Jones, a bitter enemy. What a horrid and vivid picture she gave of poor Mrs. Jones, her defects, her "stuck-uppishness," her way of dressing, talking about garments I knew nothing about; and then referred to the poverty of her enemy's early life, and "Now to think of the high head she holds because Timothy Jones married her!" Hoping to change the topic, I inquired, "Has Mr. Brewer recovered?" To my sorrow, that question opened the way for a fierce onslaught upon the poor disabled man! How I twisted in my chair and inwardly groaned that the question was propounded. I could only pray, "Lord, give me enduring grace!" Poor Brewer was so pummeled one could scarcely recognize him! At a point where she stopped to take in a little more air, I said, "I must go!" As I was leaving, the woman added, "I always wanted to let the pastor know what I

thought!" My flight from that house was as rapid, as when in my childhood I fled from an imaginary ghost! There was a man in that city whose tongue could out-rattle this woman's. Some day I may describe him, unless through fear I shrink from the task!

Passing through the door of my home, a messenger accosted me, saying, "A Mr. Laffington's child is dying and the mother craves to see you." Accompanying this gentleman to the home of these strangers, a child was in the throes of death. My heart as well as my lips responded to that mother's grief. Had I not laid away two precious little ones, and one of these had been poisoned by a colored nurse! I knew what sympathy meant to a sore heart. After uttering some of the sweet promises found in the Holy Book, we kneeled together, praying God, if it is best for the child, best for the parents, and best for the world to spare this little lamb; if not, "Take it to Thy bosom." To be a comforter has been one of the joys of my life. In one pastorate an unsigned letter was sent me, saying, "You comfort people too much!"

My sympathies were heavily taxed, one day, being invited to see a man who was in the throes of a struggle with the liquor habit. His history is sadly romantic. For fourteen years he had been delivered from this awful curse. A physician directed him to take a stimulant on account of a certain disease. The old appetite was rekindled, and his will succumbed, and he drank until nearly wrecked. Convinced that only Divine Grace could save him he sought that aid in prayer. He soon was able to attend the house of God, was soundly converted and became a monument of a soul rescued from the curse of drink. His wife was a Romanist but witnessing his powerful conversion, joined the Church with him. The Gospel, in his case, became the power of God unto salvation. He became active in Church work, and being a man of some means did good in many ways with his money. He put forth his energies to rescue others.

I was called on, one day, by a female torment. She claimed to be a poetess. To make sure of finding me she called before breakfast. The servant announced, "A lady in the parlor wishes to speak with you." I entered, and for one hour and a half was bored. I was a minister, and bound to meekly endure! Her antecedents were paraded before me; as usual with this class, she was once rich. Now the authoress of a song, and desired me to subscribe for it, as she needed to have the influence of my name to make it go. I assured her I could not recommend what I had not read; to do so would be a falsehood. A good portion of the time I was thinking of breakfast, and a high-tempered cook whose meal was spoiling, and of my wife's feeling over retarded work. At last I mustered up courage to tell the poetess I had not been to breakfast. "Oh, excuse me sir, I will wait!" I went in to breakfast not in the best possible mood, and she waited sure enough! As soon as I returned to the parlor she began again. I grew nervous, and manifested in-

dications of an uncivil nature. I requested to be excused as other engagements demanded my attentions. She did not budge. I rose to my feet; she told another anecdote. I moved toward the door; she followed talking of her poem as I passed out. It was rude in me, but self-preservation demanded either that, or to have a nervous chill or something worse!

After 5 o'clock dinner on one occasion, accompanied a Mrs. Bush to visit a couple interested in their personal salvation. What a delight to unfold the plan of mercy to a seeking heart! As concisely as I could, the work of the Divine Spirit was unfolded. They were eager listeners. The Bible conditions were presented. The love for liquor had a deep hold on the man and he was anxious to break its grip. After spending an hour in this interview, having prayed with them, I left their home feeling deeply their conditions and my inmost thought was transmuted into a prayer for their salvation.

I called on a family who belonged to our Church, to whose care was committed by the father, a young girl. The mother is alive, but alas! is a drunkard. So overpowering was this mother's love for liquor, she would take the bread money and purchase whisky, while the child suffered from hunger. The law gave the girl to the father who, with the mother, was a Roman Catholic. That mother, fearing her child might become a Protestant, kidnapped her. The mother had made another attempt to steal her, and the girl was old enough to know her danger. The girl had joined our Church and was happy in her new home. It is a horrid thing to see a child who dreads a father on account of drunkenness, but to see a mother so besotted that her own child fears her is enough to make angels weep!

I heard of a lady on Canal Street as a Methodist with a Church letter in her trunk. Found her at home but not her husband. Conversed with her on the danger of ignoring her Church relations. She used the standing complaint of being neglected by minister and people. How are ministers to find out who are Church members and who are not? Many hide behind this excuse, when really they are back-slidden in heart and have become indifferent to their vows. Often the life is moral, but the heart dead to Christ. On one occasion, referring to this class in the pulpit, I said, "Some of you here to-night have Church letters put away, where perhaps the rats have eaten them up!" The next day a gentleman met me on the street and laughingly told me that when his wife reached home last night, without waiting to take off her bonnet, she went in search of her Church letter and found it unharmed, much to her delight!

Owing to the ill-health of our youngest child, John B., it was decided to break up housekeeping and send my family to Tennessee for the summer. They went to Paris, Tennessee, and kept house in my brother's home. I went to boarding at the McAllister House. The Rev. C. K. Marshall, D. D., of Vicksburg, Mississippi, put up

at this house, and promised to preach for our people on Sunday morning. When Sunday came, as usual, I was in Sunday-School. Going into the audience room, judge of my surprise to see that eminent Christian woman from Montgomery, Alabama, Mrs. Jack Thorington, sitting in my wife's pew! Her face was always an inspiration. At 11 a. m., Dr. Marshall gave us an instructive sermon on, "Having given us Christ, will He not freely with Him give us all things?" The discourse moved my own heart to a warmer love for God, and the congregation listened with close attention. It carried comfort, and inspired hope in many a heart.

More than a year ago, a Captain Brooks started in for a life-and-death struggle over the appetite for stimulants. With the help of God he won, but his victory brought him to the grave. Drink had wrecked his body, which for many years almost existed on alcoholic stimulants; now he is dying from the effects. When he was converted and united with the people of God, as long as he had strength he attended all our services. Now he is confined to his bed, but happy in God. In an interview he said, "Wife informed me how you had prayed for me in the prayer-meeting," and added, "I turned over with my face to the wall and said, 'Jesus did you answer Brother Mathews' prayer?' Then such a power came over me, such a sense of sweetness possessed me, as thrilled my soul. I never felt before such glory!" God can save a drunkard. This man was for years a captain of a steamboat on the Mississippi River and was a man of large views and of deep-set purpose. He lingered for months, and sometimes his appetite for liquor almost crazed him, but prayer ascended, and God sustained him though the contest was fiery. Again, and again, he emerged from the conflict with praises on his lips. During the hours of struggle it was painful to witness his agony, but his faith failed not, and at last his soul was filled with joy and he went down into death a conqueror!

Spiritism was affecting many of the weak-minded people. Some of my members were entrapped by its trickery. Good honest souls, some of them were. On one occasion I called on an old lady who had recently attended a lecture by a Rev. Mr. Watson, an ex-Methodist preacher. In that lecture, he told of a communication from a famous Methodist woman, the mother of Rev. R. H. Rivers, D. D. When Watson delivered that lecture and announced that communication, Mother Rivers, as she was called, was still alive, and a resident of Pulaski, Tennessee! But this fact did not shake the old sister's faith in Watson or his theory!

At our Sunday night service, amongst others, a gentleman presented himself for membership, who claimed to have been converted during the morning sermon by the pastor. He had long been a member of the Episcopal Church. The text of the morning sermon was, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" When discussing the point of an indwelling God, and our distinctive teaching of the "Witness of the

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Spirit," this gentleman entered into that knowledge. What a joy it is to influence a mind to secure the high blessings of assurance and comfort!

Carondelet Street Church still clings to the original idea that experience-meetings develop Christian power. Our Love-Feasts are occasions of large profit. At our quarterly Love-Feast, Dr. J. B. Walker, our Presiding Elder, presided. Many witnesses testified to the saving power of our Lord. Now and then a less confident soul would express a fear, but the tide of joy swept on. There was an undertow of spirituality even in the short and crisp statement of the self-distrusting. There was no balking, little or no urging, and no one attempted to solve a knotty problem.

One of our brethren whom I had often visited, after a protracted siege of illness, entered into rest. Through his long and wearisome sickness he was wonderfully sustained. He loved to hear the voice of song and prayer. He was in a shouting state of mind to the end. John H. Allabaugh was an engineer, and his last sentence embraced a term used by captains when about to leave port. He exclaimed, "O Lord, when shall *I cut loose?*" In a moment he passed the portals of Paradise, ever to be with his Lord.

Going out of the church, a note was handed me from a Presbyterian lady. The note contained the names of her three sons for whom she requested me to pray by name. What a flow of love in that request! It was not that any one or all should sit on His right hand in His coming glory, but that they might be Christians; men living lives which God would approve. This is a sample of many requests of a like nature. Some mothers wait until their sons are far gone in sin. In one case a young man wanted to join us. His mother opposed him. When his interest had abated, and sin was mastering him, she begged that our people would try to save him. It was social grounds on which she objected at the outset; now when too late she would have him saved even through the Methodist Church!

The "pretentious man" is more trying than the garrulous woman. The one to whom I now refer was an M. D., LL. D. Where he secured his titles I never learned. They may have been assumed. He was a sham. He gave me three tickets to a lecture he was to deliver on the "Cosmogony of Moses, and Philosophy of Creation; or a Critical Analysis of the Unpointed Hebrew Text of the First Chapter of Genesis!" The occasion of our meeting now was, that three years ago I delivered a lecture on "Fire and Firemen" by request, in a course of free lectures at the First Baptist Church. That night he borrowed my lecture and after three years returned it! Such a stream of great words one rarely hears. I twisted on my chair, but took the dose as meekly as possible! It called out at least the best that was in me. I needed patience, and this interview helped develop it. Sometimes we hear men discuss the vanity of women, but it is a small matter compared to the vanity of certain men.

CHAPTER XXIV

Second Year at Carondelet Street.

My second year at Carondelet Street Church was largely a repetition of the experiences of the year preceding. On the wing from morning until night, and often into the night. Said a Baptist lady, "Why, sir; you will run yourself down. Won't some of your members do that work?" She was assured that they could not do my work. There may be willing helpers, and useful ones but no proxy can fill the pastor's place. True, the minister grows very tired, but he is paid to get tired, just as the bookkeeper and day laborers are paid to do their work. This is the lowest basis of action. There is the higher obligation, and that is to do the work for Christ's sake. How a man who professes to be called of God to the ministry can excuse himself, particularly after the solemn vow voluntarily assumed, that he will visit from house to house, is a marvel to me! There is no path a pastor can take to secure souls for Christ's Kingdom like getting into the hearts of families in times of affliction and death.

Through these pages little has been said of books read and studied. By losing no time, employing every spare minute, one can read much, and digest what has been read while going from house to house. My landlord brought a book for me to read, one full of thought, "Professor Stowe on the Bible." He deals with philosophies and physical science. He grapples with these subjects in their application to moral principles, holding that there is no antagonism; but rather, perfect harmony. One law does not destroy another. Now and then to tackle a heavy work like this, strengthens one's faculties and opens up moral vistas which broaden conceptions and deepen holy purposes.

Many times have I been called to visit the Charity Hospital, a famous institution. On one occasion I received a call to see a stranger in a strange land, a Swede longing for consolation. An Episcopal lady sent for me to go and administer the communion to this dying man. My companion carried the elements. We went to Ward 15, and called for Bernard Braxtem. Found him very low and aware of his condition. He was anxious for the communion which he greatly enjoyed, saying, "I will die satisfied." What a pleasure it gave me to be of use to this young man dying away from his home and friends of his youth!

Early one morning, before I departed for my office in the church, a woman called to see me concerning a revelation from Heaven made to her about the negroes. It was a bundle of jargon

out of which I could get no sense. It took but a moment to convince me that the woman was demented. After trying to lead her out of her hallucination, she insisted that she had a message from Heaven, and must deliver it or sin against the Holy Ghost! She desired my aid in publishing her revelation. She stayed until I felt worried, but tried to be pleasant. I excused myself, but she insisted upon showing me her "pass-book" as she termed it. In this book were several passages of Scripture and a hymn or two. To gratify her I looked, then extended my hand and politely bade her good bye!

I found a family one day who had quietly given up church-going. On my first visit the son saw my approach and ran out into the back yard. He climbed the back fence to keep from meeting the minister! After several visits from me, the mother said to the other members of the family, "It is a shame the way we act! That man has called on us again and again; we never go to Church to hear him, yet he has not reprimanded us. Let us all go to prayer-meeting to-night." Sure enough they came marching in, and rarely ever after that failed in their attendance on the means of grace. That young man proved a helper indeed. In after years he became an active officer in the Church and a blessing to his pastor in a distant city.

Having been written to a number of times to give my rules for winning men, my answer has been, "I have no specific plan," as one may learn in this book, by the method with which I have dealt with each case. Take an incident occurring in reference to a demand for action as against the decision of the Sunday-School Superintendent. Mr. R. M. Walmsley was the efficient Superintendent of Carondelet Street Sunday-School. He was a man of high principles and large influence. I admired his life and trusted his judgment. A large number of teachers and scholars were anxious to have a picnic. The Superintendent opposed, for satisfactory reasons. A rebellious spirit was manifest and a petition was circulated requesting the pastor to allow the school to have a picnic. A considerable feeling was engendered. This petition was signed by a large majority. It asked me to act over the head of the Superintendent. My position was a delicate one. The Superintendent was too valuable a man to sacrifice; nor did I wish to alienate teachers and scholars. What course to pursue, for a few moments puzzled me. Soon my action was decided upon. I arose with this petition in my hand, and explained the delicate position in which the pastor was placed, and in a carefully-worded speech pointed out the impropriety of placing myself in antagonism to either side. The teachers, and one of the Stewards present afterwards said, "You managed the entire matter so as to make all feel pleasant."

This down-town Church is the center of a large population. The masses in this section look to the pastor of Carondelet Street Church, to baptize their children and bury their dead. Some seasons

he attends a funeral every day. I was called to bury a child. Before the funeral service the family desired me to baptize two of their children. I was particularly sorry for the mother. Her husband was no earthly account. He spent his own fortune and then his mother's. Nor will he work, and the poor wife wages a fierce battle for bread. In looking at this family my soul is tortured. Something ought to be done with such men. Some day the law will take them in hand and make men of this class work. Thank God I have a tender place in my heart for the poor, and no one shall rise up in the Judgment to charge me with neglecting them. It has been a law of my life to know no man after the flesh.

My eldest daughter having graduated at Sylvester Larned Institute, I sent her for a year to Martin College. The president invited me to preach the commencement sermon. In order to develop my daughter on other lines, I sent her to my old friend Dr. R. H. Rivers, a model educator and a man of large ability as well as large heart. He was peculiarly fitted to teach. He was as gentle as a spring morning. His sympathetic qualities fitted him for leading young minds into noble forms of living; under his presidency Martin College was very prosperous. A very large audience gave the closest attention to my discourse. It was not a sermonett, but was one hour and thirty minutes in its delivery. The text was, "The entrance of Thy words giveth light." The object of the discourse was to confirm the faith of the people in the essential doctrines of our Holy Book. Bishop W M. Wightman arrived on Tuesday to deliver the Baccalaureate address. He was at his best, and in polished periods gave us larger views of the possibilities of educated womanhood. His style was ornate and appropriate. He was a born gentleman and a fine representative of the higher order of Christian manhood. My daughter read the Valedictory, taking first honor.

One Sunday morning in the midst of the heated term, five persons came forward to join the Church after the sermon. Some of them by letter. I had to spend some time laboring with one or two, to influence their action. Rev. Mr. Flynn of the Presbyterian Church, corner of Franklin and Felicity Streets, told me the other day that Bishop McTyeire, while pastor in our city, once remarked he would compromise with the devil, in New Orleans, if he would give him all the professors who removed there. One thing is certain, a large number of Church members remove to this city who never make themselves known as such; after a few months they lose heart interest, then drop out of line and are finally swamped in sin. Now and then meeting some of this class, when interrogated they excuse themselves by saying they were neglected by Church members. The plea is not valid; yet, it has sounded in my ear for many years.

An old member and a devoted servant of God named Dakin, was blind and almost deaf. Few troubled to talk with her because it required exertion. It was difficult for her to keep buoyant. As her pastor I felt for her and tried to cheer her. My aim was to quicken

her hope and add something toward making her existence a joy. I would tell her the story of some other child of God walking in comfort and feeding on the promises. In talking with her, there rose up the memory of time given to cheer one of God's hidden ones in another place. It was of a woman nearly ninety years of age. She was both intelligent and pious. She was so deaf that one had to talk to her through a long tube, and the voice would weary in its effort to be understood. To hear the voice of prayer was a delight. Dropping on our knees, with the end of that long tube to my mouth I would pray slowly, carefully pronouncing every vowel. This won her love, and out of her affection sprang a purpose to express it. Therefore she decided to knit a pair of socks. It took her a long time to finish them. The thread was coarse, and stitch after stitch was dropped, which in her partial blindness she never discovered. For forty-four years I have kept those socks to remind me of the love of one of those characters who walked with God.

The term "salt of the earth," characterizes a lady on whom I loved to call; Mrs. McKnight, the mother-in-law of Dr. J. T. Sawyer, of the Louisiana Conference. Her presence in the house of God, whether at preaching, prayer, or class-meeting, was a tonic to the minister. Her heart was right with God, and she fed upon the promises of God until she developed into ripeness. Her interest in her family and the Church never relaxed. What a glorious world this would be if made up of such characters. During one of my protracted meetings one of her grandsons was converted. That night her presence was necessary at home. As he entered the house and was passing up-stairs to his room, he was singing. She heard him from her bedroom and called out, "Son, have you got religion?" "I don't know grandma; but I got something." The lad's heart was full of joy, and joy produces song. Her daughter, Mrs. Sawyer, has made a helping mate to her husband who has been one of the leading ministers of Louisiana.

A special call was made on two ladies who, craving heart comfort, had sent for me. One was a Roman Catholic. One of the ladies was deeply interested in her soul's welfare. For half an hour, I expounded the way of life. We then went up-stairs to visit the other lady who was quite ill in body and soul. The interview began naturally, by my saying, "I have just been explaining the method of salvation to Mrs. Trousdale." Then, item by item was presented to this woman the want of the human heart, its hungerings for God and how they are met in God's Holy Book. In reply to the question, "What is faith?" I answered, "It is believing in the heart what God says." Step by step, she was led on to see that faith like a hand receives God's gift of forgiveness. During the interview tears ran down her cheeks. No allusion was made to her Church. She informed me she had sent for the priest and informed him of her heartache. He employed a few words she did not understand but she found no comfort. He gave her communion and left.

We have several poor saints but the one of whom I now speak needed more than song and prayer; she needed pecuniary assistance. Some one had given me a bag of cakes so I carried them to Mrs. Haines. They gladdened her, for she seldom saw cakes. I handed her some money; then added a song and a prayer. The song was, "Let a little sunshine in." I requested to change the last stanza, and sang, "Let a little sunshine out!" That is my philosophy. Everywhere I go, my desire is to leave sunshine behind me. When a young preacher traveling my circuit, sometimes before I reached a spot I would hear some old colored "Aunty" singing away at the washtub, near the spring. I would halt and say something cheering; I sought to add a moment's happiness to her life. If I only produced a smile it was adding that much to the sum of human happiness!

If any man on earth needs patience it is the pastor. I called on a lady who resided far down town. It took some time to reach her home; then she kept me waiting several minutes, "primping." The distance and the waiting, with time taken up in the interview, the morning was gone. Often, in visiting amongst the more refined, have I been necessitated to fall back, for strength, on this injunction, "Let patience have her perfect work." The poor as a rule, take me into their kitchens if the weather is cold. This recalls the case of the celebrated Dr. W who gave himself a certain number of minutes to a visit. On this occasion he called upon a certain woman. She kept him waiting twenty minutes; as she entered he said, "Sister, I gave myself twenty-five minutes to this call, have only five minutes left. Let us pray!" As soon as his prayer ended he left.

One of my members, a good, but somewhat inconsiderate woman, complained that I had not visited her home in some time. She had hardly ended the sentence, when I took the aggressive by saying, "Is it possible madam, that you did not wish to see your pastor? You removed but did not let me know it, and I had to take that long walk to your former residence. That was a nice way to treat your minister!" She blushed and mumbled out an apology!

On Canal Street, called on a woman who is a member, but not an ardent one. Depressed over the loss of property she fell into the habit of grumbling. She complained before her children about the Church, the pastor, and certain members who never visited her. She carried her habit so far she exerted a bad influence upon her grown children. They would not go to such a Church. They finally sought companionship on other lines. This mother complained that her children would not attend Church, never for a moment thinking she had influenced them by her grumbling. She did not anticipate such a result. Most of her children had joined the Church in early life, but the constant faultfinding educated her children out of respect for God's Church.

One of the band of workers in my parish informed me of a young man who was sick and wished to unite with the Church. His

mother profoundly impressed her son with the value of Christianity and the Church. When visiting the young man his earnestness impressed me. He had been well taught and had often felt like acknowledging Christ publicly, but his timidity overmastered him. In due time he was baptized and welcomed into the ranks of God's children. Who can estimate the value of a Christian mother?

In my journeyings I have met many good and bad men. I refer now to one that was literally possessed of the demon jealousy. Never before had I met one completely filling my idea of being possessed of the devil! He had applied for membership in my Church, and in various ways my energies were directed toward saving him. At one time I hoped he was making an honest effort to break the power of this demon. But it became evident he did not possess the will-force to marshal the elements which win victories. His cruelty to his wife was fearful; beating, and half-starving her. Her existence was an agony, and at last she sought refuge in divorce. Nothing but Divine power can liberate a soul thus tortured by the evil one. How my heart ached for both. Sometimes my sensibilities were so heavily taxed that every faculty of my nature felt the pain.

A young and crude Englishman, A. E. Clay, came to New Orleans while I was pastor at Felicity Street Church. He brought "class tickets" of recommendation and was received on these into that charge. Found him to be sprightly and strong in moral qualities, but totally ignorant of our methods and usages. He made mistakes, but was full of energy and displayed elements which, if rightly guided, would make him a very useful man. He was sufficiently self-asserting to make his way in the world. He called to see me to advise with me as to his going to Vanderbilt University. He was not prepared to enter that institution. He was assured that, with his energy and self-reliance sanctified, he might become very useful. His life was one of fidelity to the Master. He joined the Louisiana Conference and was esteemed by his brethren, and filled some good appointments. He, however, felt called to take charge of an institution of a reformatory charater and devoted his energies to this work until death laid its hand upon him.

One of my most faithful but quiet members visited me seeking advice. Strange as it may appear, her husband fell out with her because she would not attend balls and Sunday picnics. He told her he had no pleasure since she joined the Church. It was a delicate position I occupied. My advise was, "Do not violate God's law, but be gentle and tender, letting your light shine, and in this way seek to win your husband to Christ. God will open up your way." A young woman in this city proposed to join my Church. Discussing the matter at the breakfast table, her mother in anger threw a biscuit at her! After a time the mother relented, and the young lady took the desired step.

In my rounds I met a man who was totally transformed in

purpose and life by the Gospel. He had been made insane by drink, and was confined in the madhouse for a season. Through Divine power he overmastered his appetite, was soundly converted, then joined the Church. He was always in his seat in the house of God, and a swift witness of Divine mercy. Being a man of means he dispensed charity with a free hand.

Through almost fervent heat, I hunted for a woman who had not been to Church for five months. When she falls out with a Church member, she indicates it by her absence from all the services. My motto is, never abandon such; if necessary, keep trying to lead them to something higher. Sometimes I sit and listen to a tirade against the Church until the party is almost exhausted; then soothe them with some kindly truth until now and then an apology is offered for the way they have talked. The pastor of one of these kickers often has to suffer in silence. To interpose while the mind is inflamed only aggravates the passion.

Was it not Tennyson who said, "The greatest thing in life is to so touch other lives as to bless them"? Thank God, it has been my life-long privilege to carry cups of joy to many lips. Received a card to call on a sick woman dying of consumption. She was very ill, but happy. She had been a loyal servant of Christ for many years, and as she drew near, a window opened in Heaven to her faith. After offering words of consolation, I then sang for her that old hymn, upon which so many saints have pillowed their heads:

"Oh, happy day that fixed my choice,
On Thee my Savior and my God."

Old memories came trooping back—memories of her childhood, when she started Heavenward. My own heart was kindled at her fire, and with glowing spirit I left the place. My soul was toned up for a time to a delightful key. To do good, who can compute its value!

There are certain pet phrases I do not like, and one of them is. "A safe man." Some friends were discussing a certain college president, when it was remarked, "He is a safe man." He is a gentleman with elegant manners, but lacking in vim. Every gentleman can not run a college any more than can every one paint a portrait. When I hear this expression, "He is a safe man," instantly there leaps into my mind the idea of a dead man! A man had better have some snap, so as to break a trace once in a while, or tear something, than be a nonentity! The world and Church need men of verve.

Mrs. Susan B. Thomas was one of the most remarkable women ever known by me. She resided in the city in late years, and was a tower of strength to the pastor in whose Church she worshiped. Her cultured intellect, her mighty grasp of truths, fitted her as a witness of the power of grace to keep and sustain. Her public

prayers were strengthening and sometimes made one feel the very atmosphere of Heaven had fallen upon the listeners. She enjoyed attending the seashore camp-meeting. Her experience was peculiarly rich. Her last testimony was given at a morning meeting. Many on the camp-ground had never heard a woman speak at a divine service. She arose in her place, and while with one hand she held to a post to steady herself, words that burn poured out of her heart! Her face was illumined by the unchanging smile of the Eternal Friend. She was in her eighty-sixth year. I sat in a chair in front of the audience and looked over the multitude to note how her testimony was received, given in such calm power! When she spoke of a visit to the Holy City in the Orient, where she looked into the tomb where the Savior once lay, and described her sensations as she intently gazed upon the spot, she uttered the words of the angel, "He is not here but risen." The entire audience was thrilled! The dear old lady was on Nebo, but none of us knew it. She was within three days of Heaven! Her death was sudden and tragic. She left the seashore camp-ground to accompany Rev. B. B. Ross of Alabama to visit her bosom friend in Auburn, Mrs. Crawford Dowdell. After taking her to her place in the sleeping-car, Mr. Ross arose to go into the forward car to see a young lady. Mrs. Thomas concluded to follow him and, taking his arm, just as they reached the platform, the car gave a lurch, and the old saint fell backward and dropped between the cars, and in three seconds her head was severed from her body.

For several years I was a regular attendant at the seashore camp-meeting. At this annual gathering, the minister in charge worked me unmercifully. After spending a week there, weary and worn, I returned to the city. We had about eighty ministers present; a number of them famous men of the Church. Bishop J. C. Keener; Dr. Edward Wadsworth, a man eminent for his ability as well as his piety; Dr. Linus Parker, afterwards elected a Bishop, and a noble and true spirit, and a great expounder of God's Word; Drs. Munsey and Hopkins, were in attendance, the former considered the greatest orator of the Southern Church, the latter a polished professor of the Southern University. We had this year Simon Peter Richardson, a remarkable man in his way, and that a peculiar way At this meeting I met a number of my spiritual children from Alabama. This camp-meeting taxed both my physical and mental ability. Those in charge appointed me to tasks which almost proved fatal. I was considered a camp-meeting man. The sermons I heard were all good, but the sermon of Dr. Edward Wadsworth so affected me that I dared to trust God with my whole heart. It was the same sermon he preached at a Conference twenty-eight years before. I had heard it several times, and could hear it with joy again. It was a great sermon, preached by a man of whom Bishop Soule once said, "He is the finest specimen of a Methodist preacher since the days of Wesley." The thoughts of that dis-

course entered every nook and corner of my being. Every faculty of my nature opened as so many mouths crying after God. I sat in a chair in the altar apparently as calm as serenity itself, but my soul was moved as a lake is sometimes moved when swept by a storm. Dr. J. B. Walker, who was in charge of the exercises, requested me to rise and call for mourners. My reply was, "I 'm in no condition to call penitents. Let me sit still and feast upon what has been given us!" I sat there in silent awe that dared not move. I forgot everything but hunger for God. Dr. Munsey was in attendance part of the time. He was given an important hour to preach. Every one was anxious to hear him. One said to another, "He talks low; get near the stand, or you can not hear him." To the surprise of every one he spoke loud enough to be heard at the outer tier of tents. He preached about the wings and the unclean lips. He was not at his best, but no one but a great man could have given us that discourse. At the close he called for penitents. No one responded for a few minutes; then two or three came to the altar. Somewhat discouraged, the Doctor, leaning over the book-board, said: "Mathews, holler at them!" I made this reply: "Holler at them! Why, everybody knows you can beat me hollering!" Dr. Walker, in charge, requested me to exhort and make a call. I was puzzled as to how to proceed after such a sermon. Finally, I began in a way to bring the thoughts of the people to simpler truths; the exhortation was lengthy, but quite a number responded and we had several conversions.

I was called upon by that charitable and noble woman, Mrs. R. M. Walmsley. She had, by her influence, secured homes in St. Anna's Asylum for two dependent and friendless women. After securing the places these women refused to go. They had played a double part. They were constantly applying for pecuniary assistance, and said they were willing to go to the St. Anna's Home. Strange, they would rather beg and live in squalor, than go to this comfortable institution where they not only would find food and shelter, but comforts as well!

Prayer helps me to carry the burden. On one occasion it was necessary to call upon a family of some influence who took offense at something another did but blamed me. As I approached the house I was so troubled, I halted under a tree to wipe the perspiration from my face. I actually shivered with apprehension. I prayed for an open door, as I thought of the angel going before the servants of Isaac in opening their way. I rang the door-bell and the lady of the house opened the door, and instead of insulting me, as I had feared, greeted me with great cordiality. The Eternal Friend had answered my prayer!

An August Sunday in New Orleans sometimes reminds one of the torrid zone. Persons who are able to leave the city go to the up country, but many are unable to bear the expense. As it is sometimes said, they belong to the "Can't-get-away Club!" As a

pastor, my convictions would not allow me to take vacations. One August day, as always, I was in the Sunday-School and urged the children to be punctual. In the audience-room at 11 a. m. found a good congregation. After dinner, a woman called for the pastor to go and see an elderly lady thought to be entering the valley of death. On my way called on a brother who could sing to accompany me. It proved to be only the valley of death's shadow she was entering. We cheered her last hours with some triumphant hymns, then prayed, committing her soul into God's hands. Her state of soul was like the old Scotchman's. When the minister was sent for he always asked, "What shall I pray for?" In this case the usual question was propounded: "Sandy, what shall I pray for?" "Ye need na pray at all: give God thanks!" This woman's condition called for praise. This dear soul clung to Christ with a grip death could not unloose. She was a friend of God's. Although known by but few outside of her humble home, yet not unknown to the angels of Heaven, and thither she was going!

A letter came by post from a city where I had labored. It described the fall of a man who at one time stood very high in the opinion of his fellow-citizens for integrity, honor and virtue. I had long known him and esteemed him. Men dying confided their estates into his hands. Now comes the news of his fall, fascinated by a woman whose husband had confided his interest to his care. Now he is drinking: neglects his family, his business, and has turned his back upon all that is ennobling. He has brought blight upon the Church, upon his own and other families, and startled the entire population. Men say, "If such a man, after years of unblemished living, can fall, whom can we trust?" Well might the apostle say, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." My heart is stricken over this man's downfall. It is like the fall of Lucifer!

Very little has been written about my studies, which have been continued day by day. All odd hours have been used to enlarge my usefulness. Doctor Nicholson loaned me a valuable work which I dared to tackle in this hot time, "The Physiology of the Soul and Instinct, as Distinguished from Materialism." The intelligence of the congregation demanded study to keep abreast of the time. Part of each morning has found me investigating some principle or the meaning of words. This method has broadened my conceptions, and has strengthened my faculties. Growth has been my aim for two reasons: to be useful, and because God loves to see His creatures grow, as men love to see flowers and children grow.

One principle adopted early in my ministry was, to know no man after the flesh. That is, not to allow social or financial conditions to control my actions—a very difficult thing to do. Perhaps no temptation assails a minister with greater force than to cater to wealth. In some of the homes of the rich I have been treated in a princely way. Captain McCann and wife have been peculiarly kind.

Mr. R. M. Walmsley and wife; Mrs. Dr. Moss, whose husband was a princely man, and many others who treated me with consideration. I was called to the residence of Judge Whitecar, to unite in marriage his daughter to Mr. B. C. Bellsnyder. The daughter, though an Episcopalian, desired that I should officiate. It was an occasion furnished me to extend my acquaintance and influence. It was quite a famous wedding. All but one couple amongst the guests were strangers to me. There were toasts, speeches, and much hilarious talk. I drank the health of the bride and groom, using a goblet of water. Not another at the table refused wine. It was on a line with all such occasions in "high society." There was a Roman Catholic kinsman to the bride present, editor of a magazine, noted for his rare culture, who was so impressed with the ceremony, he inquired, "Is that the regular Methodist ceremony?" Being assured it was, he indicated great surprise. It is a fact that many persons of culture know little or nothing about the methods and usages of other and stronger organizations.

Had a note from a poor girl worried in mind over her spiritual state. She belonged to another denomination. In such case the response is as prompt as possible. To furnish comfort is one of the joys of my life. After consoling this young soul, I was away to see a poor young man wasting away into death—a member of my Church, who clung to life with great tenacity, but held on to Christ as the hope set before him. In visiting such cases—and they occur almost daily—I realize it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting. Dr. Angel called to have me call to see a woman in a dreary state of mind. She was a patient of his, on whom he had almost exhausted his medical resources. Accompanying him, I desired to know the condition of the woman's mind. He stated that her husband alleged that she had been drinking whiskey and eating opium until her nervous system was about destroyed. The Doctor had spoken to her of me, and assured her it would comfort her to hear me pray. We reached the house. He passed into her chamber, while I remained in the parlor, where I could distinctly hear her moans. After interviewing her, coaxing her to see me, she consented. The Doctor returned to me, saying, "She thinks she is worse; can not talk; to do so would throw her into a spasm. Go in with me and pray with her; nothing more." I entered her chamber and saw, lying on the bed, a woman somewhat advanced in years, her head wrapped up in a woolen scarf, bed clothes over the scarf, and looking very much excited. She eyed me closely to form her opinion. Under other conditions her appearance would have created merriment, but I could see she was almost in an agony. She only said, "I want you to pray." I had taken a seat in a chair at the foot of the bed, and as I started to kneel, reached out my hand and touched the foot of the bedstead, and was startled by a half-smothered scream, "Get further! Get further!" Even touching the foot of the bed terrified her. I prayed

as best I could, for my sympathies were all aroused in her behalf. Going from the house, the physician intimated it was a case of hysterics; I added, "But Doctor, that is a fearful form of disease itself!" Very soon, to the surprise of husband and physician, she died.

Traveling to a college commencement, high water made further progress impossible. Stopping at a certain town, a friend accompanied me to our leading Church in the city, to the mid-week prayer-service. Being unobserved, I could note the conduct of the meeting. Perhaps there were sixty present. The singing was fairly spirited. The first prayer was inaudible. Of late years our people who lead in prayer keep their faces down, so they are scarcely heard. In former years, our people prayed with faces turned upward and in a loud voice. In this meeting two prayers were offered—one at the opening, the other at the close. The minister filled up the hour with a lecture. It was delivered without any warmth; no soul could be kindled by it. It was sensible and logical, but was tiresome. No wonder the masses avoid the prayer-service. The preachers account for non-attendance on the ground of indifference to religion; whereas, men stay away because, as some have said, "It is as dry as dust." It seems to me the time must come when our theological schools will have a chair on, "How to conduct a prayer and other services of a social nature." Said a Presbyterian minister to me, who had graduated from a college, and then attended Princeton Theological School, "I have never heard a word on the subject of how best to conduct a meeting or develop a Church. I had no knowledge how to proceed!"

Spiritualism has invaded some of the families of the Church. I called on an elderly lady of my charge, and while in this home met what might be termed one of the strong-minded women. She was ready for a war of words. She professed to be an infidel and a spiritualist. It was necessary to employ tact in keeping out of a controversy, for which she seemed anxious. Long ago I learned that to argue was only to excite passion and thus generate anger. Now and then I dropped an interrogation which was difficult to answer. The interview closed with each in a good humor. Had prayers with my Church member, living in a family of avowed infidel views, and left feeling distressed over the surroundings of the children of a man who in his lifetime was preëminent for his piety, and who on his death bed gave much thought to their future. Perhaps as many as four of my members were led astray by spiritualists. One woman, advanced in years, was almost violent in her assertions of what she saw at séances. Not long before she had lost a son who was wayward, and she could not believe he was lost. In séances she was assured he was safe. How I pitied this woman in her delusion. It was not my province to decide on the state of her son, but I could decide on the condition of the mother's mental state. A scientific professor calls it "unconscious cerebra-

tion." Translated into the language of the people, the phrase means a "diseased state of the brain."

There are no-account members in every large congregation. Some of them have to be coddled and petted. They take up a considerable part of the pastor's time running after them, if by some means he may save them. Some have wealth, and some of the Stewards are anxious to hold them. Sometimes pastors are influenced to give them positions, hoping to save them. One of the greatest trials on this line I ever had, was when the time for electing Stewards was upon us; three of the most influential Officers took me aside, urging me to nominate a certain man for Steward. While firmly declining, it was a trial to refuse their urgent plea. In employing this term, "no account," it is not meant they are immoral, but not under the sway of a regenerated heart.

New Orleans is dominated by Romanism. The daily journals never let an occasion pass to laud the action of Sisters of Charity in their care of yellow fever patients; nor would I detract from their faithful attention. These journals rarely even notice our Protestant women who, without the force of vows, voluntarily go forth to nurse those stricken with this dreaded disease. In calling to see a lady member of my Church, a sister Vanhouten, I was informed she had gone to Brunswick, Ga., to nurse yellow fever patients. A few blocks away resided another member. When I called, found that Sister Brotherton had gone to the same point on the same mission. Others responded to the call, but not a mention of their fearless action was in any of the city papers.

By request of one of the temperance organizations of the city, I agreed to deliver an address on this subject at the Moreau Street Methodist Church. My consent was the more readily given, as none of the pastors of any denomination would deliver addresses on this theme. Public sentiment was in a different direction. While my other duties were burdensome, I wanted to aid in creating a public sentiment against that hydra-headed monster, the liquor traffic. My address was one hour and fifteen minutes in the delivery. Captain Robertson, the most influential Methodist in that part of the city, said it was the best temperance address he had ever heard. This speech encouraged me, for I felt that amongst the ministers I stood almost alone. A few young men were coming to the front, who in after years assailed this evil fearlessly.

For some time gossip had been busy with Dr. Munsey's name, as all public men are discussed. His most active member and Sunday-School Superintendent, J. G. Parham, urged me to visit the Doctor, stating, "You can do more with him than any one else." As soon as possible I walked up to his residence, and found him sad indeed. He stated, "At times I become much depressed in mind." He seemed a very picture of grief. He never mingled with our ministers or people. Rarely went anywhere. He needed sympathy, and instead of blaming, I coaxed him as one would a

child, and pressed him to take a different course, stating that my philosophy, under depression, was to seize my hat and away I would go in search of a good Christian in mental or physical pain who was bearing up lovingly. A thirty-minutes' interview sent depression to the winds and so affected me that new and better forces ruled me. My pity for this man of gigantic intellect, but weak will, was almost harrowing. On another visit I pleaded with him to go over two or three blocks to visit Bro. R. W. Rayne, thinking an interview with this godly man would help to lift depression from his mind. He had concluded Brother Rayne did not like him. My anxiety to relieve him was so urgent that I pressed him tenderly until he was on his feet, then I gathered him with both hands and tugged to get him through the door. Then he placed his feet against the door facings, saying in tones that touched me, "I can not." It was my great desire to help him out of gloom into joy, but I failed. It was not long after this interview that he gave up his Church and went back to Tennessee. After a time the end was reached. He had been sick, and getting out of his bed, kneeled at the side, and while in the act of praying, this gifted but broken-spirited man passed up to meet God!

One Sunday, in October, a large audience gathered for worship, a number of new faces present. Before opening the service, Bishop Keener turned to me and said, "Is that Judge Howell? He is one of our Supreme Judges." The sermon was on the text, "Therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." I do not remember ever having given a clearer exegesis of a text. My faculties were in working order. I emphasized the place and value of law; also its weakness, and because of its weakness God sent His son into the world to do what law could not do. Love is better than law, in that it goes further. One who loves as he should will go right without law. The Bishop closed with prayer.

A female sent a note requesting a loan of ten dollars. The bearer of the note was assured of the pastor's inability to supply the demands for money. If only one case, or now and then an application for such loans, one might by some means secure the amount; but the stream of applicants is continuous. During a ministry of thirty years, no one ever returned money borrowed! Most of the borrowers intended to repay, but were never able. A gentleman of means said he loaned small sums believing they would never be returned, as the borrower would ever after shun him.

Brother Hamp Smith gave me an account of his father's peaceful departure into the spirit land. He had lived in the city and sat under my ministry for some time. Business interests led him away to a new section. His character was an exalted one. Though a business man, he passed the ordeal with clean hands. His love for the Church was marked, and his contributions were on a line with his love. Brother Smith loved his pastors and cheered their hearts in many ways. No wonder he had such a delightful ending to his

long earthly career! His life shed a hallowing influence upon those within the circle where he moved, just as a rose steadily bestows its fragrance on the air.

That eminent minister and devoted man of God, Rev. Edward Wadsworth, pastor of one of our Churches in Mobile, Alabama, addressed a letter to me, stating that in a few days a young man would visit me, and would open his life history, and urged me to take special charge of him. In due time the young man called at my office in the church and handed me a letter from Dr. W His name as given me was Charles A. Richmond. The letter gave a concise statement of the young man's status, and urged me to aid him in becoming an honorable man. I became interested in him at once, and greeted him with cordiality, and I think soon had his confidence. Take it all in all, I never met a more remarkable case. His history was not only dark but crimsoned with blood. He was sentenced to be hung for murder, committed as he alleged, in a drunken brawl. Through the combined efforts of Dr. Wadsworth and a noted layman of Mobile, Mr. Otis, he was pardoned by the Governor. These brethren now sent him to me to reinforce his purpose to become a good man. His friends urged him to unbosom himself to me. In a long interview he did so. He was twenty-five years old, and in looks unprepossessing. His manner showed clearly that he was laboring under a mental strain. His frame quivered, and his sighs were deep and heavy. Despair seemed to have him in its grasp. He remarked time and again he wished he had no conscience. He told me he was a very bad man, worse than the worst, and absolutely frightened me by the details of his career. Twice had he been condemned to be hung. Once pardoned by President Grant. Also that he had been captain of a band of thieves in Texas. Said I, "Is Richmond your real name?" "No; it is Charles Allen Lord." He went on with his revelations, in that back office, until my fear for a time got the better of me. What if he should conclude I had money and spring upon me? Then my sympathy asserted itself and fear passed away. His candor was evident, and I proposed to do what I could to save him from himself. He blamed his mother for his downfall. She failed to give his young life the right trend. When a youth he fled from home and never communicated with his family. In response to a question, he assured me that he once had a powerful will. I urged him to go to God to reinforce his will that he might successfully carry out his purpose to lead a virtuous life. I plied him with promise upon promise and assured him of success and final victory if he persevered. My advise was, "Tell no one else your story; seek employment; do your best and you shall be aided." As the interview was closing, I inquired, "Have you any money?" He had never alluded to money. He told me the amount given him in Mobile, and it corresponded with the amount stated in the letter to me. He then said, "I have one dollar left." He retired to seek employment and was to return that afternoon at a certain hour.

Being anxious to aid him, I took a business street and went from place to place to find employment. Everywhere, the answer was, "No help needed." His appearance was against him. It indicated something of his character. His hair was black and coarse, somewhat like an Indian's; his skin sallow; his eyes very dark. He had a stolid expression. I would not have believed his story but for the letters of my Mobile friend. At the appointed hour he returned and reported no employment found. I gave him money enough to carry him through a few days. On Sunday morning he was at church, where he was introduced to some of my best young men. During service he sat with young Abner Parker, a noble character. At the close when the invitation was given he stepped forward as an applicant for membership. He seemed very much agitated, weeping while his frame shook. I let no one into his secret. My soul went out in prayer to God to save him. On Monday the young man called as I had requested. His talk showed he was discouraged; no friends, no work. Inquiring as to his funds, found he had rented a room at four dollars per month and paid two in advance, and spent fifty cents for food. He exclaimed two or three times, "If I had no conscience! If I could forget!" I did not doubt his sincerity but I feared he would falter under the pressure. The battle was fierce. Both of us sought employment but found not a single opening. I assured him of my support and gave him more money. At the young men's meeting, to my delight I found him present. At the close, nearly every one of the sixty was introduced to him, and gave him a cheerful greeting. He caught the glow of the meeting and carried a smile. He knew the world well, but it was the world of sin, shame and crime. Feeling unabated interest in his welfare, I took the street to find him work, but never found the least encouragement. Now and then he dropped in to see me; only words of hope greeted me. On Sunday he was not in church; apprehension at once seized me. Finally, one day he called and said, "I can not hold out here amongst strangers; the struggle is too intense. I am going back to Mobile to-night!" He went. After a few weeks a jeweler's establishment was robbed and many things of value carried off. The police kept an eye on Richmond, and one night found him in an out-of-the-way place, melting the silverware he had stolen. The last I heard of him he was serving a term in the Alabama State penitentiary. I tried, but failed to save him.

CHAPTER XXV

THIRD YEAR AT CARONDELET STREET.

In a large membership, like a large business, there is much to be done at the close of a year. There are so many things to be looked after. The most troublesome work is looking after the collections ordered by the General Conference. It is go there; run yonder; go a mile and a half to collect fifty cents, and the party not at home. Go the second time only to be disappointed. Then to prepare for the elimination by the Church Conference, those lost sight of for a year. The running to and fro to secure additional subscriptions to take the place of those who subscribe but can not or will not pay. Once this tramping resulted in a slight fever which prevented my attendance upon the annual Conference. At other times the reports have been made out, when in rushes a man to pay his subscription of twenty-five cents; or a woman calls with a bundle to carry to one of her friends in the town to which one is going. In most of the large Churches of to-day the pastor is relieved of much of the drudgery. Sometimes even with grip-sack in hand ready to start, some one hastens to your door with a report of a sewing society which raised three dollars and ten cents it may be! One's righteous soul is vexed, but, repressing the feeling, a good-bye is said and the start is made.

A Louisiana Conference always appealed to my sensibilities. To hear the rank and file tell of their trials, their scant support, and their efforts to find the few sheep in swamps and on the bayous in that State, always melted me. Talk about the self-denial of missionaries in foreign lands (and they deserve sympathy), but these brethren have no assurance of any compensation! One receives sixty dollars for his year's toil, another a little more, yet no complaint from their lips; and they stand ready to take another field and give the Gospel to the scattered sheep in the wilderness. Love is the constraining power.

I was reappointed to Carondelet Street Church for another year. Went to this responsible charge with prayer surging through my heart as waves on the bosom of the sea. More and more do I feel the need of the aid of the Divine Spirit. My reception was pleasing and I went to work hopefully.

My prayer-meetings, partaking of an evangelistic nature, drew to us quite a number of persons differing in quality and of different denominations. I was reminded of my boyhood experience in going with a company on a fishing excursion. A large fishing-net called a seine was used. When the seine was hauled to the shore, in it was

found suckers, eels, frogs, and some fine fish. Thus in our services we catch suckers, eels, frogs, and some fine characters. Amongst others attracted, was a brother from a sister denomination. Beyond question his mind was unbalanced. He disturbed us with a wild talk. He said the Lord appeared to him, assuring him that on a certain day in February, a wonderful revival would break out in Brother Mathews' Church; then spread to the Coliseum Baptist, then to Dr. Palmer's, and the world would come to an end this year! Two weeks passed and he again appeared in our prayer-meeting, creating quite a sensation. He informed us he had a message from the Lord. What it was I did not catch. Just as I invited Brother Huey to lead in prayer, this man proposed to pray. I waved my hand to this fanatic to sit down, but he would not. Brother Huey began to pray; so did this man. Dear old Brother Huey kept on, and for a time it was nip and tuck as to who would succumb. Finally our half-cracked visitor gathered his hat and left the church.

Mrs. Sinclair, ninety-one years old, who died in the Charity Hospital, was an old saint. I had visited her there as well as at the home of one of our members, who in Christ's name, though poor herself, cared for her. She had long lived in a state of expectancy, desiring to depart and be with Christ. Her conversation was uplifting. She had not one relative in the world. She had outlived her generation, but God raised up friends and gave her comfort in inward assurance, that she might exhibit to quite a circle of acquaintances what He could do for a trusting heart. The Church gave her a decent funeral. Heaven was the richer when she entered and grasped one of Heaven's harps, to praise Him who had redeemed her and cleansed her spirit in His own blood.

Mr. Hugh Jameson called to request me to point out some special Christian work for him. He had an appetite for doing good. Since joining the Church he had been very active in propagating a knowledge of Christ's love. I unfolded to him my idea of how to win young men; to go after them, not as detectives, or policemen, but lovingly; not roughly attacking them for their sins but go in a winsome way, putting heart into the appeals. Our young men's meeting had assumed such proportions that we needed sub-shepherds to cheer the despondent, to inspire hope, and round up any who might thoughtlessly stray.

That able sheet, *The Independent*, had a remarkable article on "The Failure of Methodism in Cities." Dr. J. B. Walker met me and inquired if I had read the article. "Yes," was my reply. He solicited my views. It is difficult to locate the principle cause. Thoughtful minds differ widely. One reason I assigned was, the mistake leading city Churches made in demanding a "sky-rocket" style of preaching. These men are polished and entertaining, but no one is converted under such a ministry. Such preaching lacks claws, or its nails are are so pared away that they can not scratch; teeth it may have, but so worn down they can not bite. Their words

are like a sweet tune on a flute flung to the winds and forgotten. Under such preaching the Church would die of the dry-rot were it not for accessions by letter. The selection of "Stars" for the leading pulpits has had an unfavorable influence. Young ministers who are appointed to these charges, have sought to imitate them, and our Churches have declined under such pastors. Other denominations have not had as many star preachers as Methodism. The Episcopalians have developed men who have sought the people in "personal contact," as Dr. Tyng names it. So with the successful ministers of other faiths; they were in touch with, not merely the wealthy few, but with the congregation at large. The people soon saw they had something inside. We have read of the old Spartan in his effort to make a corpse stand upright, but who failed, and exclaimed, "It wants somthing inside!" The people see that certain elegant ministers seem to lack spirituality, that indefinable something that moves men to action.

Visiting the home of a lady of high social position, a servant answered the bell, and on learning who I was, escorted me to the room of the mistress of the house. Her young daughter lay sick, and she feared the result. The danger awakened old memories of times when she served God with delight. In her reawakened concern she wanted her child of six years baptized. Having moved in extremely fashionable society, her love for Christ had waned. Amidst the glare and seeming happiness, the memory of childhood and Methodist teaching haunted her. Now sick, and her child sick, she sends for the minister to talk over the interests of her soul. I sat there, and after hearing her story preached Christ's love as exhibited in returning with his lost sheep, until she wept like a child sometimes weeps. The daughter could not understand, and wondered what made her mother weep. I then baptized the little girl. That mother not only resurrendered to her Savior, but reconsecrated herself to His service. She felt she had been going down, down; drifting into darkness, then, Spirit-touched, she uttered a wild cry for help, and it was given her. I left that mansion, pondering upon the many phases of life in which souls starve.

"Straight University" was a colored institution. Notwithstanding the prejudices of our people, I accepted an invitation to address the large body of students in attendance, believing I might accomplish good. My address of forty minutes was on "The Necessity of Application: Dig, Dig, Dig!" Gave them illustration upon illustration; made them laugh and made them cry. These colored students and their white teachers were shunned and ostracized. One could expect nothing else, as the citizens had been oppressed by carpetbaggers until they rose up and overturned the existing state of things.

Dr. Munsey having retired from the pastorate of the St. Charles Avenue Church, our young brother Rev. John Hannon, was appointed to take his place. I had been his pastor in Montgomery, Ala-

bama, where he was reared. I found him there, though but a youth, virtually in charge of a small banking house. His standing in the community was high. He was devoted to the Church. The family was first-class. His father a business man of sterling qualities, and for many years an official in Court Street Church. His mother was of a lovely disposition, and might be named, "A Comforter." Being impressed with young Hannon's robust character, I sought to develop him. Soon he decided to go to college, and I saw him no more until his arrival in our city. Having no acquaintance save my family, he called to see us at once, and was given a hearty welcome to his new charge.

A Presbyterian lady visited me to urge me to go and see a young man on his sick-bed. She, however, feared he would not receive a visit from a minister. Friends are often mistaken as to the mood of sick persons. This young man's manner and his conversation, indicated a welcome. He assured me he had often heard me preach when I was in charge of Felicity Street Church. His language was, "Your words went right to my heart." He understood the essential elements in God's plan of mercy—repentance and faith in Christ. He talked surprisingly well on the supreme points. He wanted worship in his room, and I sang that old hymn,

"Arise my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears."

Ministers are sometimes deterred from introducing the subject of religion through misapprehension. The sick want to hear about Christ but fear to say so. On my final visit, this young man was exultant in Christ. Desired baptism and the communion. The scene was touching. Dying of consumption in his young manhood, there he lay leaning on the Everlasting Arm. He was the stay and support of his old blind mother, but to know he was saved gave her joy!

Not quite all our colored members forsook us during the civil strife. A note came requesting the pastor to visit a Mrs. Morris at a certain number on a certain street. It was a colored member, who up to last winter rarely failed to attend Church. She followed me from Felicity Street Church to Carondelet. Now she is dying of consumption. Found her weak in body but strong in faith. It was encouraging to hear her talk of her confidence in God, holding on to Him who bought her pardon on the tree. Talked over the things of God and prayed with her. What a glorious privilege to encourage the faith of God's hidden ones! Angels might envy such a work.

My aim has been not only to win converts, but also to induce an upward movement amongst the members. The remark of a famous Christian woman is true; she said, "When I was a child I learned that the duty of Christians is to grow." To lead the membership closer to the "Great Heart" of the Universe is one of the pastor's richest rewards. Thanks to our Lord, gratifying evidences appear on all sides. Our class-meetings are largely attended, and we hear

many rich experiences. One lady said, "Not quite twelve months ago I joined this Church; oh! how far I have traveled toward Heaven since then!" We have a member, a Mrs. Mortimer, a holy woman, whose life is hid with Christ in God. She had attained a condition of soul which resembles the sublime tranquility of God. This woman is unknown to a large majority of Church people. The world knows her not, because the world is ignorant of the interior power which abides in her soul. Such is her modesty, the pastor would never have known her interior life but for the class-meeting.

While Carondelet Street is known as a "People's Church," we not only gather in the humble, but influential persons as well. Said an excellent woman to me, "That lady who joined last Sunday night is of the celebrated Blank family of this city." The family are Episcopalians but this lady is attracted by the spirituality of our people. A Church that does not reach rich and poor is hardly a true Church of Christ. The Gospel is adapted to all classes.

At our regular service for prayer a deep sense of the Divine presence is often manifest. We had been singing that sweet song, "Wishing, Hoping, Knowing." I proposed to the people, or as many as wished they were Christ's, to stand and tell us. Quite a number expressed fervently the wish of the soul. Then, I proposed that all who hoped they were Christ's to rise and tell us of their hope. Many, in tender terms spoke of a dominant hope which anchored them to our Lord. Many were in tears. Then the proposition was made, "As many as know they are Christ's tell us of your experience." Old Sister Bruce fired all hearts with her story. All at once she broke forth into praises; her very tones made us feel she was drinking at the fountain. She had a right to shout, as one saved in advanced life. Then bowing before our Master, on our knees we sang, "I Am So Glad Jesus Loves Me! Even Me!" As the words rolled from many lips another shout was heard. These shouts, with others, broke from lips that honored Christ in their lives.

Captain Robertson, a prince among our laymen, a member of Moreau Street Church, solicited me to visit a money-making man of the world. He did not wish to see a minister, but the captain was so deeply concerned for the salvation of his friend he would have me accompany him to the St. James Hotel to see him. The captain introduced me to Colonel W. as the minister who joined his son in marriage to his wife. No French dancing-master could have been more polite. He was a moralist. In a brief conversation, I aimed to fix his gaze on Christ. His polite response was, "I put myself in the hands of a just God." But, I added, "Christ is the Savior." With exact politeness he fell back on his morality, entirely ignoring our Lord and Master through whom the soul reaches God. He had money; had friends; had morality, but no Christ!

Continuing revival exercises night after night, it was evident God was present. The very atmosphere seemed charged with holiness. Some of the older members requested permission to speak.

Old Sister Hoover arose and said, "Last night I stood up with those who said, 'I hope Christ is mine.' I want to say to-night, I *know* he is mine." She then informed the people how she had, this day, prayed and thrown herself on God in Christ, when a wave of salvation swept across her soul. She moved to tears that large audience. The effect was electrical. Brother Wm. R. Stewart followed in a prayer fragrant and full of moving power. A number arose one by one and testified to the blessing shed upon them. It was a glorious hour on the mount of God. To our surprise and joy a young man arose and said, "For the first time in my life have I felt concern for my soul." Then he gave a touching account of himself and urged prayers in his behalf. His words intensified the interest, and when the proposition was made to unite with the Church that young man was first to present himself.

On the night following the one just mentioned, being the eve of "Good Friday," my topic was "The Agony of the Son of God." In all my ministry I never saw a congregation more deeply moved under a simple view of the scene in Gethsemane. While uttering this sentence, "It seems to me that every one present would desire to place his hand upon the Bible and swear allegiance afresh to such a Savior!"—suddenly and simultaneously seven or eight sprang to their feet, then pressed to the rostrum and placing each his hand on the open Bible as it lay on the pulpit, thus signified their purpose to renew their allegiance! The audience was surprised by this unexpected action. For a moment I scarcely knew what course to take. Then, as by a flash from Heaven, it came to me to propose that all who would join in a like compact, to stand up, and half the congregation were on their feet! On the night of "Good Friday" we had a crowded church. The short discourse on, "Christ Dead for Us," enlisted deepest attention. I read the account of the crucifixion, and then brought out as impressively as I could, for whom He died. The Holy Spirit attended the word and we had an evening of great power. Brothers Stewart and Huey shouted aloud; Captain Davis, the Scandinavian, was Spirit-filled. Men and women, and even some children, caught the flying joy! Sixteen penitents came forward for prayer, and several were soundly converted, and nine joined the Church.

During the spring, rumor followed rumor of the presence of yellow fever in the city. This has been the case every season, and a number died, but it was checked year by year. Every effort was made to suppress the fact lest a panic might result. There was one death that particularly saddened me, in spite of its glorious triumph. Rev. John Rudeen, a Swede, and a man of untarnished name. He was a local minister of singular moral worth. I had the honor of being President of the Scandinavian Bethel, and used my influence to secure him the Chaplaincy. The building was on Esplanade Street. One busy day a messenger informed me that Chaplain Rudeen was down with yellow fever, having visited quite a number

in previous years. Hastening to his side, in the Bethel where he resided with his family, I found he had a high fever, but was leaning on God. After giving thought as to his comfort, and committing him to God in prayer, I left the Bethel fearing the worst. The next day I visited him again. The physician assured me his case was hopeless. His hands were bandaged to retain pieces of ice in his palms to abate, if possible, the fever. This fever does its work quickly. When I entered his room he smiled a welcome. His voice was reduced to a whisper. He beckoned me to stoop so I could hear his dying message. With my ear close to his lips, raising and waving one hand as it pointed Heavenward, he whispered: "Almost home! Almost home!" Soon he was not, for God took him. Sometimes I go back in memory to the dying chamber of that man of God to take on new inspiration and anticipate victory in the final day.

On a day when notes and requests came thick and fast, until I was almost confused as to which way to turn, I decided to go to Claiborne Street to see a man reported as very ill. That man of many years, as discovered in the interview, had but a slight conception of Christ, or salvation through a person. His claim was, that he had paid his debts, wronged no one; would not that do? "No," was my answer, "none but Christ can save!" I was surprised to find a man quite intelligent, and so advanced in age, living where the Cross is seen whichever way his eye might turn, without even a theoretical view of the Savior's place in man's redemption. He had lived in a state of indifference to his soul's welfare. During the interview, my effort was to put into his conception a clear view of our Lord's work in behalf of sinners. Well might the hymn say, "Dark! dark amidst a blaze of light!"

We rarely have a service without penitents and accessions. For months a special interest has developed, and a large number have turned to God. Some one says, "Prayer is a life, rather than a series of isolated acts; an attitude of soul, a temper or mood which must express itself in words, but also, time and again is best heard when it is silent. It is communion, and for communion speech is unnecessary; it is often deepest and most precious when nothing is said. In fact, its highest preeminence is attained when such perfect understanding exists between God and the soul that silence is most eloquent." If this be true, the mood of prayer has possessed my entire being. For long periods my heart has been saturated with longings that words were too weak to express. Answers have come, and souls have been saved. I have been very careful to express my gratitude to the Giver of such answers, keeping in mind that Scripture, "With thanksgiving make known your requests unto God."

Sometimes my attention has been directed to a group of Church members, of whom critics would say, "What imperfect specimens of workmanship!" This is often true, but wait until the final outcome. If these critics desired to purchase a piano, they would not go into the factory where the parts are being manufactured; they

would go into the storeroom and inspect the completed instrument. God has a great deal of trouble in fitting men for holy companionship in Heaven. He takes the raw material and carries it through different processes; sometimes they are severe, at other times His methods are gentle. What matters it so that at the end one comes out a clean and holy man? The first Napoleon said, he "Had to make his marshals out of mud." But what great commanders they made! God takes us with our inherited tempers, our ignorance and warped moral nature, and transforms us into creatures of moral beauty. Take the history of Joseph, who was a very bright lad, and vain as he was bright. Often persons of ability are wrecked on the shoals of vanity. "If Joseph is saved," as has been said, "his whole life must be violently wrenched out of present surroundings. He must be subjected to some relentless discipline which will knock the vanity out of him. Jacob was too weak a man to handle this bundle of self-inflation. A Providence that was cruel only to be kind, flung the lad out ruthlessly into an unmerciful world." Trials are not, as most persons suppose, agencies of destruction, but impulses to exertion, and are intended to aid in maturing the soul. Some one tells of a famous Scotch painter who said, "I never let fools or bairns see my work until it is done." God did not let the world see Joseph's full-orbed character until it was finished. We, however, are permitted to see unfinished character, and often form wrong opinions of such.

Monday is known as the minister's "rest day." With me it is generally the busiest of six. After family worship and breakfast, Mr. Bell, president of the New Orleans National Bank, called. He wished me to attend the funeral of Mr. Oldham. Informed me of the thorough penitence of the man, and how he begged for mercy! On reaching my office, a gentleman called who was deeply affected by the sermon of Sunday morning. He was a backslider; now desires to return to the Shepherd of Souls. Took time to give him minute instruction on the way to pass out of doubt and fogs. In a few minutes old Brother Huey entered and began his standing tirade against the preachers. None knew how to preach. Having heard him over and over again on this one subject, I tried to treat him with marked civility, but my patience became threadbare. Being somewhat nervous from Sunday's labors, I felt a plain talk was necessary, and in a Christian spirit I gave him, what the ladies sometimes say, "A piece of my mind!" I assured him our people recognized him as a good man but he injured the cause—not intentionally, but nevertheless he did harm. "How?" he answered. "The constant assertion that most of the preachers are ignorant of the plan of salvation," I answered. I then gave him an illustration. An unsaved man hears Dr. J. B. Walker preach; is deeply convicted. He passes out resolved to seek salvation; but on the street he hears you assert that Dr. W does not understand the plan of salvation. He is stunned! Here is a much loved minister of high standing and

wide influence, but one of his members asserts he is ignorant of the way of life! That man turns away, saying, "Is that true?" The old gentleman heard me through; but refused to hear my suggestion to desist from such tirades, and at once began to cry that he was persecuted. For six years I have heard him attack the best and strongest men of God. He is narrow on all subjects. My only escape from this man was by the arrival of the carriage to take me to the funeral of Captain Oldham. When I arrived at the residence, his niece taxed my sensibilities with a long story of his life. Estranged from his family by an unusual life, he was ignored by the members of his household. On his dying bed, facing the gates of of eternity, he earnestly inquired of one of my members, "Will God forgive?" This was repeated again and again. What a sad fact, that men put aside this question until death stares them in the face!

I hastened back to my office for a moment's stay, then away toward the Old Basin, to call on some sick members and look after some strays. Found one member convalescing. The next was a Sister Bruce. She was confined to her bed, and wept on seeing her pastor. The human spirit craves sympathy. I talked of Christ, and then prayed. A young lady was interviewed on the conditions of Church membership. One block further on, called to see the Metz family. It was time to turn homeward for our four o'clock dinner. As soon as I had dined, I was away to see old Brother Russ, who expected me every day. Talked and prayed with him. Then turned in a new direction, to call on a Miss Blackburn; learned she was in Texas. Sat and conversed with her grandparents. They never attend any Church. Gave them a cordial invitation to attend ours. It was now 7 p. m., and I hastened to meet the Stewards. Heard financial conditions discussed until I was weary. At 8 o'clock went into the young men's class, and was cheered by the large attendance, and at the spirituality of these sons of God. A young lawyer, long a member, stated that not until recently had he knowledge of his acceptance with God. What a great blessing this young men's class is! Sometimes more than seventy present. This is a hurried statement of Monday—my rest day! Dr. Walker, my colleague asked Mrs. Mathews, if "holding nightly meetings and going as your husband does, do not wear him out?" "No," she replied, "he is as fresh as ever." The Doctor then added, "I have reached the conclusion, that work is his normal condition; if not doing Church work, he would be doing something else!" Some of the ministers say, "Mathews has a natural trend for visiting." This a mistake. Not a man or woman with our family blood in their veins has a relish for visiting. But having learned that visiting is the left hand of a minister's power, then, for Christ's sake, I go at it with joy!

In visiting a Presbyterian lady I was given information of a young woman belonging to a Spanish family who joined our Church last summer a year ago, from the Roman Catholic Church. Having ceased to attend our services I could not divine the cause. True, I

had been notified not to visit her again. My Presbyterian friend is familiar with the family and let me into the secret of the young lady's non-attendance. She is an only child of bigoted parents. When she joined our Church, at first they refused to speak to her. They then quarreled with her until she told them, "I will not attend the Methodist Church, but will never attend the Catholic Church!" She stands firm in our faith. I sent her encouraging messages. The parents think if they can keep her away from my influence they can win her back.

The President of the United States, Mr. Hayes, ordered the withdrawal of the troops which had upheld the bogus government. In a recent election, Nichols had been elected Governor, and the citizens determined to install him or fight. Thousands organized into companies and marched down, seized the Court-House, and drove out the Judges and inaugurated those elected by the people. A civil war seemed inevitable. President Grant had sent soldiers to uphold the bogus government, but the people were firm and the soldiers, though located in the Custom House, were ordered not to attack the people. When Mr. Hayes was inaugurated President, in due time he withdrew the troops. The very government they were upholding was the one which gave the office to Mr. Hayes. When he withdrew the troops that ended the danger, and the people's rule was recognized. Aliens, called "carpetbaggers," had ruled, and enriched themselves, and entailed a debt of millions upon the people.

A lady said to be demented was visited, as some friends had requested. Her mental disorder had taken the form of despair. The members of the family were Episcopalians. The old lady greeted me with heartiness. She began at once to talk, saying, "I have no God and no Savior; there is no hope for me." With quiet earnestness I plied her with many of the great but simple promises recorded in the Holy Book. Christ's tender regard for all who needed Him was pressed upon her attention. "No, He is not for me," she would reply. I employed all the tact I could master to break the spell of despair which had settled upon her soul, but it was of no avail. Promise and prayer afforded no relief. I left that home heavy of heart over that woman's sad plight. One thought gav[illegible] com[illegible] that is, Christ's heart is in deep sympathy with her

I was called in to perform the unpleasant ta[illegible] dying man of the approach of death. He had be[illegible] who dared to suggest his danger. Dr Palm[illegible] terian divine, had visited him, but he exhibite[illegible] ance. His landlady, being a Christian, was g[illegible] his sad state. I talked with him and prayed e[illegible] remarked to Mrs. Quinn after I had retired, good one, but I am not going to die!" Poo[illegible] averse to asking mercy of one's Maker! How to leap into the presence of God unexpectedly·

with no smile of God; no welcome by Christ, and not a single angel to greet one! This man died as he had lived.

The Baptist Southern Convention assembled in New Orleans in the interest of the empire of our Christ. A large number of ministers and laymen attended. Some are famous for learning; others for their eloquence. Amongst them I found several of my former acquaintances. One of them, a returned missionary from China, Mr. Nicholas Williams, introduced me to several Baptist ministers as his spiritual father. His health failed and he returned to recuperate. I felt thankful to God that through this missionary I was able to touch China. The opening sermon was preached by Dr. McDonald. It was a finished discourse, systematic, clear and valuable. My soul was warmed by his fire!

In visiting two young ladies who had recently joined my Church, I had to pass up-stairs over a grocery store. The young ladies were not at home; the Presbyterian lady with whom they lived was called down. The grocery was run by some Irish Romanists who overheard this lady stating to me why the girls joined our Church. The Irish woman became very much excited. A scene followed. She was almost livid with rage, and poured forth a tirade of the coarsest billingsgate. For a moment my indignation got the better of me, and forgetting that "A soft answer turneth away wrath," I asked, "What business is it of yours, when a lady is conversing with me, to put in your tongue?" A red rag shaken before a Texas steer could not have created greater rage. A storm of which I was the center was in full fury, and I fled!

One morning, I was up early and spent two hours copying names for the ladies of the Pastor's Aid Society to visit. This was quite a task. I was sent for to visit a sick woman at the celebrated Charity Hospital; to see a Mrs. Richmond, claiming to be a Methodist. Her condition was bad, but she had taxed my patience and the patience of others. Took this long ride to find that she wanted me to get her a can of peaches and a little whiskey and sugar! This Mrs. Richmond had annoyed my predecessor, Dr. Tudor, very much. Took street car for the "Garden District" to call on that excellent lady Mrs. R. M. Walmsley, a ready helper at all times. She is always on hand at the Sunday-School, at prayer-meetings and Church services, seconding both her pastor in his labors, and her husband in the work of the Sunday-School. From this elegant home I turned to a place of sorrow, the humble home of the old lady whose mind is disorded, taking the form of despair. When I proposed prayer, she refused, saying, "I am afraid of words." She often sends for me; then does little else but weep. Her condition is a tax on my sympathy, but I go, hoping some ray of hope may penetrate her darkened mind. Passed up a few squares to see a local preacher who is ill. What a stormy life! Yet, he has been true to our Lord. So far as business has been involved, disappointment has met him at every turn. They allowed me to see him. He assured

me he was trusting in Christ all the time. Then visited a young man who fell and hurt himself last week. He is a fine specimen of Christian training by a noble mother. From this residence turned to the home of sorrow, and called on a lady who has been passing through fiery trials. Not long ago her husband died; then her mother, then a child. She needs comfort, but words can not heal hearts that are bleeding; but pointing upward, we can truly say, "Earth hath no sorrow Heaven can not heal!" Returning home, I found Rev. Littlejohn, father of my young friend, Angus Littlejohn. He had a telegram from up the country, stating his son's child was dead and desired me to go down to the Morgan Ferry, opposite the Cathedral, as the funeral procession would move from there directly to the cemetery. It is some distance out, and it was 7 o'clock, when I reached home to eat my cold dinner. Then I was away to the Baptist Convention to hear a celebrated subject discussed. At 10 p. m., at home ready for a weary man's couch.

I called to see one of Christ's little ones. I was often at her bedside during her long illness. We held sweet counsel together and were fed on manna from Heaven. Prayer and song mingled with our conversations. She had informed me her physician had assured her death was inevitable, but in the same breath uttered a triumphant note, saying, "I have no fear of death." Unseen hands had brought her leaves from the Tree of Life for her cheer! Now and then she was harrassed over a feeling of impatience—a condition induced by unstrung nerves. She had put her soul into the hands of Christ for safe-keeping, as one places money in a bank for safe-keeping. She was conscious of that strange something designated by an apostle, "The Power of God." Notwithstanding her pain, there was a repose of soul imparted by the Holy Spirit—a peaceful condition flowing like a river. In this happy state, sister Snider lay awaiting the summons to leave earth and enter Heaven!

To secure a condition of soul where God's keeping-power is realized, one must have the baptism of fire. Philips Brooks says, "We complain that life is short. It is not time we want, but fire. The cloud lies on the mountain-top all day, and leaves it at last just as it found it in the morning—only wet and cold. The lightning touches the mountain for an instant, and the very rocks are melted, and the whole shape of the great mass is changed. Who would not cry out to God, 'Oh, make my life, how short I care not, so that I can have the fire in it for an hour!'" He had the touch of a Divine spark, and knew the meaning of that Scripture which says, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Has it fallen upon you, child of the Church? If not, pray until it is felt in melting your hardness and filling your soul with love! Minister of Christ, have you tarried at any spot waiting for the tongue of fire to fall? If not, yours is a barren life, because the fire has not consumed your selfish ambitions and aims! Lay aside this book, and go to some secret place and implore the fire to descend!

That sprightly young man, and for a time editor of the Alabama *Christian Advocate,* tells the story of a man "Whose dog would shake a rag as hard as he would a coon." A certain Dr. Terry, not of our Church, was a crank who annoyed me no little. Sometimes he would suddenly appear in the door of my office, and with a furious look and solemn tone say, "John, God sends you a message by me!" Then he would hold up an incidental fact and emphasize it as if the fate of the universe hung upon it, and would dart out and away. One evening during a meeting of our Stewards, he surprised us all, as he stood in the door, and addressing me, said, "John, I have a message from Heaven to you, the city will soon be destroyed; prepare!" Then away he darted! The Stewards seemed dumbfounded, and looked at one another, as much as to say, "What does this mean?" I explained the case to them. Another man visited me, to emphasize the failure of a minister to stress a certain fact; simply an incidental fact, and passed on to abuse the ministry in general, shaking the rag with a venomous energy. Another time, a crank gets hold of a special doctrine and looks at nothing else. He denounces all who do not ride his hobby. Such men are incompetent to take a wide view of truth. They are mentally in a state of mind like the occulist finds his patient physically, with a diseased vision called "myopia." These cranks remind me of the man with a chronic ailment. No matter what topic is introduced, nor how interesting the theme, he will switch one off into his disease! You may be discussing a subject of great breadth, this man will find an opening into which he can inject his hobby of a diseased liver. We meet with one now and then who will mar the joy of a pastor over a revival by introducing a "*But*—is the revival genuine!"

How to save the lambs, is a perplexing problem to which I have given much thought. Here is one, a member of my flock: She dropped out of the Sunday-School, and will not even attend Church services of any kind. An active and tactful worker was sent to look her up, but she refused to be seen. Now the pastor calls, she declines an interview. She has lost heart-interest. In discussing the subject with her mother, I said, "You must not scold; it will not avail; try coaxing, and that not too often." Some say, "Do not bother about these careless ones, let such go." My answer is, "Never!" Jesus left the ninety and nine; is it not the minister's duty to pursue the same line of action? Perhaps no single question connected with Church life, is more difficult to handle, than how to hold and interest the children after getting them into the Church. We take deep interest in leading them into the Church, then sometimes drop them. It is difficult to find a Sunday-School teacher who will follow the converts from her class. Some pastors fail to look after them, and in a year or two they lose all relish for Church life. As a mother coddles her children, so must the lambs be nursed!

In my ministry I have ever aimed to reach the young. A lady recently called to see me from Memphis, Tennessee, a Presbyterian.

She reminded me of an address delivered by me in her Church during the session of our General Conference, to which I was a delegate in 1870. She repeated a story with which I closed my address. A discouraged missionary was about to leave his field because of little or no fruit. His one convert urged him not to leave; then requested him to delay his final decision until he could write a poem. He retired into the jungle where he spent the day in composing something that would induce the missionary to remain. When he returned he read this poem:

"Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on, go on,
Go on, go on, go on."

I sung it to the tune, "Days of Absence." It may not have been artistic, but it was effective. The children rallied around me and enjoyed it.

One of my members was wordly-minded; she was not sinful in action, but loved the pleasures of the world. In the parlance of the world, she had "a good time." At last she succumbed to a chronic disease, possibly brought on by imprudence during rounds of gaiety. She never fitted herself for usefulness, and therefore when confined to her couch had no pleasure in surveying the past. On her sick-bed she could do little but grumble. She met ladies who found pleasure in lifting up and encouraging the lowly. She had grown narrow in her views and selfish in her action, and could not see why her life was not as joyous as these women who had won theirs by a loving service and a lofty faith. They met the conditions through which joy flows to the soul. She wondered why a like elevated peace did not thrill her heart. She said she prayed for it; but she was asking the impossible. This woman died in an adjoining State and no information came to me as to how her days ended. Worldliness is a snare to the many who seek to play a conspicuous part in social life. Some of them are talented and have both influence and money but, alas! do nothing for the good of their kind!

I sometimes met an aged colored Baptist preacher; his age no one knew. His hair was white and his frame was going to pieces little by little. He could not get to his own Church; it was too distant; ours being around the corner, he managed to get into the gallery of our church Sunday by Sunday. Sometimes he responded audibly, then often would nod his head by way of assent to a truth. I loved to see him in his place. One Sunday as I was passing out of the house of God, I heard his voice as he poured out of his full heart blessings upon me. That voice was tremulous with emotions, and it still seems to linger in my ear. People clamor for the Pope's blessing, but I would rather have that superannuated man's blessing than any Pope's!

One day I called upon a sick lady who had complained that the

pastor had not been to see her during her illness. Not a word dropped from my lips until she had unfolded her grievance. Then in a gentle tone I inquired, "Sister, did you have a doctor?" Surprised at such a question, she replied with some warmth, "Certainly." "How did the doctor know you were sick?" "I sent for him." "Do you expect the pastor to know more than the physician?" That settled her!

This incident reminds me of a member whom I visited who had not attended Church in ten years! Instead of scolding, the case was presented in this form, "My dear sister, what would become of the poor pastor if all the members acted in this way?" The question set her to thinking. She had complained that ministers did not visit her. She was not an invalid, only had "The Sunday sickness." I urged her to attend for the sake of her own soul which needed a spiritual atmosphere that would supply her moral nature with ozone from the mountain of God. Her example had a bad effect upon her sons. They never go to the services of the sanctuary. She had complained until they believed the Church was an enemy.

Rev. Mr. Fisk called as a committeeman, to invite me to deliver an oration on the 4th of July in the Academy of Music. The organization is known as "The Associated Veterans of the Mexican War." The purpose was to raise funds for their needy comrades. They proposed to have music, and tableaux of a historic character, in this theater. He assured me there would be nothing out of harmony with my principles. My assent was given because of the object in view. Many times have I been called on to deliver lectures, and addresses; generally I have accepted, hoping thereby to widen my influence for good. I am thus brought in contact with many who never darken a church door.

Having spent nearly the entire day in visiting, being very weary, I turned homeward, anticipating an hour or two of rest. As soon as I was inside the door, Mrs. Mathews handed me a note, urging me to visit a dying woman. It directed me to go to a house down near my church; there I would learn how to reach this woman. Finally reaching the house of sorrow, I found a woman rapidly passing away with consumption. She was anxious to see me. Then with deliberation told me her history. She was raised in Cincinnati, Ohio; attended Wesley Chapel until married. Raised under the droppings of the sanctuary. For over twenty years had wandered from place to place following a man whose habits were sinful and ruinous, rarely ever finding an opportunity of meeting God's people in His house, but, she added, "I have never forgot the instructions of the Sunday-School." Here she lay, almost panting for breath, nearly gone, yet through all the many years of heartache, of disappointment and sorrow, clinging to the Savior of whom she had heard so much in childhood! In a strain of quiet triumph she said to me, "When I close my eyes on earth, I know I shall open them in Heaven." Casting my eyes about the room I saw the evidences of

extreme poverty. She had found a place to die in a family of negroes whose hearts God had opened. They did what they could to aid her. She had a son, a lad who was paid a pittance for his labor, and who brought it to his dying mother. God bless that lad! I was glad I had taken that long trip to see a woman made perfect through suffering!

While composing my oration for the benefit of the Mexican Veterans, I had to lay it aside to hold a class-meeting. At its close I gathered my unfinished brief and studied until time to attend a funeral at 4 o'clock. I had just gone over half my address when the carriage was at the door to take me to the funeral. Before starting I placed my brief in my wife's wardrobe lest some of the children might lay hands on it. Did not inform Mrs. Mathews of the fact. After returning from the funeral, judge of my amazement when I found wife gone and her wardrobe locked! I waited her return, with a decided tincture of impatience, 8 o'clock arriving and no wife! I grew nervous. Another half hour of waiting; car after car had passed; not one stopped. Rarely ever does she go out in the evening. About 9 o'clock I felt almost desperate, then she arrived. Judge of my added misery, when it was announced the key had been mislaid! After a long search the key was found, the brief secured and sitting down in our little back room, I wrote until midnight when the last stroke was given to the address.

The 5th of July I called to see that talented man, Judge Merrick, and his equally talented wife. His reputation for ability and purity of life was notable. He was a gentleman of culture, and his wife kept abreast of the best literature of the day. She was deeply interested in the problems connected with womanhood. It was but a short time until the Judge got off on his favorite topic, the Science of Astronomy. We went to his telescope, and he focalized it so I could get a satisfactory view of some of the planets. While on the Supreme Bench of Louisiana he filled the position with satisfaction and honor.

At the close of our Steward's meeting, as usual, I dropped in on the young men's meeting. It was marred by the talk of a stranger His speech was about the Cherokee Indians! He was well dressed and apparently an intelligent man, but evidently wanting in judgment. He told how well the Indians lived before the war of States; how Albert Pike decoyed them into an alliance with the South, and how Kansas people treated them. The talk was like a lump of ice on a human heart; it sent a chill over the body. A thoughtful young man struck up a stirring hymn which was sung lustily, and the man sat down. It is difficult to control such characters without being rude. Sometimes I have been compelled to say. "Brother, we are not on that subject, ours is an experience meeting!" Not long since a man recently converted arose and in enthusiastic terms told us how he loved Christ, and was a Democrat, and was very happy that his man was elected! Two-thirds of those present were Republicans!

I have been called to see all classes of people, white, black, rich,

and poor, bond and free; men and women of all kinds of occupations, and of no occupation. Now appears one of my most active workers, requesting me to visit a sick Jew. This gentleman had heard me preach several times during the past winter. He resided far down town. Found him a very sick man. He addressed me thus, "You know I belong to God's favored people, Israel?" In his anxiety to be saved he expressed anxiety to get a clear view of the plan of mercy in Christ. In tenderness and with delicacy, I expounded the plan. Then closed the interview by saying, "If Christ was an imposter, He, as a Jew, was as safe as any other Jew; but if Christ was the Messiah and you reject him, the result must prove fatal." My purpose for that hour was to induce him to give his soul the benefit of the doubt. When at his bedside praying he not only responded audibly but wept freely. He assured me he often prayed. In leaving, hope sprung up in my mind that he was resting on our Lord and Savior.

According to the register, the attendance of ministers at the seashore camp-meeting, this year was large. Half of them were young ministers. Here they met a number of representative men, heard them preach, and noted their method of conducting revival exercises. This camp-meeting is a "unifier," as some one called it. The demoralization of war times had almost eliminated revival work, and a few of our better educated young men began to slur revival-meetings. Bishop Keener and several of the older ministers talked the subject over, and all agreed to stand by the old way. Bishop Keener spent much time in the altar, exhorting, leading in song and prayer. Dr. Linus Parker was down amongst the penitents. Dr. Edward Wadsworth set an example to the younger brethren. Then experimental religion was emphasised with power. Many of the distinctive doctrines of our Church were stressed. The younger preachers took in much by absorption and returned to their charges to follow the old paths. Here is an extract from the official report as published in pamphlet form. "The Rev. Dr. Mathews, of New Orleans, preached. Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock. He painted sin in colors that were hideous in the extreme. He showed how dangerous it is for man with the 'black seed of sin in his heart' to depend upon himself in his efforts to avoid the effects of sin; that nothing but the Savior's blood will do. Then, how can I escape the clutches of the monster sin?" Many penitents responded to the appeals from the pulpit.

Growing out of a statement I made in a sermon at that camp-meeting, I was subjected to a criticism which tried me to the core. This led me to the inquiry, "Are trials necessary?" Luther said, "In truth I see and feel, that those who mention me to my disadvantage do me most good." It has been well said that those "taking a positive stand for any truth or principle of righteousness must arm themselves with a mind to suffer." There is truth in each statement. Before this principle was understood by me, I subjected my-

self to criticisms which caused me great mental anguish. Craving to do good, much time was given to studying the language of the people and how to move them. To my surprise I was called by some eccentric, by others, a violator of the regular order of ministerial style and action. My one aim was to try to do great things for God. The critics accounted for my being placed in charge of leading Churches on the ground that I was a "pet" of the Bishops! In one case where a minister was severe on my methods, it took much prayer not to desire revenge. My true state of mind was revealed to me when a Bishop advised with me as to that man's appointment. It rejoiced my heart when I commended him.

In Alabama they tell an incident in which Joseph B. Cottrell, that bright spirit, characterized my preaching thus: "A man sees a dog passing by, and says, quietly, 'There goes a dog with a tail.' Mathews sees a dog and wildly gesticulating, shouts, '*My brethren there goes a dog with a tail!*'" A famous teacher, popular throughout Louisiana and Mississippi, heard me commenting on that sentence, "Man—a little lower than an angel." I said it meant "a little lower than Deity." This view I had seen in a sermon by a celebrated preacher. It seems this professor had never heard this translation, and went over the camp-ground saying, "Mathews does not know! I've never met with such a view!" This passed from lip to lip. The remark soon reached my ears, and I felt my influence was damaged. We met and talked it over, and I remarked, "If you will call at my office on your return home, I will show the authority for the view I gave." He did not call, but on reaching home, wrote to a learned Jewish Rabbi in Cincinnati asking his opinion. This Rabbi in an elaborate article sustained the view advanced by me. The professor met me and reported the opinion of this Hebrew scholar. But ninety-four ministers had gone home believing Mathews was ignorant, for this learned professor had said so!

My church stood in the center of a district in New Orleans given over to people of moderate means and to the poor. During this season we have had great business depression, thousands are out of employment and suffering is great. Yet in the midst of destitution, men developed saintliness of character. Some one gives an account of a great flower show held in London. All the flowers exhibited were grown in that city. The writer adds, "It is not much to grow splendid flowers in privileged places where there is pure air, sweet light and silver dew; but think of growing palms and myrtles, and roses in dingy courts, in murky cellars, in mean backyards, on narrow window sills! Think of growing prize blossoms in yellow fogs, stifling air, amid the breath of the million!" A splendid triumph over dark and terrible conditions! "Think of raising up out of the humblest surroundings, where the moral air is tainted and the surroundings gloomy; think out of such conditions, of women and men who are developed into qualities which entitle them, a moment after death, to seize crowns from angel hands, crowns

which in rapturous glow they will cast at the Savior's feet, crying, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, the riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!'"

Was sent for to visit one of those humble women out of whom saints are made. I hastened to respond, as the messenger feared she would not survive until the pastor could reach the dying chamber. As I entered the scantily furnished apartment, she greeted me in these words, "Almost home; almost home!" While sitting at her bedside singing one of the sweet hymns of the Church, when the chorus was reached, she, though faint, joined in singing,

"Home above, home above,
On the eternal shore;
And, oh, 'twill fill my soul with joy,
To meet my friends once more."

Her soul glowed with rapture as she peered down into death. In a little time she joined the angels in their high praises of her Lord.

Another Christian woman was visited the next day, a Mrs. Davis. For six years she had not been out of a little room called home. A tumor grew upon her person which the celebrated Dr. Stone estimated to weigh one hundred and fifty pounds! She suffered no pain, but could not walk across the room. Her condition at one time terrorized her, but faith overpowered fear. Many times have I visited her and heard her words of hope. Now she was sick and very nervous, being indisposed to talk. She opened her eyes on the physician, and said, "Doctor, I have not talked, but never have I felt Jesus so near before." In a day or two her purified spirit sped up the shining way and joined the blood-washed throng in the city of our King!

Before the days of Epworth Leagues, the young men, at the instance of the pastor, organized themselves into an "Aid Society." Since its organization it had been a power amongst young men. They met every Monday night and held an experience meeting. They visited one another, they looked up the absentees and greeted newcomers. They conducted their own services, alternating in leadership. The pastor was generally present part of the time at least. Sometimes older brethren attended and felt called upon to lecture them; sometimes undertook to solve knotty problems which have baffled the intellect of the ages. Once in a while I have been compelled to interfere, and in kindliness of spirit say, "We are not here for lectures, or exposition of Scriptures. I am paid to expound; give us a scrap of your experience." Sometimes elder persons have taken offense and retired, but the meeting was kept to its legitimate work. Two or three evenings past, a young man joined the class, but not the Church. His cousin, a converted Romanist, induced him to attend. He was very much pleased and had his name enrolled. On a following Sunday he started to take a ride on a street car, and fell; was cut in two, and

hardly knew what killed him. Without a moment's warning he passed into eternity!

I received a letter from a minister in Mississippi who heretofore had requested me to join him in prayer for a revival at a certain Church. In this letter he informed me of the answer; forty converted in his little meeting. Now he urged me to join him in prayer that God would put it into the heart of a certain man who had the means, to erect a house of worship at a needed point. One could hardly fail to join such an earnest minister. Nothing is too hard for God. This humble worker honored his Master's promise, and the Master honored his faith.

So constantly meeting demands, I had little time for introspection. Sometimes one is so busy he may overlook his own spiritual needs. In the midst of daily cries of distress, tales of poverty and sorrow one may be diverted from personal spiritual necessities. I have guarded against this danger. Through prayer and by the promises, my own soul has been nourished. There have been times when fear arose, or a doubt harrassed for a moment, but looking into the face of Jesus Christ these vanish. One's imagination may arouse fear. Like the story of the man hanging on the edge of a precipice through the dark hours of the night, believing that if his grasp failed him he would be instantly dashed into a thousand fragments. At length his strength would hold out no longer, and he fell, only to discover that his feet had been all the time, *but two inches* from the ground! The precipice had been the creation of his own imagination, and his long agony was needless.

Dr. Wheat is known throughout the Church for his ability and modesty. Some claim that he is the best preacher in the denomination. He has been a professor in the University of Mississippi for twelve years. He occupied the Carondelet Street pulpit at 11 a. m. one Sunday. It was not only a delightful sermon, but profitable. It was calculated to tighten one's grip on God. His text was, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know when He shall appear, we shall be like Him." It was really a great discourse because of its uplifting power. "Being sons," indicated our possibilities—they are amazing. A child in the house is not developed; does not know what it will be. But see the man in his maturity. Thus he passed on from point to point using facts and illustrations, not only apt but beautifully expressed. That sermon was worth a great deal to the soul. Dr. Wheat dined with us that day, and in conversation gave me his views on a large scale, both of men and things. He was unusually entertaining when drawn out.

I would like to pause here and go back a year to glance at Crystal Springs camp-meeting. A pressing invitation had been extended me to a meeting at this famous spot in Mississippi. On the 23d of July, accompanying Rev. J. B. Walker and Rev. J. D. Parker, a local minister and an exceptionally godly man, we took the train for

Crystal Springs. Dr. Johnson, in charge of the Female College at Brookhaven, in Mississippi, is president of the Camp-meeting Association. It is a romantic spot for a camp-meeting. Close by are a number of springs of pure water. The arbor in its location is finely adapted for hearing as well as seeing. The pulpit is at the base of the hill, and the seats rise one above another. When the congregation is seated the scene is impressive. The minister can see every face. The first meeting was held five years ago. The meeting is held in a thickly settled community, and thousands attend from far and near. We arrived in time to hear the afternoon sermon by Brother Howell, of the North Mississippi Conference. After he had been preaching fifteen minutes his voice failed and he sat down both discouraged and sad. My information was, that last camp-meeting he was the man of power. Brother Nicolson, of Ocean Springs exhorted, and happily. At night Rev. Kenneth Jones, of North Mississippi Conference preached. His text was, "The wages of sin is death but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." He preached effectively; seven or eight mourners were forward for prayer, and two professed conversion. He was in his prime, and of fine physique, erect and manly in appearance, blessed with a very fine voice. The following morning at 8 o'clock, a short discourse was followed by an experience meeting. The time was consumed by five brethren going into uninteresting details of experience, and without intending it they spoiled the meeting. At 11 a. m., Dr. J. B. Walker gave us a fine sermon, employing this term in its best sense. His text was, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." The three elements of effectiveness in his discourse were, clearness, pointedness and pathos. His voice was modulated according to the best rules and his sentences were rounded and beautiful. He was amongst a people who held him in high esteem. A few penitents at the altar. A sermon of too high polish does not win souls. At 3 p. m., a comparatively young minister occupied the pulpit and gave us an interesting discourse on David's advice to Solomon: "My son, know thou the God of thy fathers." It was a good sermon, somewhat ornate and finely delivered. He is the pastor of our Church in Jackson, Mississippi, and full of promise to the Church. That young man is now the celebrated Bishop, C. B. Galloway, of Mississippi, famous for his oratory and moving power, and is universally beloved. At 8 p. m., I was in the pulpit and gave the people a discourse on "The sick and the physician," from the text, "They that be whole, need not a physician, but they that are sick." The congregation was immense, and God helped me. At the close penitents were invited to the altar and a large number responded; it was estimated that there were at least one hundred mourners in and around the altar. Dr. Johnson, before dismissing the audience, invited those who had been converted to come forward and shake me by the hand. Seventy-two responded. Several converts had gone home as it was very late. Old and young caught the flying joy, and

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I would like to pause here and go back a year to glance at Crystal Springs camp-meeting. A pressing invitation had been extended me to a meeting at this famous spot in Mississippi. On the 23d of July, accompanying Rev. J. B. Walker and Rev. J. D. Parker, a local minister and an exceptionally godly man, we took the train for

Crystal Springs. Dr. Johnson, in charge of the Female College at Brookhaven, in Mississippi, is president of the Camp-meeting Association. It is a romantic spot for a camp-meeting. Close by are a number of springs of pure water. The arbor in its location is finely adapted for hearing as well as seeing. The pulpit is at the base of the hill, and the seats rise one above another. When the congregation is seated the scene is impressive. The minister can see every face. The first meeting was held five years ago. The meeting is held in a thickly settled community, and thousands attend from far and near. We arrived in time to hear the afternoon sermon by Brother Howell, of the North Mississippi Conference. After he had been preaching fifteen minutes his voice failed and he sat down both discouraged and sad. My information was, that last camp-meeting he was the man of power. Brother Nicolson, of Ocean Springs exhorted, and happily. At night Rev. Kenneth Jones, of North Mississippi Conference preached. His text was, "The wages of sin is death but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." He preached effectively; seven or eight mourners were forward for prayer, and two professed conversion. He was in his prime, and of fine physique, erect and manly in appearance, blessed with a very fine voice. The following morning at 8 o'clock, a short discourse was followed by an experience meeting. The time was consumed by five brethren going into uninteresting details of experience, and without intending it they spoiled the meeting. At 11 a. m., Dr. J. B. Walker gave us a fine sermon, employing this term in its best sense. His text was, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." The three elements of effectiveness in his discourse were, clearness, pointedness and pathos. His voice was modulated according to the best rules and his sentences were rounded and beautiful. He was amongst a people who held him in high esteem. A few penitents at the altar. A sermon of too high polish does not win souls. At 3 p. m., a comparatively young minister occupied the pulpit and gave us an interesting discourse on David's advice to Solomon: "My son, know thou the God of thy fathers." It was a good sermon, somewhat ornate and finely delivered. He is the pastor of our Church in Jackson, Mississippi, and full of promise to the Church. That young man is now the celebrated Bishop, C. B. Galloway, of Mississippi, famous for his oratory and moving power, and is universally beloved. At 8 p. m., I was in the pulpit and gave the people a discourse on "The sick and the physician," from the text, "They that be whole, need not a physician, but they that are sick." The congregation was immense, and God helped me. At the close penitents were invited to the altar and a large number responded; it was estimated that there were at least one hundred mourners in and around the altar. Dr. Johnson, before dismissing the audience, invited those who had been converted to come forward and shake me by the hand. Seventy-two responded. Several converts had gone home as it was very late. Old and young caught the flying joy, and

God was praised in song and shout. On Saturday morning, after the 8 o'clock sermon, the prolific writer, Dr. Abbey, led the experience meeting, and with pure motive, urged the old Christians not to talk, and consumed forty minutes of the time, directing them to be still and let the younger people have a chance! But Southern young people, particularly in the country, have not learned to speak in Church services. He ordered no one should speak over five minutes. He is a great man, but great men sometimes make mistakes. He threw such a damper on the meeting that only a few dared to venture to talk. At 11 a. m., Dr. Linfield, of Canton, Mississippi, gave a very strong and clear discourse on the saying of Jesus, "This is your hour, and the power of darkness." It was a discourse remarkable for its results. Alienations were healed, and thus much good was achieved. The Doctor is a famous pulpiteer. At 3 p. m., Rev. Kenneth Jones again took the pulpit. A great audience confronted him. At first he seemed a little careless, but as he proceeded, his fine voice, graceful manner, as well as his thought, arrested attention and won the crowd. He closed with marked enthusiam and quite a number of penitents responded to his appeals. Professor Beardsly led the singing. Some of the hymns and tunes were beautiful but we needed better songs, and in conducting the altar exercises I several times asked the leader to turn to some of the songs which inspire faith and stir the soul. At 8 p. m., Rev. Joshua Heard discoursed on, "Thou God seest me." A great throng heard him and the silence was profound. He is a very useful preacher, a fine singer, and one of the best men in the ministry. As an altar worker he possesses that tact and skill which carry a soul at once to Christ. On Sunday morning I was up and out early. Dr. Walker and myself strolled outside the encampment, and on every side were reminded of like scenes in Tennessee, in boyhood. The people were in motion, coming from every point of the compass. The hillsides were already covered with buggies, carriages, and animals. At 8 a. m., the usual service, but the incoming throngs confused the Christian people. When the blast of the horn summoned the people to the 11 o'clock sermon the amphitheater was filled and many had to stand. The committee in charge appointed me to preach at this hour. I resolved to give the people a simple Gospel sermon. The text selected was that old pregnant question with the answer: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved? And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It was an opportunity for usefulness, and God knows I tried to use it for the honor of His Kingdom. My heart poured into God's ear earnest prayers for Divine help. The congregation was vast, estimated at five thousand. Every faculty employed by me was in full play and worked with ease. For one hour and a half I expounded and explained. My soul was all aglow and the people were responsive. Now and then a shout was heard, and at times, it seemed as if every one said amen! God manifested His presence and power. It was not customary to call

for penitents after the 11 o'clock sermon, on account of the multitude. I had told them what God could do for a seeking soul, and now I proposed to give them an opportunity. A large number came to the altar, more than could be counted, and there was heard the shout of a King in the camp! The songs and shouts of the people rolled out in volume, reminding me of the "Voice of many waters and mighty thunderings." If ever I commended my Savior and His love it was on this day! At 3 p. m., Dr. J. B. Walker gave the great throng a sermon on "Justification by Faith." It was an unpropitious hour, but the Doctor was equal to the occasion. It was a noble discourse, well delivered and clear as crystal. His illustrations were uplifting. Some of the ministers who sat half-way back in the audience said they could not hear him, owing to the weakness of his voice. This was followed by the administration of the sacrament. Fifty ministers were present. At night we all repaired to the arbor to hear Dr. Linfield. His text was, "For the great day of His wrath has come, and who shall be able to stand?" It was a great sermon. He held the profound attention from the first to the last sentence. The one in charge, requested me to follow with an exhortation, which was the plan of the fathers. I exhorted and was so carried away that I disabled myself. At the request of the committee I exhorted after nearly every sermon, and had sung and prayed until this hour's service unfitted me for further service during the meeting. We had ten conversions and a signal victory was won. What remarkable leaders God has in Mississippi! The 27th of August is what is known as "Association Day." It is set apart in the interest of the Association. An address of some appropriate character is delivered by some one appointed at a previous meeting. Rev. C. B. Galloway was elected for this occasion. His theme was, "Methodism." The young orator was at his best and gave us an address well conceived, rich in language and well delivered. It was highly praised, and directed the public attention to the fact that Mississippi could produce Bishop timber. In a few years he was elected to that high office and his work shows he stands abreast of his brethren in that exalted station. Being very hoarse and considerably exhausted, I declined to preach again, and arranged to return to New Orleans. The meeting went on with success, and many converts were reported. I have witnessed no such meeting since that day.

Dr. J. B. Walker, on his return, told some friends, "Mathews is killing himself." The weather is excessively warm and the demands more than I can meet. Went to see a washer-woman's sick daughter who is very low with malarial fever. They had no money to purchase necessities; supplied them with funds, and induced some friends of Christ to send food such as a sick child could eat. When I left that sick-room I ached from head to foot. However, walked several blocks to call on several members. Went on and called on a family across the street from the "Hotel Dieu." From there passed

on to visit an old Christian whose mind has been slightly clouded ever since her husband was killed at the gas works. The old lady forgot many things but never her Savior. She resided with a daughter whose husband deserted her; spent her fortune, then abandoned his family. He is a handsome man and said to be capable in business but lacks moral stamina, and is without an ethical conscience. Took two car lines for home for a 4 o'clock dinner. I felt weary and sick but said nothing of it to the family. After dinner, though depressed, called on several families. Reached home late, aching in every limb.

On the evening of September 11th, I managed to reach home, but found my family out calling. The house girl, finding me ill, prepared a mustard bath, and soon I was too sick to sit up. The next morning the family physician announced I had malarial fever. The pain almost set me wild. I was confined for fourteen days. Having a note to pay in bank I ventured out to settle it. The next day I relapsed and was on my back until the 9th of October. The Stewards voted me a month's leave of absence and funds to go on. Bishop Keener, Dr. Parker, and other friends advised me to go to Ocean Springs, which I did. Brother Wm. R. Stewart, that warm-hearted layman, met me at the depot and took me to his home, and gave me princely attention. In a week I felt such an improvement that I returned to the city and led my mid-week prayer-meeting. The next day relapsed into fever. My imprudence kept me out of my pulpit for eight weeks. Two or three days before my sickness, I had stated publicly that during my administration we had never been so prosperous. Our class-meetings, prayer-meetings and Sunday-School thoroughly organized, and was able to touch every member inside of twenty-four hours. I could but wonder why this affliction just now? Perhaps God wished to show me that I was not necessary to his Church. I had time for reflection as I lay upon my sick-bed. Part of the time my brain was so tortured I could not pray. I said to the Doctor, "I feel as Bishop Janes expressed it on his dying bed; that he had done all his praying beforehand." Thank God there was no alarm. One day suffering intensely, and feeling discouraged over my physical condition, I thought I had shown some impatience, and I said to one at my side: "It is confusion on the outside, but it is all peace in my heart. I am hid in the cleft of the Rock!"

During my illness a little girl whose mother took in washing for a living, died. She joined the Church over a year ago. A seamstress who worked all day, at night would go and nurse this child to give the mother rest. Mrs. Tipton, going as usual to look after this little sick Christian, under the child's direction went and found a leaf of a prayer-book, which the child had picked up in the street and preserved among her treasures; she took this leaf, at the request of the invalid, and pinned it to the mosquito bar, in front of her eyes. She had grown too feeble to make the mental effort to pray, but

would talk with God as her eyes ran along the printed lines. This seamstress closed the eyes of her patient in death, and raised money to give her a decent burial.

Walking one day with wife to Church, I suddenly stopped, as the passage leaped through my soul, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." I exclaimed: "I have a right to that blessedness, for much of my time has been given to restoring peace in families." On one occasion a man whom I did not know called to secure my influence with his wife to return to his house. He was a plausible talker and gave me a pathetic story, and entreated me to secure her consent to return. My sympathies were aroused, and in that state of mind I called on the lady, and soon explained the object of my visit. Then her side of the story was given, which placed things in such a light as to amaze me. This was the second time she was compelled to leave him. Night after night he returned home drunk; cursed her again and again; threatened personal violence, then kicked her and put a knife to her throat. He was rarely ever at home before midnight. The many witnesses she had surprised me for their intelligence and number. However, I informed her of his pleadings, his nice speeches and ardent desire for a reunion. "No, no; never will I go back to him—never!" My mission failed. Possibly it was well. Liquor was his master and it made him a half fiend.

In these days getting ready for Conference is not only a tax but a trial, sometimes a sore one. Time, patience and physical endurance are involved. No matter how early the pastor notifies the congregation there are always laggards. The collections are behind. The steamboat was advertised to leave on Saturday afternoon, but did not leave the city until Monday afternoon. We got under way with a cheerful, happy company on board, most of whom were bound for the seat of the Conference. This has been one of the busiest and most successful years of my ministry. With the blessing of God the term has ended hopefully. My physical vigor has been regained, and my faith is relying upon the Infinite Arm, nestling in the same bosom where I have nestled since childhood, and moving on paths where joys have sprung up on every side! The Leslie Taylor, was the name of our boat. Twenty-nine preachers were on board including dear old Bishop Paine. The ministers had left their burdens behind, and were like a company of schoolboys entering upon vacation. Bishop Paine seemed to renew his youth, and interested us with incidents of the past. John Hannon, always brilliant, amused the company in various ways. He had a "mind reading," an amusing trick to take off a class of pretenders. We reached the town of Washington on Wednesday morning. We had six miles to go to reach Opelousas, the seat of Conference. Hacks and carriages met us and we were soon domiciled in our temporary homes. I found a congenial home with Dr. Foster, a noted layman, a gentleman in every true sense of the term. He had rented a large

house and removed into the town to aid in entertaining the body, and enjoy the fellowship of his brethren. The Conference opened before the arrival of the Bishop. The Rev. John Pipes had been elected temporary president. He is a veteran in the service and a man of stainless reputation. At night we had the pleasure of hearing Rev. T. K. Fauntleroy preach. He is young in the ministry, and full of promise. He was an officer in the Confederate Army and made quite a reputation as a fighter. A remarkable fact in his case is, in private conversation he stutters, at times painfully, but never in the pulpit. At the close of his discourse, Rev. H. O. White sang a solo, then exhorted, and some persons went forward for prayers. When the second day's session closed the Bishop had managed to get through a great deal of routine business. He has been noted for his ability as a presiding officer and a pulpiteer, as well as a born gentleman. The old soldier is broken with age, but his heart is still aflame with holy fire. Taking a survey of the body, one wonders how well dressed they are, considering the smallness of the salaries received. No Conference in the connection is so poorly paid. Leaving out New Orleans preachers, the pay is meager. What heroic men, working steadily, and some of them receiving sixty and eighty dollars per annum! Louisiana is the hardest field we have. I have never failed to admire these men; the number is too great to name them, but their names are written in Heaven. On Friday night I was appointed to preach. I preached for souls, and the Holy Spirit used the truth to the conviction and salvation of many. When the invitation was given men and women pressed forward. They filled the altar, and the aisles as well as the front pews. Men and women, old and young shouted the high praises of God. It was late, many had gone home, when some one suggested, "Invite the converts forward to shake hands." Twenty-six responded. As the old Methodists phrased it, we had a time of power. The next morning when the meeting was reported in Conference, one brother moved to sing the long-metre doxology. It was sung with great vigor and spirit. On Saturday routine business was rushed through with due care. The election of delegates to the General Conference elicited deep interest. The ticket was cut and dried. There is in some of our Conferences a group of men who are Church politicians, and select a ticket which is generally elected. The brethren elected are worthy and true. After the election, Dr. J. B. Walker read a series of resolutions on the death of our highly esteemed Bishop Marvin. The service which followed was full of heart interest and pathos. Dr. Linus Parker was particularly happy in his address. Bishop Paine closed with a matchless address in honor of his dead colleague. At night the Missionary Anniversary was held. Dr. C. W Carter, famous for three things, modesty, ability and pulpit eloquence, made the principal address. It was chaste and eloquent. Rev. A. E. Goodwyn, so many years treasurer, followed. He talked too long, and when he discovered the fact, sat down without taking the collection as ap-

pointed! By request I lifted the collection which reached over three hundred dollars. At 9 a. m., Sunday, I attended Conference Love Feast, led by our holy servant of God, Rev. Lewis A. Reed, who was always found in a hallelujah mood. At 11 o'clock, Bishop Paine gave us a well constructed and forceful discourse. Now and then, the old-time fire kindled his soul, flashed out of his eyes and flamed from his lips. Noble leader of the host of our Lord has he been! At night I preached at the town of Washington. The pastor said the congregation was made up of Jews and Roman Catholics. We had eight penitents. I magnified the Gospel of Christ, and challenged them to try it: give it a chance and see what it would do. On Monday morning Conference convened to wind up its business. The last question was propounded, "Where are the preachers stationed this year?" The Bishop sat in his chair while announcing the appointments. "New Orleans District, L. Parker, Presiding Elder; Carondelet Street charge, John Mathews." This was my fourth year. My prayer was, that God would so bless me as to make it my best! What a thrilling occasion such a moment is to an itinerant preacher. There he sits listening; not knowing whether he shall be sent east, west, north or south. He may land in the midst of hardships, dangers and toils unprecedented in his history! At Washington ninety-eight preachers boarded the little steamboat "Bertha." Half the passengers had to sleep on cots or on the floor. On our homeward journey Bishop Paine complained of numbness and sometimes staggered as he walked. He was not conscious of his condition, and some feared he might not live to reach his home in Aberdeen, Mississippi. We reached New Orleans on Wednesday at 8 p. m. Took the street car and was at home when wife returned from prayer-meeting. I was ready for a new campaign.

While absent one member had died, and two persons had joined the Church. The lady who died was a fine character. Her last days were spent with a beclouded brain brought on by fright. She was on her way home from Shreveport, where she had been visiting her brother. The steamer "Lotus" had caught on fire. Mrs. Massey and daughter, in their fright, jumped into the river; the latter caught hold of the wheel with one hand, and held her mother with the other until rescued by some one in a skiff. The shock so affected the mother's mind she concluded she was forsaken by man and God. She would not allow prayer offered in her behalf, nor would she pray herself. Poor soul, what a glorious vision opened before her when death lifted the cloud, as she looked upon the face of Christ in the Holy City!

CHAPTER XXVI.

Fourth Year at Carondelet Street.

The day after my return from Conference, a lady called to invite me to visit a middle-aged lawyer, one of prominence and literary culture, and a leading member of the bar, with an income reputed from twelve to sixteen thousand dollars per annum. He is a brother of my special friend, Judge Cotton. I found him prostrated with a nervous disorder. He informed me that he was anxious to see me, saying, "My brother assured me you could show me the way to be saved." On any subject suggested, they say this man is remarkably intelligent, save the subject of religion. I have rarely ever met a man so utterly ignorant of Christ and his system. It was necessary to begin with him in the primer of Christianity as one would begin a child in the alphabet. After explaining the necessity of repentance, then faith in Christ as a person, words of prayer were put into his mouth, "God have mercy on me for the sake of Thy Son Jesus Christ." Step by step he followed me, stepping forward, then would step back as one walking in a dark place. He had never given the Bible or its principles an examination. To me, it was a marvel to find in a Christian land one so cultured on many lines totally ignorant of the simplest elements of the Gospel! His case convinced me more deeply than ever, that indifference is one of the curses of our age. My heart yearning to help this man, a second call was made. He assured me in stately words, "I will accept your propositions, and receive Christ as my Savior!" Then bowing at his bedside, fervent prayer went up to God which affected him visibly. Then I tried to so simplify truth by illustration that his mind might grasp it fully. Knowing by experience the touching power of song, I sang the hymn beginning,

"Arise my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears."

He wept freely, and said, "How encouraging! How clear!"

Often the most highly gifted as to knowledge and strength of will, may through defect of memory, or lack of self-possession, do the very thing resolved to avoid. A noted teacher, in New York, often suspended the regular school exercises, to give the pupils a five-minute lecture on some subject pertaining to self-mastery. One day his lecture was on journeying by stage-coach, as people did fifty years ago. He emphasized the advice that in case of a runaway, to keep to the coach as long as possible, and to beware of yielding to the temptation to jump off. "Nevertheless," he added, "if escape from the carriage becomes necessary, always jump off in the direc-

tion in which the carriage is moving." Not long after, the professor was traveling on the outside of a four-horse coach, when a fright suddenly seized the animals, and they all bounded away, beyond the control of the driver. In the moment of extreme excitement, the professor failed to realize his own precept, that had seemed so simple, and sprang from the carriage in the direction opposite to that in which it was moving, and was killed instantly. One may inculcate a valuable truth, and yet fail to practise what he preaches; not through hypocrisy or sinful intent, but through the weakness of nature.

In closing the year 1877, as far as possible the old order was observed. At 9 p. m., the service to spend the closing hours of the year, began. I had headache, with three hours of active work ahead of me. The meeting was held in our large lecture-room, that the congregation might form a compact body. There was a large attendance at the opening, but people kept crowding in until 11 o'clock, creating confusion. I was compelled to order the doors locked. The aisles and even the windows were crowded. I selected a hymn which they all knew, and would sing with spirit. There is always an advantage gained in a good start. A boy with his sled, in winter, at the top of a hill, only needs a good shove to start him. His own momentum will do the rest. The next step was to call on a warm-hearted brother to lead in prayer, one who is always in the mood of prayer. Then a couple of lively songs were sung, after which the pastor gave a three-minute exhortation to repentance in the form of confession. Then two prayers followed, short and crisp; called on parties who could not offer long prayers. After this, some lusty singing. Then a short discourse by the pastor into which I put both my head and heart, feeling the imperiled condition of many who came to laugh, and hoping they might remain to pray. This was followed by a few sweet experiences. Then a very short talk by the pastor, urging unsaved to repent and be saved before the old year was entirely gone. Eleven came to the altar as seekers of salvation. Only a few minutes of the old year remained. A hymn was sung, then a prayer followed; after which the call to consecration was made: "All who are willing to enter into a new covenant with God come forward." There was a rush. We bowed together for a moment in silence; then I began, in a minor key, to sing the hymn beginning,

"Show pity. Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live."

Many voices wailed out the solemn strain; then the "Covenant Hymn" was sung, five minutes before the year expired. Then on our knees, in silence, save a plea for pardon, each covenanter spent the last moments of the year 1877 in holy adoration. The scene was such as would gladden an angel's heart! When the New Year

rolled in, all rose from our knees, the organ struck the chord, and all fairly shouted out, as we grasped each others hands:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

My years are speeding away, but the New Year finds my soul more thoroughly awake for the salvation of men and the betterment of the world. As I look over my shoulder into the past, there are blotted pages, weaknesses and shortcomings. During the past year I did not shirk duty or spare myself while seeking to build up the Kingdom of Righteousness. But there has been so much of self in it all; I need God's mercy. God is so holy, that the reflection of that holiness sometimes makes me shudder, and I can only cast myself at His feet and plead that one word, "Mercy! Mercy, for the sake of Thy Son!" A sentiment that fell under my eye fifty years ago, still lingers in my memory, and drives me to the Man of the Cross: "Wo, to a good life if God should lay aside His mercy when He examines into it!" The new year dawns upon me with this prayer rising within me, and reaching the point of importunity: "God bless me in body and soul; bless my wife and children; bless the work of my hands, my brain and my heart; give added power to my ministry, and give me a multitude of souls for 1878! Amen; and amen!"

My young friend, Rev. Mr. Nabors, of Houston, Texas, called to see me. He was my colleague in Montgomery, Alabama. He is a rising young man, popular and petted. He gave me a large share of gossip from the Texas point of view. The General Conference is to meet in May and ministers are discussing the possible Bishops. I answered him, "In this city the subject is not mentioned." Rev. John A. Ellis dropped in on us, and though a man of unusual prudence, joined in the gossip and said certain men were discussed; among others, Dr. R. A. Young, Dr. D. C. Kelley, Dr. Linus Parker, and Dr. Johnson, of Mississippi. Young Nabors remained to talk over the best method of drawing congregations, and conducting prayer-meetings. His method for prayer-meeting was to announce his topic beforehand; he gave as an instance, "A widow mentioned in the Bible." My method never led me to announce a topic. My method is to so project the heart into truth when uttered, that men will feel its charm and power. To such an one the human spirit turns for sympathy; give the heart what it craves and people will seek your ministry. The masses do not care a straw for the solution of theological theories. They want facts. They desire to know if God will lend His aid to human necessities? Will He supplement human infirmities and save a soul clinging to Christ?

A young man called at the office, a recent convert from the Roman Catholic Church. His purpose was to let me know his

happiness in his newly-found hope. This gave me pleasure. Then, Dr. J. J. Lyons one of my purest and best members stepped in to have me visit a family in distress. Next I went to the home of one of my Stewards whose wife was dying with consumption. Mrs. Moore elicited my most prayerful interest. She was an Episcopalian, and a lovely woman. She knew little of the joy of a conscious salvation. Some time ago her physician notified her that death was inevitable. It frightened her so deeply, it was painful to hear her words of alarm. I instructed her, beginning at the simplest elements of God's way of saving a soul. One of my last visits gave me holy joy. She had surmounted fear. She desired to hear song and prayer. Her soul drank in these with relish! This last interview abides in my memory. It was mingled with tears and triumph. After giving assurances of her reliance upon Christ and her anticipation of Heaven, her face was lighted with a celestial glow as she said to me, "Brother Mathews, have you any messages to send to Heaven?" Kneeling at the side of her couch, I whispered into her ear words such as welled up in a father's heart, "Tell my children their father is on the way; tell my other loved ones I am pressing on!" Then drawing my face close to hers, with a hand on each cheek, she said, "May God Almighty bless your dear soul! What a blessing you have been to me!"

On January 6th, attended Sunday-School as usual. At 11 o'clock service two children were to be baptized. Mr. John Shansy came to us, a convert from the Roman Church, then his sister followed; now the two younger ones are to be baptized and received into our communion.

On the first Sunday of the New Year, my morning discourse was based upon Job, 17, 9. "The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." The theme was, "Moral Growth." My first sentence was this, "If a lump of clay can be organized into a bird, what wonderful metamorphosis may occur on any line God may choose!" The mind begins with one and one make two, then passes up until it can measure the distance of the sun. What an immense growth must follow the proper culture of the moral nature! Perfect knowledge is not possible to us; truths are only half visible to us. The forces latent in the soul of a child, who can measure? Who then can explain the capabilities of maturity? Upon these general principles was based a forty-five-minutes' discourse, after which, the communion was administered to a large number of disciples, among them many young men.

Dr. Tudor, my predecessor, and now pastor in St. Louis, wrote to me requesting New Orleans Methodism to aid in erecting a monument to our great Bishop Marvin's memory. At the regular meeting of the Stewards the subject was presented and readily adopted. Philip Phillips proposed to give one of his sacred concerts. Half of the receipts to go to the monument, he to receive the other half. A

packed house greeted him and he sang with rare sweetness. A handsome sum was raised.

Here is one of a number of unsigned letters received during a pastorate: "Dear Sir: Having listened attentively, of late, to several of your discourses, and having admired the argumentative force of them, I request not only for myself, but at the suggestion of others, who will be delighted to listen, that you will preach on the following subjects: 'The difference between Trinitarianism and Unitarianism, in the ordinary acceptation of the terms; and also in regard to their real interpretation.' 'The immaculate conception.' 'The forgiveness of sins; or are they ever forgiven? Does not every sin carry its own punishment in this life?' (Signed) An attentive listener and a seeker after truth?" Most of these are problems with which metaphysical minds love to wrestle. To discuss these would interest a few, while the many care but little about them and would go away unfed. Being unwilling to be side-tracked from seeking to save the many, I never responded to these requests.

Pouting members are like pouting children, difficult to manage. To meet these and all other moods requires more than Solomon's wisdom. Some days I am appalled at the number to be pacified and humored. An excellent kind of a member called, who was in an ill-humor, and requested a Church certificate. His name unintentionally was omitted from a printed list of a committee to attend to some special work. I declined as gently as possible to give him a certificate; will wait until he cools off. Some tell the pastor to let such go. Does the father let the pouting child go? Then a man and his wife sent in their resignation. They felt insulted by a speech made by a Steward concerning the support of the Church. These were touchy people. Let them go? Never! They may be of small advantage to the Church, but the Church may be highly advantageous to them.

Being urged by a friend to visit a lady on Josephine Street, I called and found she was an acquaintance. Two years ago, though a Roman Catholic, she attended a protracted meeting in the lecture-room. To my surprise to-day she informed me she had given up Romanism, and had embraced the Jewish faith! She told me she now worshiped one God, that she spent much time in prayer, and enjoyed peace. My endeavor was to show her that her present state of mind was a rebound from Romanism. She elicited my deep concern on account of her novel action and views. Her husband is in affluence and goes in for fun and high living. This woman in early life became interested in the welfare of her soul, and desired to join the Methodists, but her friends objected; this Church was not fashionable enough. She joined the Episcopal Church. Was not happy. Romanists assured her rest would be found in their Church, but she never found the peace she sought. Now the revulsion of feeling has, like a great wave, carried her to the other extreme. God pity this poor wanderer, looking for rest in means instead of resting on Christ!

On the 28th day of January, 1878, as per announcement from my pulpit, thirty ladies met to organize the first Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Mrs. Bishop Keener called to consult about officers; she had the matter on her heart. At the appointed hour, the pastor called the meeting to order. After devotional exercises, Mrs. Judge Merrick, a lady of large ability, acted as temporary secretary. A committee was appointed to nominate permanent officers. The following were nominated and elected: Mrs. Mary A. Mathews, president; Mrs. Dunica, Mrs. Dr. Moss, Mrs. Perry Nugent, and Mrs. Judge Merrick, vice-presidents; Mrs. Varin, secretary; Miss Phala Mathews, corresponding secretary, and Mrs. R. M. Walmsley, treasurer. It was decided to furnish small blank books to members, that the name of any person might be entered who would pay ten cents per month, and collect the same. Fifteen ladies took books. Thus the society was launched forth and became quite a factor in helping the cause of Christ in Mexico. A special meeting was called for Thursday night to greet the recently appointed missionary to Mexico, Rev. Mr. Patterson. On Thursday night Bishop Keener was called to preside temporarily, then Dr. Linus Parker was appointed chairman. Dr. J. B. Walker conducted devotional exercises. Dr. Patterson was introduced and spoke briefly. A young Mexican who had been three years in college spoke well. Bishop Keener then gave us an able address, bristling with sharp points and many facts. He then lifted a collection of four hundred and sixty-five dollars. Mr. R. M. Walmsley, in his quiet way, arose and proposed to give three thousand dollars as his contribution in the name of the Carondelet Street Sunday-School. Bishop Keener stated, "This Mexican Mission had its origin in this room. A few years ago while delivering an address at a Conference, the movement was suggested by Mr. R. M. Walmsley, who pledged funds enough to send the Bishop out to inaugurate the enterprise. The Missionary Board was too slow in acting; it had not grown up to the movement."

Some Churches are organized to death. So much red tape, that life is quenched out. We have three societies under the control of the pastor and at least two independent ones. We have "The Young Men's Brotherhood," "The Friends of the Friendless," and the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society." We have a finely organized Sunday-School; and six Methodist class-meetings. Each society fills a niche of importance.

The daily press has been allowing the assailants of the doctrine of "Eternal Punishment" to air their views *in extenso*. At the morning service I announced that in the evening I would preach on this subject. The audience was immense. The text, Matt., 25:46. My appeal was to the intellect. Having given much thought to the question, I was fortified with arguments. On the nature of punishment I was brief; on the duration I lingered, dwelling at some length. I took up the two words over which the battle is waged, and presented the views of the ripest scholars. The crowd, and the subject,

created the necessary mental action which enabled me to present the subject clearly. For one hour and a half I handled the question in a way to do the most good. At the close five persons joined the Church. They would escape eternal ruin.

The financial depression was fearful. Hundreds were out of employment; and how the many managed to live, is a marvel. Two brothers called, of German descent and name. They were out of work. Came not for money, but for advice and encouragement. One lost his job yesterday. His boss had a friend and dismissed this young man to make a place for this friend. I inquired, "What salary were you getting?" Judge of my surprise when he replied, "One dollar and a half a week!" Supporting himself and wife on that amount! These brothers were more than ordinarily intelligent, and were active workers in a German Church. They came to secure a recommendation for a place on the police force. These are samples of persons coming to me continually. What a strain on one's sympathies!

A female lecturer on temperance sought my indorsement. She was a stranger to me. In as sweet a way as possible for me, not being a master in palaver, I informed her of the general prejudice, in our Southland, to woman lecturers. We could not violate convictions and tastes of generations; people must be educated out of these prejudices and it takes time. Lord Bacon says, "Prejudices are idols, and people abandon everything else before their idols." In a bland way I informed her I could not let her have my name indorsing her as a lecturer, adding, "Madam, you may be all any one could desire in character and qualification, but you are a total stranger to me."

A rainy day was spent in study. Read several authorities on the distinction between soul and spirit. Followed these words through a number of books; spent five hours in the investigation. Was still at sea, so much vagueness. Soul and spirit are used interchangeably by writers and speakers so often that one can hardly reach a clear conception of the distinction. After dinner, at 4 p. m., called to see two ladies who were very ill. One of these, a Miss Clavier, had been sick for weeks, but very hopeful over her spiritual state. Had an interview on religious things, then a hymn and prayer. From that bedside, I passed to another, to see a Mrs. Perkins who was sick unto death. Sat at her side opening up promises, strengthening her faith in Christ; then prayed with and for her. My purpose was to reinforce her for the inevitable event of death. She was clinging to her Savior with an unyielding grasp!

It has been my custom to give special attention to those who are partially deaf and blind. We had several members thus afflicted. Called to see one of these whom I found unusually despondent. She told me that very few spoke to her, because of the difficulty of communicating with one under these infirmities. She rather nursed the feeling that she was deserted. I put my vocal powers into full

play, and in a clear, full voice, enunciated every vowel. She understood me as I plied her with some of the rich, ripe promises of our Holy Book. I then pressed it upon her to send up mental prayers for blessing; and told her that she ought to sing a good deal. Then turning from the grave things, to rid her of glumness I sought to set her laughing by asking, "Do you remember any of the love songs of your girlhood?" "Oh, yes," she answered, as a smile lighted up her wrinkled face. Then I added, "Sing them; call up old memories that are sweet." "Are they not sinful?" she asked. "No, no," I replied, "they are only sentimental; and harmless things may be used to banish gloomy moods." Then I pressed her to go out into the sunshine—get a sun bath, and thus take in freshness by absorption. After religious devotions I turned my steps in a new direction, feeling I had warmed one old heart at God's fire!

New Orleans is known over the civilized nation for her spectacular shows. "Mardi Gras" is the climax of her festivities for the year. On these occasions the city is crowded with visitors from all sections of our nation, and from across the seas. A very large sum of money is expended by the citizens to make it a notable day. The morning opened beautifully, and the people poured down towards the common center, Canal Street, and soon it was swarming with humanity. Taking our children, from Mrs. Emerson's gallery we obtained a very fine view of the remarkable procession. At night the spectacle was even more impressive. It was from heathen mythology, "Ovid's Metamorphosis." We examined our classical dictionary before dusk and were prepared to understand the meaning. It was pleasing to the eye as well as educative. Torch-bearers walked each side of the many floats. Band after band discoursed classical, fancy and comical music. Yet, to a thoughtful mind Solomon's line occurs, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!"

Rev. George Müller, the man of wonderful faith, visited New Orleans in the interest of the work of God. Dr. Palmer declined to give him the use of his church in which to give an account of his work. Word was sent him that Carondelet Street Church was at his command. Here is a man whose fame reaches the utmost bounds of Christian civilization. For over fifty years he has moved amongst men, handling millions of money, with never a blot on his name, and securing these millions without asking a human being for a cent; only asking God! He accepted our offer and at night the church was thronged from one end to the other to hear him. At his request the introductory services were conducted by me. In the story of his life work, he began at his boyhood. He told how he was led step by step; then how God tested the quality of his faith. When he began his work for orphans, he prayed thirty-four days for money, then only a shilling was given. His appearance, his mien, and his spirit, all combine to impress his simple but marvelous story. The value of his experience lies partly in this: Just now, prayer has been assailed by men claiming erudition, stressing laws

and second causes, as against God's interposition; it is something valuable to have a man stand before the world and, out of an experience of forty-seven years of practical test, assure men that God has never failed him! The incidents given by him were thrilling. Such an experience is worth hundreds of sermons, giving a flat and positive contradiction to the semi-infidelity permeating our popular literature. My heart throbbed over the mighty things our God wrought through him! The next Sunday I told my people that on a small scale my experience corroborated Mr. Müller's teaching. I gave the people instances of answers to my prayers in my humble sphere.

Being in a prayerful mood, I urged God to use our people and Church in the salvation of souls. I announced meeting for Monday night. The indications were more than favorable. Having gone down to church full of hope, for a moment or two discouragement affected me as I cast my eyes over the audience and found hardly half the number present usually attending our mid-week prayer-meeting. A reaction soon took place and faith mastered fear. I opened by saying we had at least as many present as in that upper room on the day of Pentecost when that company was baptized with holy fire. We had a great visitation at the close; fourteen penitents and five conversions! The Divine Presence was manifest, and joy overflowed our hearts. Of those who applied for membership, one was a remarkable case, a gentleman about forty-five years old, whom I did not remember. A lady stepped up to the platform and said, "Do you not remember that man?" "No," was my reply. "Why, you buried his wife two or three years ago." Then added, "I have heard that man curse God! Oh, he was so wicked. But here he is to-night, a marvel of God's boundless mercy!" The following night, though it rained so as to affect the attendance, we had sixteen penitents. After a brief sermon on, "Preparation for Eternity," the response to my call was prompt. There was a depth of conviction not common in late years; some crying out in anguish over their sins. One lady, in her agony over sin, cried aloud, "Oh, I have been such a sinner." The following morning a gentleman called who had been a member of another denomination for forty years. His visit was in the interest of his soul. With streaming eyes, he said, "What must I do—must I go forward to be prayed for?" When the exercises opened at night we had a large attendance. After a short talk, many responded to the invitation. The gentleman who called in the morning was at the altar. After the benediction had been pronounced he would not leave, and cried out aloud. A number gathered about him to sing and pray After earnest intercession, the Holy Spirit fell upon him, as a flash from Heaven and fired every faculty with glorious joy! The next night an increased attendance. After an exhortation by the pastor, eighteen came to the altar. The heinousness of sin had been emphasized. One lady was so deeply moved she cried out, "I have

been such a sinner." My reply was, "Christ is such a great Savior!" In a little while her soul grasped the promise and she was saved. On Sunday night we had one of those heavy rains which flooded the streets, and by count we had only seventy persons present. I hardly knew how to conduct the meeting, finally concluded to ask for penitents and twenty-three responded! It was after all, a high day in Zion! We continued on Monday night. An address of twenty minutes was closed with an appeal to seek salvation. Twenty-seven made the effort to find spiritual life. Many heart-rending intercessions went to the throne of mercy. A young man had been converted; to-night his mother was on her knees at the altar. He knelt at her side as she uttered strong cries and tears. It was not long until the fire fell and consumed her sins. Her face told the story as well as her lips. Five bright conversions to-night. A few lingered at the place of prayer to continue their suit. Some returned rejoicing, others exhorting their friends. The next afternoon met Bishop Keener and Dr. L. Parker at 112 Camp Street, our book-room. They discussed with me the themes necessary to be preached on revival occasions. I held the necessity of stressing "last things." "What do you mean by last things," said the Bishop. I replied, "Personal accountability at the judgment day; the second coming of our Lord, eternal punishment," and these themes were pressed home upon the people by the preachers of my boyhood. A very intelligent gentleman called to tell me of his condition. He professed religion years before. Had been a Church member, became careless, drifted into Darwinianism and lost his faith, and almost forgot God. He came to New Orleans and found his way to our church. The Holy Spirit used the truth as a search-light through his soul. He said, "I was taken with a pain in my heart. Though not a drinking man, when I reached home I felt I must take a stimulant to relieve me, but I suffered on. Going to church again, when you urged penitents to go forward I went, and while praying and trusting, God took the pain out of my heart!" At night, we opened with a hymn of penitence. The second one was preceded by the remark, "Let us now sing our prayers." The attendance was gratifying, and solemnity rested upon every face. We had not only our own people, but Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Roman Catholics. The people seemed deeply moved under the word of exhortation, and twenty-three came to the altar for prayers. The last person to approach the altar was a lady born and reared a Roman Catholic. She had attended every service. To-night she gave herself fully to God, laying hold on Christ as the hope set before her, and a flood of joy flowed into her soul. A gentleman of forty-five years was much engaged in his soul's welfare. Dr. J. J. Lyons directed my attention to him. He had not attended Church for twenty-three years until recently. Now the memory of a mother's lessons swept through his mind, and there he was, pleading with his mother's God for mercy. God heard his plea, and for the sake of Jesus our Lord blotted out his sins, and now

he has a new name and a new song! To see his face and hear his words of joy, made the scene one of thrilling interest. Then a lady dressed in deep mourning attracted my attention. When I approached her I found her weeping over her sins. Her prayer was for the peace that passeth knowledge. Soon she found what she sought and could sing,

> "Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
> That saved a wretch like me."

She, too, was a Romanist. Ere the service closed an opportunity was given to any who wished to become members. Nine gave their names.

The next day I was busy as a bee in pastoral work. I was requested to visit a little girl in St. Anna's Home. This Christian child was loved by all the inmates, and the lady managers had a special interest in this orphan. Her example, her spirit, her entire demeanor have a happy influence upon all around her. Christianity gives even a child moral power. As I was returning, information reached me that old Mrs. Balmer, who joined Felicity Street Church during my pastorate there, expressed a desire to see me. The matron of the Home accompanied me. Mrs. Balmer greeted me joyously, and said, "There are so many deaths—sudden deaths—in the Home, I do not know but it may be my turn next." She then uttered praises to God for a home in this Asylum, and blessed old Dr. Mercer for founding it; blessed the lady managers for their kindness, and God, for his love. She was born and reared in Ireland, a Roman Catholic, but was converted years ago. She then asked, "Will you come to see me when I am dying if I send for you?" "Certainly," was my reply. Her heart was right with God.

At night, we had a very large attendance. No formal sermon was needed, only a talk on personal salvation. The very atmosphere seemed spiritual and it was evident the Holy One of Israel was in His temple. Twenty-four presented themselves as penitents. They wrestled with God in prayer. The Kingdom of God suffered violence; the violence of faith. Seven persons professed to be converted. The incessant talking, constant singing, going from house to house, receiving visitors, affected me to weariness. My throat was becoming sore; but the idea of working for God is, to one's spirit, what a breath of fresh air is to a tired body. After a night of restful sleep, was up and got an early start to meet my obligations. Having learned that Rev. Tiff Foster, our young pastor of Moreau Street Church, was sick, I took the car and soon found him. He was convalescing, had had a light attack of sickness. We had a delightful interview on the object a minister ought to have in view. He was a fine specimen of physical manhood, devoted to his work and full of promise. At night held my usual evangelistic service. Great interest in the meeting and a large attendance. Evidently a good deal of prayer had reached the ear of God. After a brief presentation of

the necessities of the soul, twenty-seven penitents responded to the appeal. Their cries for mercy were touching! God descended as of yore, and eleven were converted. One brother, appointed for the purpose, took the names and therefore we had accurate reports. The next night, utterly weary, as I rode down to the place of worship, I kept repeating, "O Lord, this is Thy work; if anything is done, You must do it. I can not!" Found a house filled with people, but my weariness troubled me. My talk was, to me, rather tame, and God showed me his work could move forward without any one special instrument. When invited, thirty-seven penitents pressed to the altar. We remained in this place of power longer than usual. The seekers were so intent on securing forgiveness, praying and weeping, we could not send them away. Then one after another arose with songs on their lips; others exhibited tearful joy. Finally, when it was requested that those who had been converted would stand up, twenty-five had found Christ in the pardon of their sins. All formality vanished as a common joy enlivened all hearts. As I retired from the church, I noticed a gentleman whose face was very bright, and said, "You did not go to the altar to-night." "No," said he. "I found Christ in my shop to-day. I got the blessing there." We had an extraordinary congregation on Sunday night. Before the sermon I baptized eleven adults; then received forty into the church by ritual. The sight was inspiring and God's people were aglow. These receptions protracted the services. I preached on the 7th verse of the 51st Psalm. My subject was, "The Cleansing Process." It would have been better to have given a fifteen minutes' exhortation. Hindsight is always good, but foresight is needed! In dismissing the people, I remarked, if any wish to remain, desiring salvation, come forward while the congregation is retiring. Twelve persons forced their way through the crowd to the altar. At the morning service Bishop Keener had whispered in my ear, "Carry on this meeting the way you are doing," alluding to the fact that no outside help had been called in to preach. I had been severely criticised for not inviting brothers to preach. In former meetings I had brothers to preach, and they preached ably but not on themes to convict sinners. Sometimes, meetings are spoiled by able men who are not in full harmony with the revival spirit. I let them criticise, referring my motives to God. My jaded body and overtaxed nerves were calling for rest. Such a lull is like an oasis. Having attended to the demands of Monday sluggishly, early in the evening met the Stewards. They rejoiced over the work of grace going on amongst us. Closed on time for the meeting. The prospect for rain diminished the attendance. We had eleven penitents at the altar, and three conversions. Tuesday met a number of obligations. At night, with a sore throat and tired body, went to church. The continual strain upon body and mind for three weeks was telling upon me. The meeting would have to close to-morrow night, or ruin my voice, having used it without stint for so many years. At night

the congregation large and attentive. We had fourteen forward for prayers and seven conversions. How earnestly some of the penitents pressed their pleas! I was reminded of Martin Luther's state of mind under conviction, how he cried out, "O Master Staupitz, Master Staupitz! my sins, my sins!" All day Wednesday was in a mental struggle as to what course to pursue, close or continue the meeting. A large audience greeted me at night. The heat affected not only the pastor but the people, they looked jaded. Still we had a spirited service. Sixteen manifested a desire for salvation. My vitality was about exhausted and this condition compelled me to close the meeting. The regrets expressed were many. We ended with joy, with our flag flying in the breeze! The young converts were urged to attend the means of grace that they might grow up into Christ their living head. Praise the Lord!

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., was announced to preach in New Orleans on Sunday, at night in Dr. Palmer's church, and to lecture at Dr. Markham's Presbyterian Church on Monday night, for the benefit of their Bethel work. Perhaps no minister in America has been more severely criticised, and yet his sermons are more generally read than those of any other man in the world; not excepting Spurgeon's. His discourses leveled the masses. While not following logical processes his sermons contained much information, and were orthodox to the core. Tens of thousands read them with profit and the good he accomplished can not be computed. Crowds gathered to hear him wherever he preached or lectured. Many ministers, in viewing his drawing-power, were tempted to discouragement. My theory has been to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it is little. His visit to our city attracted all classes. On Sunday night he had a great audience in Dr. Palmer's church. On Monday night Dr. Markham's church was packed to hear his lecture on "The Bright Side of Things." I was more than entertained by his illustrations, incidents, and facts. His most convulsing story was one illustrating "touchy" people. His father had an old gray mare which he could not sell or give away. He and his brother had to groom her. She allowed no one near her with a "curry-comb." They got a long pole, tied the comb to it, and then approaching as near as possible to be out of reach of her heels, would give a swipe, and she would give a kick; thus they wrought, and thus she kicked! There sat in the gallery a man who was so touchy one could hardly say anything that was not followed by a kick. He did not laugh with the great throng! I feared to look toward him! We laughed and laughed for two hours, and the influence of that lecture did me good for years.

An old saint of my acquaintance was ninety-three years old, and a member of the Church for more than sixty years. This dear old soul was cultured, tasteful and entertaining to the last. She did not have a relative on earth; hence we do not know just when or where she was converted, but the evidence of its genuineness was

seen in her spirit. In early womanhood she laid her young heart with its purest affections upon God's altar. As years grew apace her qualities increased in beauty. There was no sourness in her spirit, nothing indicating moroseness; as her sun of life declined she passed into a beautiful mellowness that won all hearts. Christ was her strength and joy. Why did her Divine Lord spare her through three generations? There was a purpose in it. He wanted to show how He could sweeten life under circumstances of great trial. Her departure was as gentle and as beautiful as an autumn sunset. Her name? Well, it was Jennette Barrow. What of her new name? We will know that by and by!

I called at the home of a recent convert, a man whose conversion was so marked by Divine power it was the subject of very deep interest. He was a saloon keeper, but as soon as converted he abandoned the saloon. Now starvation stared him and his family in the face. The difficulty was to get work of any kind. He had rolled sugar hogsheads on the levee, as a day laborer, to get bread. So far he had held out, but the tempter was at work holding open the old way of making an easy living. He was making a desperate fight. My whole heart went out in sympathy for him. In his efforts to reform, he was in a pitiable condition. *He had gone out of both sides.* He had been obliged to forego his old associates, while the people toward whom he was coming gave him little or no sympathy —no social life or help. He was viewed with suspicion. This man having abandoned the evil, was in more danger than before because he was friendless.

A Baptist lady, a Mrs. Angel, sent her daughter to request me to visit an old man at her house, who is very ill. I reached the residence, to find a man over seventy years of age, sick in body and in mind, and hungering after a knowledge of Christ as a personal Savior. As I sat at his bedside, in as clear a manner as possible I unfolded the part Christ takes in saving a sinner. He wept freely and begged me to intercede in his behalf. After singing and prayer, I retired, thanking God that in this humble home was found a true representative of our Savior. This woman, who took this old and friendless man to her home, kept a cake stand on Canal Street. She gave him a place in her home that he might die in quietness.

A Rev. Mr. Brown was sent to me with a letter, by the Chaplain of the Sailor's Bethel. His story touched my finest sensibilities. He was reaching after God, but failed to find Him, for the reason he failed to go to the right source. He was sent to me that I might aid him through his tangles of mind. He was no doubt honest in his actions, but he spent much time studying Church history and traditions, and was bewildered. His condition of almost despair grew out of a wrong point of view. It is said, "In the Yosemite Valley there is a platform of rock so commanding the whole prospect that it has been practically called, 'Inspiration point.'" So there is in Christianity an inspiration point from which one may see clearly the

way to God. Christ is that point. This man wanted what John Bunyan called, "Heart's ease." He was a minister in the Episcopal Church, and a missionary in Africa for eight years. He was carried from his moorings by the Ritualistic excitement which, like a storm, swept over the Church of England. In his search after soul-rest, he was assured it could only be found in the bosom of what some termed "the Holy Mother Church." It never occurred to him to listen to Christ who says, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." He went into the Roman Catholic Church, and was sent over to be trained in the Romish Seminary in New Orleans. Instead of rest, he only plunged into darkness deeper and thicker. He uttered no unkind word against the Roman Church. It was his soul anguish of which he talked; he was heart-broken over his mistake. After a lengthy interview I urged him to do as did Luther: seek justification by faith and thus secure peace with God. He left my office, but at my request was to return at 3:30 p. m. On his return he brought letters from different sections and various persons. His personal appearance was attractive; his demeanor modest and subdued. In further interviews, he said he had but one acquaintance in the State, an English gentleman, in or near Donaldsonville. If he could get to his friend, he would remain there until he could write to England and reveal his action. In this interview he turned over to me his black gown, as he had no further use for it. I gave him money to pay for his lodging and fare to Donaldsonville. He wrote to me from his friend's home, and on his return to Europe. Many of the teachers of religion, instead of relieving the mind, becloud it with theories and traditions. I believe it was Cowper who wrote,

> "Oh, how unlike the complex works of man,
> Heaven's easy, artless, unincumbered plan!
> Inscribed above the portals from afar,
> Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
> Legible only by the light they give,
> Stand the soul-quickening words—'Believe and Live.'"

In New Orleans, for a number of years, it has been customary to celebrate the anniversary of the formation of the Sunday-School Union. Hon. Wm. H. Foster inaugurated the Union and acted as president until this year. Judge Foster was in the front of Sunday-School workers, and the Felicity School, under his superintendence, became famous throughout the Southern connection. The committee, under the guidance of the new president, S. K. Russ, invited Rev. F R. Hill, D. D., pastor of St. Francis Street Church, Mobile, Alabama, and Hon. Professor Goodale of Baton Rouge, to deliver the addresses. This year the anniversary was held on Easter Sunday, and it was made an occasion of interest and profit. Fourteen Sunday-Schools were represented. The audience packed the church, and the exercises by the children were deeply interesting. Dr. Hill

gave us a delightful and instructive address. He opened by alluding to the fact that I was his spiritual father; that when he was a boy thirteen years old I received him into the Church, in Spring Hill, Tennessee. Dr. Hill's clear and lucid address delighted our people. Professor Goodale was equally happy in his speech. Dr. Linus Parker said it was at least equal to any anniversary held in the past.

Rev. Green Andrews, D. D., of Mississippi, being in the city, I hunted him up, and invited him to fill our pulpit on Sunday. He was already engaged for both services. He was solicitous to know if I would accept the editorship of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate* in connection with the Presiding Eldership of the District, in case Dr. L. Parker was elected Bishop. That was a subject I had not considered. One thing I was sure of, I had no taste for either position.

Several of the delegates are in the city, on their way to attend the session of the General Conference; among them, Dr. Johnson of Whitworth Female College, at Brookhaven. Some of his friends speak of him for Bishop; others for Book Agent. He is a fine business man and would make a first-class officer at the head of our Publishing House. Rev. C. W Carter, D. D., worshiped with us on Sunday; he is on his way to General Conference. A great deal of gossip amongst the delegates; not much amongst our people. Sometimes I get heart-sick over the gossip about who are candidates for office. No doubt great injustice is done certain leading men whose friends name them for certain offices in the Church. Of one thing I am sure, I stand by my covenant with God, made at the sea-shore camp-meeting a few years ago, "If You will give me souls, You may give the honors to others."

In visiting a young lady on her death-bed, found her mind all aglow with love for Christ. There she lay talking sweetly of her Savior and the prospect of Heaven. It was as the talk of one anticipating reaching home. The Savior does wonders for any soul reposing on His promises. One can learn a lesson from so young a person, of faith and the sweep of that faith. She became a Christian when seven years old; is now seventeen.

A number of the ladies of the Church requested Brother Wm. R. Stewart to learn from me, if they would build a Carondelet Street Church tent would I occupy it this year? This I declined to do, for the reason that this will be the last year of my pastorate at Carondelet Street charge, and to furnish such a tent, now that I am liable to be removed from the city, would not compensate for the outlay. I reminded Brother Stewart that I helped to raise the first twelve hundred dollars, and also raised in Felicity Street Church five hundred dollars to pay for the grounds. More than that, I had done a large share of the preaching, besides conducting the altar exercises; rarely ever out of the altar until the services closed. I had paid my own expenses, save entertainment on the ground, and not an individual had proposed to accommodate my family. I

labored so excessively one year I was taken with a congestive chill and had to be taken back to the city and did not recover for some weeks.

I know not what other term to employ, than to call Brother Frank Parker my "Lay Deacon." He is a young man of admirable qualities and spirit, perfectly adapted to the work assigned him. His part is to look after our young men. He keeps a record of their names and residences. On Sunday the members of the committees appointed to aid him, take seats in different parts of the church, and note the absentees. After the sermon they meet Brother Parker and report their names, and at once these names are divided out and handed to another committee; the members go at once in search of those absentees; some may be sick, others may be losing interest. These visitations have a fine effect.

Mr. Gardiner, Superintendent of Dr. Palmer's Sunday-School, and Mr. Lyman, of the Presbyterian Church, called to secure my services for an address at a Sunday-School Anniversary of Workers. Mr. Gardiner is a lively man and spoke of his young son appearing before the session of Dr. Palmer's Church to be examined for membership. The lad was asked by the pastor, "My son, where did you form your purpose to become a Christian?" He promptly replied, "Listening to Brother Mathews in Carondelet Street Church." It gratified me to know that I had won this lad for my Savior.

Rev. Tiff Foster, of Moreau Street, wrote me, requesting me to preach for his people a certain night. He wished me to give them a formulated discourse. My reply was, "I did not come down to preach a set discourse, let me give them the Gospel in my own way." This Church is in the French part of the city and has had a struggle for years. Standing in the chancel, I took this statement for a text, "Nothing is too hard for God." At the close, twenty-five came forward to find a salvation of conscious acceptance with God. The Holy Spirit wrought with power. A sense of awe rested upon the audience. We fell upon our knees, and a few uttered sentence prayers, then a solemn hymn on our knees, all joining.

George W Cable was Superintendent of a colored Sunday-School. I accompanied him, on one or two occasions to address the children. I liked the little man for his daring to superintend a colored Sunday-School in face of public opinion. He was elected president of "The Open Air Reunion of the New Orleans Sunday-School Association." This organization had an "outing" for personal improvement. Dr. Hugh Miller Tompson, of Trinity Episcopal Church, and Mr. Gardiner, of Dr. Palmer's Presbyterian Church, delivered addresses in the forenoon. Then followed a basket dinner, and two hours for social intercourse. After which, Dr. J. B. Walker, of Felicity Street Methodist Church, gave a fifteen-minutes' talk on "Teachers at Work." The closing address was delivered by myself. It was a delightful day, one of pleasure as well

as profit. Mr. Cable presided with ease and grace, and gave quite a cheerful tone to the occasion.

In the life of a rosebush there is a season for growth; it at first shoots right up and is very brittle; then comes a season for texture, for strengthening and toughening. So in the life of a convert, there is a season for growth, then a season for texture; seasons for toning up and giving added power to conversion, that the subjects may become men of power. We have a large number of young men who need the tonic of truths, whose convictions must prove stronger than public opinions. Public sentiment in New Orleans is very strong in favor of certain doubtful expedients. The German Churches have Sunday picnics, and beer drinking on Sunday, dancing and the like subverting pleasures. The Episcopalians had a mule race to raise money to advance her interests!

June 13th, 1878. This is my birthday: Fifty-two years of age. Only yesterday a lad; to-day far on life's journey. My time is shortening. "O my Divine Redeemer, aid me in improving the remaining days allotted me!" This is the fervent prayer of my heart. I am admonished of the inevitable. Eternity stretches far on in front of me. The end of my journey may be near. If I only realize the cleansing power of Jesus' blood, all will be well. Jesus, Savior of sinners, take my case; plead my cause, intercede for my poor soul! When I fix my attention on God's holiness, its unsullied beauty, and then turn to look upon my inherited nature, and my defects, more and more I feel the need of the great Intercessor! Jesus plead my cause! Thank God for the hope and faith possessing my heart! I rest on God's own promise in Christ Jesus. That promise and that Savior are all in all to me. I have the regret that I have not been more useful. Now, in the maturity of my powers, with a growing ideal of holiness and exact justice, I see how far short of the highest holiness and usefulness I have fallen. I have nothing personal to plead; no good works, no holiness, can only cry,

"I wash my garments white,
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb."

I have fought evil; have left no evil unrebuked; I have protested against sin; have sought to thrust it out, and have learned that only the Divine One can cleanse. O Lamb of God, I put myself in Your hands. You are to do the saving, I the trusting! I gave my heart to Thee in childhood; is it now Thine? God has brought me through many strange scenes. In many a battle I have followed my great Captain. I have had fightings without and fears within, but have kept the flag waving. I might have been more useful; my only refuge is to plunge into the purple flood! I have neglected temporal interests to advance Thy Kingdom; my life has been given to others; but if saved, O Lamb of God, You must save me! I stand on Your merits!

"In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

One morning a gentleman called to show me a letter and a large printed bill, publishing one Hays, as recommended by me. It seemed, from the story given me, this man Hays had obtained some patent medicine from a New York man for which he failed to pay. The amount was seven dollars and sixty cents. The threat was to force me to pay the bill, assuring me he would put up these posters in all the hotels, with my name in full as recommending him. I have been too often called upon for recommendations to be caught by these impostors. I found Hays' name on the Church register, but had no acquaintance with him, he having left before I became pastor. I simply wrote, stating he had been a member of the Church. I told this agent of the blackmailer to put up these posters on every lamp-post in the city if he so desired. The game did not work.

A gentleman called to interview me on the subject of going to Wheeling, West Virginia, as a pastor. Three years ago, a Mr. Little, on business in New Orleans, proposed the same thing; would insure me a salary of four thousand dollars, and a beautiful parsonage, well furnished. My answer was explicit: "I can not change my Church relations." Now Brother Bodely, just back from Wheeling, renewed the proposition, as my term at Carondelet Street Church would expire in December. The Methodist Episcopal Church holds a camp-meeting in August at Moundsville; this gentleman proposed to pay me one hundred dollars for expenses, that the officials might hear me, and I get a view of the city and church. I assured him I would be more than pleased to attend the camp-meeting, but I could not accept, as it would be getting money under false pretenses, as I could not entertain the thought of changing Church relations.

For five or six weeks rumors had been thick as to the presence of yellow fever in the city; the truth was, we had had more or less of it for several summers. It seemed this season the quarantine officials had not been as vigilant as usual and there was some excitement. Two lads called at my office, sent by Mrs. Wilson, wife of the Baptist minister, pastor of the Coliseum Place Church. Dr. Wilson had not been long in the city, and was alarmed over the presence of yellow fever. These lads came to request me to visit a gentleman dying of the fever. He was a member of Dr. Wilson's Church. I promised to go, though had never myself had the fever. On my way I called on Dr. Linus Parker, who disapproved of my going; thought the risk too great. I rode up and called at the residence of Dr. Wilson, found his wife at home and very much alarmed. She told me her husband did not know she had sent for me. He had visited the patient, and said it was unnecessary for me to go. In this neighborhood several cases had occurred. Within a day or two, Dr. J. J. Lyons, one of my Stewards, called and informed me the fever was spreading; that it was getting beyond the control of the Board of Health. Then he added: "If you are going to send your son Willie back to school in Tennessee, get him away at once,

as to-morrow the fever will be declared epidemic." I hastened up home to have Willie go down town with me to purchase his outfit. Dr. Holt was on the car, and urged me to get him out of town at once. While down town found the people greatly excited. Met my family physician, who urged me to send my family away. After making all necessary preparations, accompanied my son to the Mobile depot, to hasten him out of the city. I found several of my members who were leaving, several of our prominent members. Some of them in their excitement did not forget the pastor. Mr. Perry Nugent gave me his check for fifty dollars. Mr. R. M. Walmsley assured me he would write back and have arrangements made, so that I could draw money from his firm to live upon during the epidemic. I proposed to my wife that she take the four children and go up the country for safety. She absolutely refused to go and leave me here. I assured her in these words: "I am here providentially. It is His work in which I am engaged, and if I knew I would die here I would remain." From that day on for weeks, I was on the go, attending the sick and burying the dead. I moved with fleetness of foot; even then the demands could not be met. Some days I was so jaded that the sense of fellowship with Christ had vanished, but faith was mightier than feeling.

August 1st. The fever still spreading, and I am kept busy Everywhere I go, and every one I meet, it is the one topic of conversation. The Presiding Elder, who is an immune, urged me to stay indoors. How could I, when the cry came from all quarters, "Call and pray for us!" Strange as it may seem, the fever breaks out at a house on a street, it goes to the next, and on to the next, for blocks, then crosses over and goes down the other side of the street. When the plague struck St. Charles Avenue, slowly it crept on until it struck the family next door to us; we expected it, but to our surprise and joy it skipped our house and struck the house on the other side. We felt safe for the time being. The city authorities were busy trying to stamp out the plague; yet it continued to spread. Yesterday policemen were busy on our street pouring carbolic acid around the houses. They entered our yard and poured the acid everywhere. We carried on our Church work as if there were no epidemic. Held our Quarterly Conference, preaching services, and Love Feast, having large attendances at these meetings. A request came, not to allow the janitor to ring the church bell, as it disturbed the sick. The fever seems to shatter the nerves so that everything startles. It is remarkable how God has kept my family group in quietness of mind. The word tranquillity characterized our state. All who dropped in to see us, all I visited, and every one I met had but one subject—"the fever." The disease was still spreading; new cases all around—up town, down town, in the center, and on cross streets; still there were sections and streets almost without a case. But when one thinks of the weeks it had to run, through August, September, October, and possibly November, it was ap-

palling to some minds; but God kept us in a sweet repose on His bosom.

A colored woman called to have me visit a young woman dying with the plague. It was a long distance out. Found her sinking, and sought to help her as she passed through the valley of the shadow of death. She was full of hope, trusting in Christ. On reaching the house I found a broken-hearted father whose only daughter died of fever, wanting me to attend the funeral; his pastor was sick. Of course I promised. The sexton came up to inform me of the death of a member, Mr. Cellos. A Mr. Black's three daughters all stricken, and death claimed them. And to human eye the disease is only getting full headway. On Sunday preached, and had one accession. At the close a Steward stepped up to inform me of the death of Miss Kate Ober. She died that morning; it was unexpected, as all reports had represented her as doing well. She was a lovely character. This Steward informed me that my personal friend, Dr. Hale, of St. Charles Avenue Church, was down with the dread disease. The other evening I visited him and his pastor, Dr. Hannon. Dr. Hale doubted the presence of yellow fever in the city. I left at 9 p. m. At twelve that night he was stricken. In a day or two "Jerry" Parker passed our house early and informed us that Brother Hannon was taken with the fever that morning at 3 o'clock. Two physicians in consultation about his case. Buried Miss Ober in the morning, and at 5 p. m., buried a Miss White; in the interval visited Brother Southern, who had the fever. Reaching home, I found Brother Mullan; he had called to have me visit a Miss Hansel who was dying. The father was greatly excited and desired some one to talk with her. They were Episcopalians. In the morning, went up town to call on Drs. Hale and Hannon. The physician, Dr. Holt, urged me not to go in, as I might take on a fresh dose of the poison. Then I went down to church to meet my class. We had a meeting of interest. Sister Mortimer talked as one on the mount with Christ. As I was undressing to retire for the night, the door-bell rang. A lady called to request me to go far up town to see that eminent educator and saint, Mrs. Page, thought to be dying. I hurriedly dressed; when I arrived I found she had fallen asleep. She was a member of Felicity Street Church, with a history so sad words fail to describe it. She lost her husband and children in the burning of a steamer on the Mississippi some years ago. The next morning I was at her bedside and heard her words of triumph. How her face lighted up when I told her the dear ones were awaiting her coming!

August 14th. The evening paper gave the new cases for twenty-four hours ending at 12 m., as 134; deaths 20. The plague was now touching every section of the city. At our mid-week prayer-meeting the interest was deep. The talk was on the way to reach God. Three persons joined the Church. This week, opposite three names on our Church Register, that significant word is written

—dead. At the close of our meeting, requests for prayers and calls came pouring in. Early next morning I was away to baptize two children; the mother had the fever, and the father was almost wild with grief. Dr. Logan came in to see the family, and said in a jocular manner, "I am glad you are putting off taking the fever; the longer you wait the better it will be." This was irony. On Sunday morning our school numbered sixty-three, all told. The mortality amongst children and youths was very heavy. The congregation at the morning service smaller than usual, though several churches were closed. Dr. Palmer was away on vacation, but returned as soon as he learned the fever was epidemic. All our ministers were at their posts; two or three of our German ministers were down with the disease. At night, notwithstanding the startling number of new cases, our congregation was large. Had to lower my voice and close the side window of the church, as the sick were startled at the sound of a voice. There were forty-seven deaths yesterday. Next day I found time to write a hurried letter to Wm. R. Stewart, in answer to one of sympathy. Then met my class; only eight present, but we had an hour of consolation. Took the street car to attend the funeral of Rev. W D. Jones, a local minister of the Northern Methodist Church, a member of Ames Church. The pastor of his Church, Dr. McCarty, left the city. Dr. Hartzell, editor of their paper, also left, and the paper was in charge of this Brother Jones. This was a sad case. He had secured a house and was preparing to receive his wife and child, whom he had not seen for a long time. Just before he breathed his last, he exclaimed: "Yes, he knows his papa; yes, he knows his papa! Let him come!" Then added, "She is coming; she is coming on the Governor Allen!" (the steamboat), alluding to his wife. Four whites and three colored persons stood to hear the service. He had a friend from Jackson, Mississippi, who attended to his funeral. This gentleman was taken suddenly ill and had to leave the cemetery before the service ended. Had two other funerals that day. There was intense excitement amongst the old citizens, because of so many "Creoles" dying—persons considered exempt. I was wakened the next morning at 4 o'clock, by my wife exclaiming, "The door-bell is ringing!" I looked out and saw a carriage at the door; found my family physician; with a voice choking with emotion, he said: "My son, the Major (thirty-seven years old), has just died!" Poor Dr. Austin asked me to telegraph to his mother, at Ocean Springs, the fact. At 5 p. m., while services were being held over Major Austin, a woman entered hurriedly, wanting me to go and see a woman dying of the fever. She excitedly interrupted the service at the church.

We were having intense heat, and this incessant going in the hot sun was very trying, but grace sustained. Was called far down town to see a dying man. Found Dr. Beech there, one of my members, who requested me to call and see his son, Horace, who was

convalescing. At the instance of an unusually tender mother, I visited her son—dying. She wished me to administer the communion to him, though so far gone that he could not hear or speak, and his mind clouded. I did not think he could even open his mouth. In many minds there is a latent idea that there is in the bread and wine a divine grace imparted. After leaving this house of sorrow I stopped at the residence of a German, where I was given a glass of ice-water. Oh, how it refreshed my parched mouth! After 5 p. m., walked out to see Judge Cooley, my neighbor, whose wife died yesterday of fever. At night, a messenger arrived, informing me of the death of a Mr. Reed, whose mother belonged to my Church; wanted me to raise money for funeral expenses. I said, "My dear sir, where will I go to get money? Start out at this time of night to raise money for a funeral!" I added, "You are working with the Howard Association, the members of which ride around in cabs, at seven dollars a day. The Sisters of Charity ride on the street cars free, and I go all over the city paying my own way, until some days my car fare amounts to as much as my marketing; then go sometimes staggering through the hot sun to see the sick and poor, not a penny put into my hands to relieve the needy!" This man, one of some prominence, left my house somewhat riled at my talk. I was indignant at his asking me to raise funds when I hardly had time to eat or sleep! This man had hardly gone a block when another rang the bell, and requested me to go down town and visit a young man dying of the fever. I accompanied him. The young man had been in the city only six weeks; was at my church every Sunday. He spoke of a remark I made last Sunday night: "There are some in the cemetery to-night who were here last Sunday night, and some here to-night who will be in the cemetery next Sunday night." He spoke of this statement at his boarding-house.

In the morning, before I had made my toilet, a lady called to have me visit an elderly woman. This lady had hardly gone before another called; then a gentleman called, proposing to take any poor person, and cure the fever. He and his partner were here to cure persons; they were risking their lives on their faith in their medicine. While interviewing this gentleman, a runner appeared to have me visit a Mr. Todd, said to be dying. The heat intense, but how could I, a representative of the Master, decline to administer comfort to one on the verge of eternity? Walked back, called on a Brother Mattox; then on to Johnson Armstrong's. In the afternoon, late, attended the funeral of Mr. Reed. On my way back called on Dr. Beech's son. He was improving. Went up town and visited Rev. John Hannon, pastor of St. Charles Avenue Church, and Dr. Hale; they were rapidly recovering from the fever. On returning home, found a caller, who desired me to attend his brother's funeral at 8 a. m. to-morrow. This brother seemed heart-broken, as the deceased had only been in the city six weeks; was at my church last Sunday

night. This day's work will furnish an idea of the demands upon me. I am dwelling amongst the dying and the dead. I brace up by prayers and am resting on the promises of God.

On Sunday morning, August 25th, with grateful hearts my little family gathered at the family altar and worshiped God out of full hearts. On my way down to Sunday-School, stopped to visit a sick man. At Sunday-School, officers, teachers, and scholars, fifty-nine present. At 11 a. m., congregation small. Three joined the Church. At night a large audience, as ours was the only Protestant church open down town. Some were of the opinion that our church ought to be closed. Not so. I said in the pulpit, "If I am stricken down, keep the old ship going! Some poor sinner may find salvation!" On Monday several of our preachers met at our depository. Dr. J. B. Walker was over from his place at Ocean Springs. He wanted to know what I was doing in the way of preventives. I replied, "We wear Holman's Liver Pads, so highly recommended." Dr. Walker and family had the fever years ago. So had Dr. Linus Parker and family, and Bishop Keener and family. Brother Ivy had had it; so, also, the Rev. Lewis A. Reed. Rev. S. H. Werlien was raised in the city. Brother Beard, of Algiers, Tiff Foster, of Moreau Street, and myself, were yet to have the disease. On another day Johnson Armstrong proposed to accompany me to call on the Secretary of the Howard Association for the purpose of securing a small amount of money that I might relieve some of the cases of great destitution I found in my work. Mr. Southmayed gave me a hearing for a few moments, but without waiting to hear me through, sharply said: "If anybody needs, it is published where to go. If I make an exception in your case, will have to do so in all." This Association aided the sick. What I wanted was a small sum of money to use to aid worthy hungry persons who had not the fever, but were rendered helpless by the fever, and out of employment. This Association was receiving multiplied thousands to aid sufferers by the pestilence. Quite a number of the men running the Howard Association were relatively obscure men. They were not accustomed to managing charities on a large scale. The organization had done and was doing a vast amount of good, but their supplies were wonderful. Cabs and hacks were employed at five and seven dollars a day to carry the agents to and fro. I had to take four and five lines of cars some days to respond to the calls, and during four weeks I received fifteen dollars. Of course I could do but little.

Received a letter from Bishop Keener, full of sympathy, caution and wise suggestions. His sympathy was refreshing, and I felt grateful for it. Late in the afternoon, attended a funeral of a young man whose family showed great excitement. And when the coffin was being closed one brother cried out against the act of the undertaker, who was complying with the law. We had quite a scene. On our way we passed several funerals; the street lamps were

lighted and we could see friends carrying coffins out of houses. One evening as we were returning from the cemetery, our hack was stopped, as a funeral procession was passing out to bury a dead man, and the inquiry was: "Is Rev. Mathews here?" I responded, and was requested to alight, get into another hack, and return to the cemetery, which I did, and read the service at the tomb. Early in the morning, before I was dressed, a gentleman called to request me to attend the funeral of Mrs. Hodge, the wife of a popular steamboat captain. This family were great friends of mine; the Captain was down with the fever. The carriage stopped a block away, and the coffin of Mrs. Hodge was carried down the back stairs and out into the back alley, lest the Captain might hear the noise and have his suspicions aroused. For the past twenty-four hours two hundred and twenty-five new cases were reported. Notwithstanding the fearful inroads of the disease, and witnessing the dying of many, and the funerals attended, and hearing nothing but the subject of the pestilence discussed, I was grateful for the quiet repose of my mind, being kept by Divine sustainments. A harrowing death was that of a woman, a stranger. As I returned from visiting a family of three, down with the plague, some one pointed across the street, where stood the undertaker's wagon; he had just brought a coffin for a woman who died all alone! Not a human being with her; no friends—not even a nurse! No one to moisten her parched lips, or close her eyes, or receive a message for the far-away dear ones. She was somebody's daughter. What a terrible tax upon one's sensibilities, and what a cause for excitement! Yet the multitude seemed calm, but I sometimes think it was the calmness of desperation. Some were calm, resting on God; others were philosophical, and with will-power controlled themselves, awaiting the issue. Many of them had lived as one paddling in a pool, instead of sailing on a sea!

To-day learned that Mr. Keith, our precentor, was down with the prevailing disease. Last Sunday he seemed to have a presentiment of his sickness, or a semi-consciousness of danger. At Sunday-School he wanted to sing a special piece, requesting my daughter to accompany him on the organ at the close of the School.

"One sweetly solemn thought comes to me o'er and o'er."

He was a gentleman of fine character, had a remarkably sweet voice, and was a fine leader. On the morning of the 5th of September, before I had finished my toilet, a messenger called to notify me of his death. I visited him again yesterday afternoon, and was permitted to see him. The physician told me he would live only so many hours. The fever gave a tinge of color to his face and covered it with a glow. I inquired if he was trusting in Christ? His response was: "I have always done that, Mr. Mathews." He signified that he prayed a good deal, and said, "I have not been able to put up as many prayers since down with the fever as heretofore."

His friends had urged him to leave at the appearance of the fever, but a strange fascination held him. He appreciated the messages of sympathy sent by my wife and daughter. He said he would be up in a few days. "True," he said, "I threw up the coffee they gave me this morning!" Poor fellow; he did not know he had the "black vomit!" He was buried by a few friends. I read the service, and out of a full heart prayed for the dear ones in his Boston home.

My heart was touched for my personal friend, Mr. Ned Ferguson, whom I had married to his wife. There she lay, unable to do anything for her sick children, hardly knowing which would die first. On the 31st of August I was sent for to attend the funeral of the little girl, to be held at St. Charles Avenue Church at 9 a. m. Rode up to the church and learned that the little boy was dead. The funeral was delayed until the little boy was prepared. There were the two coffins, with a few friends weeping with the heart-broken father, while the mother was down with the fell destroyer. Only the mother survived.

My wife and children were twice on the borders of a panic. My niece, Mrs. Emma Auzé, was reported down with the disease. For a little while they were alarmed. The second time was when they learned of the sickness of Mrs. Laura Bright, a dear friend of the family, and a woman of rare sweetness of spirit, who faced death with a sublime faith. Thoughtful of every little duty, she said to her husband almost with the last breath: "Lewis, don't forget to pay my Church dues." Then, leaning on the Divine promise, she passed to her home in the Holy City. Her death alarmed for a short time my home flock. The plague, like a wave, swept right on, the death rate increasing day by day. I called to see as many as nineteen in one day, including funerals. A sad case was that of a Mrs. Smith, out on the border of the city. A gentleman of the Howard Association sent me to visit this dying woman. It was a hot September day. I rode on the street car as far as I could, then trudged on under a blazing sun. Met a colored woman, and inquired for a Mrs. Smith. "I 'm Mrs. Smith," she replied. "It 's a white woman down with fever I am looking for." "I never heard of her," was the answer given. I passed on. Finally, a dilapidated house was pointed out, in which a woman was sick. I was covered with perspiration, and glad to find a shelter from the sun. The house was located away from anywhere. Doors down; windows without glass. A youngish-looking, barefooted man met me and said, "There is Mrs. Smith." She was in a back room on the floor—no bed. She was covered with an old dirty-looking shawl. At her side lay a sweet-faced looking little fellow. He looked up wonderingly at this stranger. How my heart pitied that innocent child, unconscious of the poverty it inherited. Two pieces of old chairs; a few bottles containing medicine at her side; a can or two of condensed milk for that child, and some old clothes in a

bundle, constituted the wealth of that room. The Young Men's Christian Association had left some medicine, some condensed milk, and gave her one dollar and a half in money.

In September the disease took on its most violent form. The third day, the published report was three hundred and twenty-four new cases and eighty-three deaths. My inward cry was, "How long, O Lord; how long until these calamities be overpast!" The disease spread out into the towns of Mississippi. The tales coming to us were harrowing in their details. Poor Memphis is visited again! As I was going down the street, I noticed a very large throng around the office of the Peabody Association. It was not only immense, but motley. Men, women and children, white and black, old and young, lame and sound. I noticed a preacher in the crowd—a good man. All seeking help. The demands increased upon me day by day. A negro girl thrust her head into my office window, saying: "One of your elders is sick." She saw I was puzzled to know to whom she referred, when she added: "De old man who fixes clocks!" In a moment I knew to whom she referred. Yes, yes; old Brother Ewell the little Englishman. "Taken sick one hour ago," I was told. I looked after him, secured a nurse and a physician. Then went on other missions. Passed on to learn the condition of Dr. Wilson, the pastor of the Coliseum Place Baptist Church. Several called for written certificates as to their standing, as supplies were only issued to those thus recommended. Funerals, funerals is the cry! Looking after the sick so affected me, I felt exhausted. Friends expressed amazement at my holding out under the mental and physical pressure. God's grace was equal to my condition. Though late, I called upon a very old, and bed-ridden saint, Mrs. Redwood. When I entered her room she wept for joy and said, "Come near, let me kiss you!" and threw her withered arms around my neck and kissed my cheek. She wanted to hear prayer. We conversed about our common Lord and his goodness. When I reached home it was after dark. A note awaited me, to go to the west side of the city to baptize a child. I felt unequal to the task, and declined to go, as I would have a long walk after leaving the car. This is the first time I failed to respond. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak.

On September 6th, I was up early. Notified of the death of a good woman of my flock. Soon on my way to bury her. Nothing but signs of poverty all around. The family intelligent, as well as good. Found two ladies of the Church at the funeral; not a gentleman there to carry the coffin out to the hearse. The drivers had to do it. A lady ran in to request me to see her husband, who was dying. I was soon at his bedside, and talked to him about his soul. Several called after I had returned to the office. Brother Jameson came in, and requested me to go and see a Scotchman; he and his children down with the fever. Found the man very low; one child doing well. I urged the nurse not to regard this man's notions, but follow

strictly the doctor's directions. This I said at his bedside. Scotchmanlike, he had a theory and wanted it carried out, when certain death would have resulted. Amongst other callers, a messenger informed me that Dr. Wilson, the Baptist minister, was dying! Only yesterday his son informed me that he was doing well. Treacherous disease! Took the car to visit him; in reaching the house was informed, "He is dead." Strange to say, not a member of his Church had died. With a sad heart I turned my steps to call on others. Been under high pressure all day, so many obligations to meet. No wonder when night approached I felt nervously restless. But the sustainments of God are precious.

On the 7th of October, at 10 a. m., rode up to attend the funeral of Dr. Wilson. Dr. Palmer, of the Presbyterian Church, requested me to represent our denomination. Dr. Markham, a Presbyterian, also occupied a place in the pulpit. The services were very solemn and touching. The choir sang, "I would not live always." Dr. Palmer talked beautifully for twenty-five minutes; I followed in prayer. Dr. Markham conducted the service at the cemetery. The congregation was large, seeking to honor a man of great worth and fine ability. No Baptist minister in the city. From the Baptist Church went to visit a dying young man, a stranger. Directed him to look to the Savior and live. Soon I was at my office, when a Cuban called. He looked like he was a half-starved creature. I felt faint just before he entered, and sent the janitor for some "rusks." When he brought them, I began to eat, but the look of that man was enough, and I gave him the rusks and some money. Some friends had sent me funds for distribution.

On the 8th, Sunday morning, I was down at Sunday-School on time. Forty-six present—all told. The sexton's youngest child very ill. Went over and baptized it, then back to the church. A child was brought to the church for baptism. A very heavy rain decided us to preach in the lecture-room. Had one hundred and twenty-five in attendance. One joined the Church with certificate, a Mrs. Owen, from Chicago. She came to offer her services to any who might need. I expressed my astonishment that she would venture on such a mission when not needed. I added, "It will only result in another funeral." I urged her to return, as nurses were abundant. Her reply was, "Now, brother, you talk that way after such a sermon—which God put into your heart for me." Made several visits to the sick, and baptized one child in the afternoon. Just before night the bell rang, and a lady, a Mrs. Brown, was announced. Trouble was depicted in her face, and she was evidently weary and worn. Wanted to learn where Rev. James E. Evans, of the Georgia Conference, was stationed. She was on her way to Texas, and was quarantined here. Had been here five weeks, was out of funds and about to be put out of her boarding-house. She produced several letters of recommendation. Help was given her. At night, as we passed down to the church, the moon shone in a kind of splendor, and the

air seemed balmy. It deeply affected my soul to think that amid all this beauty in sky and air, in tree and flower, yet a plague was covering every house! I was prepared by my meditations to present my thoughts on the 12th verse of the 90th Psalm. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." We had an audience numbering two hundred and fifty. I tried to help those present. One joined the Church—a gentleman named Campbell, son of our blessed and holy Sister Mortimer. Her cup of joy was full and running over. She had long prayed, and to-night the answer was granted.

On Monday the 9th, in looking around, we see business suspended, thousands out of employment, stagnation on all industrial lines. How the masses could exist without help from abroad, I am at a loss to see. Thank God for human sympathy! Our condition has developed a benevolence which is amazing. North, East, West, and South, and even in far-away Europe, funds have been raised to aid the stricken ones. The wail of distress has found a noble response. To-day the calls were numerous and were of such a nature as to stir my flagging energies. Mrs. Owen, the lady from Chicago, offered her services to the Howard Association. They would not take the responsibility of putting her on duty, though appreciating her motive. The Y M. C. A., on the same ground, declined to employ her. Now she comes to me, and says she will watch the openings of Providence. May the Arm of the Lord shield her! I urged her to go back to Chicago, but she would not. A runner came in haste for me to visit a young man, a stranger, dying. I hurried away and did what I could to encourge his faith. He was a Christian. Eighty-seven deaths reported, and the fever still spreading. Out all morning, and after dinner started out to see other sick ones. Visited five, some doing well, some dying. I am hardly an immune but have escaped thus far. Attended Stewards' meeting; five present.

September 10th, a gentleman called before breakfast, to secure my attendance at the funeral of a young girl, a Baptist. Went down to hold class-meeting; five present, but what an hour of spiritual refreshing! Mrs. Owen, the lady from Chicago, gave a delightful experience. It was both intelligent and cheering. We needed something of the kind, as for weeks we have heard of little but suffering and death. From there I went to the funeral of Peter Mitchell; only two men present, one his brother. He was from Jersey City. Was called to see a Roman Catholic lady, a Mrs. Doyle. She desired to have me talk of Christ, and pray. I held up Christ as the sinner's Friend. Then away to see a member down with the fever. After dinner away again to the funeral of a child, the second death in that household. Visited fourteen persons to-day. Was overjoyed to have one quiet evening at home. Talked with my family about the situation, getting everything into shape for whatever may occur. I said, "Mary, it is inevitable; I am taking in the poison so many times

each day. Even on my knees at the bedside of the sick, the odor is so offensive I gag—am choked by it. God's will be done." Mr. B. O. L. Rayne, informed me that his father had sent fifty dollars and he would add twenty-five to distribute amongst the needy. R. M. Walmsley gave me authority to draw on his firm for fifty dollars more.

The day following, made a number of visits, gave several certificates to honest people that they might secure help from the Howards. Was startled to learn that one of my young lady members had died; had not learned of her sickness. Attended her funeral. When I reached home found I had been sent for to attend two other funerals, and to visit an old parishioner. Though many calls to make on the sick and dying, learned I could now see Mrs. Fannie Ferguson. All three of her children died of the plague. What a sad woman. As I entered, she melted into tears. I had married her to her husband, received him into the Church, had formally blessed her children, and buried these lambs. There she lay, slowly recovering, tears streaming down her sunken cheeks. I could not talk with her; my emotions were overpowering. I said, "Fannie, you are too weak to review the past. When you get stronger we will talk it all over!" What a sad place that home is. Our next-door neighbor is recovering from the fever. So another trying day has passed. I commit all into God's hand.

September 13th. In glancing over the morning paper, I saw that Rev. E. C. Slater, D. D., was dead. In a former epidemic he passed through without taking the fever, though going night and day. Now, he has succumbed and is gone to his long home. He was a prince in our Israel! He was the most eloquent minister in the Memphis Conference, and one of the most useful. His heroism during this and a former epidemic in Memphis was wonderful. Now he dies, a martyr for his flock. Noble Slater! I was licensed to preach in 1845 under his pastorate in Shelbyville, Tennessee. The impressions of his ministry still linger in my memory. To my mind, he was the most eloquent preacher in Tennessee. His teachings entered largely into my ministerial life. He counted not his life dear unto himself, and for love of his fellow men, gave himself a sacrifice. I cherish his memory fondly and feel I shall overtake him in the Forever!

In contemplating God's goodness, my heart poured out its song of gratitude this day that the plague had not reached my little household. Thankful that I have been able through all these weeks of peril, to meet my obligations to my people with a blessed sense of God's presence and support! Had several callers this fornoon that I had set apart to prepare a brief of my sermon for Sunday morning, on Elisha and the Shunamite mother. My aim is to hold up those special qualities which secure God's larger blessings. Found the official report of new cases to be two hundred and fifty, and fifty-eight deaths for the last twenty-four hours. I have not the space to

record the interviews with the sick and dying; the description would produce a wail. Was out all the afternoon. It was late when I reached home, and while resting the door-bell rang, and a gentleman appeared, requesting me to accompany him on Prytania Street, for the purpose of baptizing the young daughter of Mr. John I. Adams, a leading wholesale merchant of the city. Found two of his children down with the fever, the eldest dying. While praying at the bedside, I felt decidedly the first clear symptom that the poison was at work in my system. The odor stifled me, until I gagged. Returning home, I committed myself into the hands of my Divine Lord and laid down to sleep.

September 14th. Awoke early, and my mind at once considered the work for the day. The Sunday morning brief to finish and the second one to make. I worked steadily until time to attend the funeral of one of my flock. On my return, I wrote a short brief of a sermon on Matt., 7, 29. "He taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes." Our front yard was a flower-bed. I paid a regular gardener five dollars per month to keep it. He had a number of yards to care for. On his usual day he did not appear. Could secure no one to work it, and went out myself and cleared it of weeds. Was careful trying not to get heated, as a cold breeze was blowing, and I was seeking to keep from taking cold. Learned the gardener was down with the fever, and that most of his family had died. A neighbor, an elder in Dr. Palmer's Church, was to be buried. I ran over; at the close of the service Dr. Palmer said, "How remarkable that you have not succumbed to the disease." Then, added, "It was later in the season than this when I took it." In view of the work of to-morrow, I did not go out at night.

September 15th. Up early; after worship and breakfast was away to Sunday-School. It was smaller than ever; the epidemic is at its worst. We went through the usual routine. I was indisposed to move about, but gave the children a short talk. I urged them to attend, even if I should fall. "Keep the flag floating, if only a dozen attend!" Tidings came from all sections, of the sick and the dying. A pall was on every side. Funeral processions, crape on the doors; the hurry and rattle of carriages and hearses; the faces of our brethren wore a gloomy aspect. God kept my mind in quietness. At 11 a. m., had an attendance of one hundred and seventy-five. Those who can leave home, turn to God's house for comfort. My theme was, "The Qualities Which Secure The Divine Favor." After service invited Mrs. Owen, the lady from Chicago, to dine with us. On our way, I was indisposed to talk, yet talked a little. The air seemed chilly. At the dinner table, while helping the guest, I felt I was taking a chill, and so remarked. Consternation was depicted in the faces of wife and daughter. It soon passed off. After dinner asked to be excused, and went up to our room to rest. Just before time to start out for night service, Mr. Sam Henderson called with his two young daughters. Hearing how I was affected at the table,

he insisted on my not venturing out to church, saying, "You are taking the fever!" I said, "I feel well enough, only I have taken a slight cold." In a few minutes Mrs. Owen, Phala and myself started down. On the car, I only spoke once, saying, "Daughter I feel queer." On reaching church, my daughter went up to her place at the organ. When she began to play, I entered, and walking up the aisle, the sound of the organ hurt my head. Before announcing my text I felt it necessary to say, "I worked a little in my yard yesterday afternoon, and have taken cold. Will detain you thirty minutes by the watch." I then announced my text, "He taught them as one having authority," etc. I proceeded slowly, but in a short time my head began to ache, I involuntarily clasped my hand to my head. Sat down, then closed. Two of my Stewards, in a moment, were in the pulpit, saying, "You have the fever." One lady joined the Church, a Roman Catholic. Several gathered around me, saying, "You have the fever." I was taken to the street car, and Brother Parker went for my family physician, Dr. Wm. G. Austin. On the car I could not hold up my head. When I reached the house, my wife opened the door; she saw I was accompanied home; all I said was, "Mary, let me go to our room at once; I 've got the fever." Hasty preparations were made; the mustard bath given by the time the physician reached the house. The usual remedies were administered. "Down at last," I said. I had taken in the poison until my entire system was saturated with it; hence the violence of the attack. After all had been done that was necessary, the physician at my side, and three brethren, besides my wife and daughter, I said, "Doctor, I do not know how this is going to terminate, I want to say,"—"Hush, hush!" said he, "you must not talk; you will get excited by talking and praying." I replied, "No, no, my praying is all over; it is too late now; I do not expect to pray; but I want to say I have not an emotion of fear. I lie down here, putting my soul in the hands of Christ, as I put my body in your hands; if He sees my work is done, all is well; if not, He will raise me up. I feel I am nestling in His bosom as a babe nestles in its mother's!" For several days my mind was a blank. I only know what occurred as told to me. The fever increased until it became intense, and I talked and tossed all night. The fever raged for seventy-two hours, then I grew quiet; the physician said it was the quiet of exhaustion.

October 21st. As I look back, I realize the violence of the attack. I was so completely saturated with the poison, I was frenzied. My nature shrinks appalled at what I endured. However, nothing was left undone to save me. Friends met to pray. Nurses employed, the best medical attention, money, solicitude, all that was possible by rich and poor. Dr. Palmer, of the First Presbyterian Church, called twice a day; Dr. Markham, of Lafayette Presbyterian Church, Rev. Mr. Waters, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, came every day. When I learned of the deep sympathy exhibited, not only by these but my own brethren, my heart overflowed with gratitude.

Dr. Palmer said to Mrs. Mathews, "It will convulse the city if he dies." The president of the seashore camp-ground said when the people there heard that I was stricken down, it created consternation; service was held to pray for me. When the crisis was passed, and I was pronounced as improving, it gave joy to many hearts.

On the seventh day I relapsed. It was caused by the night nurse giving me too much crushed ice. I was chilled, and stupor followed. Stimulants were resorted to as far as known to the medical profession. Dr. Linus Parker heard of my relapse, and hastened to the house; as he entered the door he met the physician at the foot of the stairs. Shaking his head in response to the minister's query, the doctor said, "He is almost gone." Dr. Parker then said, "Doctor go back, and stay at his side until it is settled one way or the other. I will go into the parlor and pray." In that silent room my friend wrestled with God to save me. In due time a reaction set in and I began to rally. A group of men stood in front of the house discussing my case, when Dr. Palmer said, "Gentlemen, he can not die! God has use for that man!" On the fifteenth day, my clothing was changed. My head was propped up as I lay in bed, and I felt I would live. Then swept through my soul wave upon wave of gratitude, as I repeated over and over that remarkable hymn by Joseph Addison,

"When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost,
In wonder, love and praise!"

That memorable day I was lifted up and placed in a chair. At 9 o'clock at night they announced that my eldest daughter, Phala, was stricken. Her mother came into the room to talk of daughter's state. She was flushed and excited. Within an hour, she was taken more violently than our daughter. My next thought was of our baby boy, Robert, five months old. What is to become of him? A lady friend a few days before had said, "Mrs. Mathews if you take the fever, I will carry the babe to my home and keep him for you." The next day she was sent for; report came back that she was sick. Night was near, and the little fellow had been wailing out his cry for his mother in moans. We were in a trying state, but about dark Mrs. Blackman appeared to take the child. He was wrapped in a blanket, and as they reached the street I heard his cry. The other son, John, had been taken to my niece's home. In two days, Mr. Auzé came to let us know that John was sick all night. The physician was present and heard it, jumped into his buggy and went after him, brought him home and sent more nurses. In a few days the crisis was passed in the case of Mrs. Mathews, and little Robert was brought home. The night before he had been restless, now the physician pronounced, "He has the fever, but very light." Then our youngest daughter Minnie succumbed to fever. Our house be-

came a hospital. I in one room, Phala in another, John in another, the baby in another, the mother in another, and Minnie in hers. It required seven nurses to take care of us. In the daytime they had to be relieved, and ladies of the Churches came, and under the guidance of Mrs. Sam Henderson, took charge of our home and cared for us. Mrs. Henderson, noble woman, a very ministering angel, gave herself day and night, leaving her own family to help save us. For love of Christ she served us. She is a Christian heroine. Her good judgment, her cheerful spirit, her devotion, is embalmed in our hearts. Others we can never thank to our satisfaction. Mrs. Ed. Booth came and spent twenty-one days, giving special attention to my eldest daughter. We could say much in praise of Mrs. Caffree, Mrs. Seaton, Mrs. Ober, Mrs. Armstrong, and a number of others. Quite a number of gentleman looked after our wants, and several young men came to stay night after night, to go on duty if necessary. Their names are in the Book of Life! I had felt uneasy about our little lamb, the youngest of our flock. One morning, I was starting to take the car for fresh air; I paused to look on his face and said, "There is something wrong." The attendant replied, "Go on, your fears are unnecessary." It was the first day I had dared to get out of the house. I was gone two hours. When I opened the door a lady said, "We sent for you, and for the physician, and for Rev. Dr. Parker; the baby is dying!" Dr. Holt was present in lieu of our regular physician. This physician said, "If you wish the child baptized do it now; no time to lose; he will go off in a few moments." I replied, "How can I? Everything is so unexpected; wait until Dr. Parker arrives!" But a bowl of water was brought, and the hardest thing of my life was done, when I baptized that dying little one. In a few moments he went to the bosom of Christ. He was buried at 10 a. m., October 15th. Strangers followed our pet to the tomb. It was a trial to see them carry him out, but when I thought of those who lost all their children, I thanked God for sparing the others.

October 23d. To-day I received letters of congratulation from various sources; they were hearty and cheering. Rode down to conduct my mid-week prayer service. My talk developed my physical weakness, but I am gaining strength daily. Before breakfast, the next day, a gentleman called, to request me to attend a funeral at 4 p. m. One of our German ministers lost his wife; she was to be buried from the Dryad Street Church. Brother Weimer, stood to his post, and died. The other German ministers are either sick or just emerging out of yellow fever. A great throng attended the funeral. At dusk I reached home. During the morning I rode down with Rev. John Hannon, to call on Rev. Dr. Ahrens, of our German Church, the last one of the nine unacclimated ministers of our Church. He was just passing into the disease. While there Mrs. Ahrens informed us that Rev. Tiff Foster, of Moreau Street Church, way dying of black vomit, near-by. We went over and found it true.

This young pastor is the second one to fall in the work. As we entered, it was evident he had but a few minutes to live. Other brethren came in, and we kneeled at his bedside. Dr. J. B. Walker led in prayer committing his soul to God. How solemn as we watched the struggle! The end came quietly. He was twenty-eight years old, of fine physical structure, and equally strong in character. He was full of promise. We are ignorant of the secrets of God's love. Work crowds me again. Finished brief of a sermon on the 2d verse of the 97 Psalm, "Clouds and darkness are round about Him." Fifty dollars were sent me by a messenger. Mr. Raymond sent me a check for one hundred dollars. The note stated he was directed to send it to me. Some one from abroad sent it. Then an unknown person in New York sent seventy-five dollars to aid in defraying my expenses. Some one sent a one-hundred-dollar bill in an envelope. My expenses footed up a fraction over twelve hundred dollars for nurses, medicines and other things. Funds were sent me until all bills were paid, leaving a surplus of ten dollars!

Before the sermon, on Sunday, baptized a child. My daughter was able to preside at the organ again. The congregation improving. Discoursed on "Clouds and darkness are round about Him," etc. I found the mental excitement was quite trying, but no injury resulted. I was overwhelmingly grateful to be able to once more hold forth the Word of life. At night opened church for evening services, the first since the 15th of September. Dr. J. W. Harmon preached an eloquent discourse. He is a fine preacher, eloquent and instructive, and his style is very entertaining. It is a matter of deepest gratitude that we have moved off once more in our great mission. God has a work for me to do, and my prayer is that I may be endued with power from on high! On Monday morning I began my routine duties, visiting the sick, burying the dead and comforting the living. This was kept up until the disease disappeared. We lost by this plague about as many members as all the other English Protestant Churches together, so far as heard from. In my rounds found great destitution. Some families without enough to eat, the children out of shoes, and some ragged. Some were families of culture, and once wealthy. Went in search of missing members; found they had sickened and died during my illness. "All Saints' Day," is observed by tens of thousands. They go to the cemeteries to decorate the graves of their dead. I saw Dr. Palmer with his wife and grandchild going out to decorate the tomb where his children lie. In company with members of my family we walked over to Washington Cemetery, where the body of our little Robert sleeps. Minnie had taken a handsome bouquet, made by her sister, to place at the tomb. Some friendly hand had placed a garland there. Learned afterwards it was our friend, Mr. Samuel Henderson, a man with a heart overflowing with the love of humanity. The fever is steadily abating; still new cases occur, and I was sent for time and again. Our prayer-meetings are growing in numbers;

many of our friends returning to the city. Have been receiving letters from abroad; one from a wife, pleading to know how her husband died. I wrote a detailed account of his last illness; how he talked of his wife and dear ones; and how he died in the home of an excellent woman and had every attention, and trusted in Christ. This wife's appeal for information was calculated to bring tears into the eyes. Called to see a lady just over the fever. A sad condition—all alone; her husband had died and all her children, and she is left here in a strange land.

During the week I was kept busy securing help for needy families. While helping some lads, one of them incidently remarked, "Mrs. Owen is sick!" "What is the matter with her?" was my inquiry. "She is thought to have the fever." This is the lady who left Chicago to nurse the sick. I did all I could to influence her to go back to her home, but she would not. Now, when the fever is nearly gone, she is taken down. When I saw her, it was evident she was under the sway of the fever. She insisted she had only a cold, and would not send for a physician. I insisted, "You must have a doctor." She said, "No, I do not need one." My reply was, "I can not consult you, you are in no condition to decide the matter." I hurried away Brother Gottschalk for Dr. Angel, who was soon at the sick-bed. He made all necessary arrangements; securing a nurse and whatever was needed. The nurse, the friends and physician, all believed she was improving until the night she died. She was asked as to her condition. "I am fixed," she said, "on the Rock of Ages." In the morning before breakfast I was notified of her death. It was a surprise. She was a martyr; her life sacrificed for others. Noble woman, full of faith and the Holy Ghost! We buried her in Sister Mortimer's tomb, many of the friends attending the funeral, for a large number had learned to love her. She was placed in a handsome metallic coffin. A silver plate bearing this inscription was on the coffin, "Mrs. M. E. Owen, one of the martyrs of the epidemic of 1878."

As per engagement with a Mrs. McClean, I accompanied her to visit her friend, Mrs. Highland, confined in the lunatic asylum. As we entered through the gate into the enclosure, I confess a momentary feeling of fear flashed through my mind. The inmates were roaming at will; some were laughing; some weeping; others were moping; one or two strutting; another capering; one singing, another swaying to and fro keeping time with the music; two or three were very boisterous; one sat alone, as solemn as a graveyard; one was running up and down as if chasing something! After looking on for a few seconds, a peculiar sense of sadness passed over my mind as a cloud over the face of the sun. We were shown Mrs. Highland's room, or cell. She had asked to see a minister and I was sent for. She greeted me cordially. She was placed there for the reason she was constantly seeking to destroy her own life. She fancied she was to be crucified, and she sought to take her own life

rather than be thus put to death. At another time, she imagined she would be burned to death. She talked with me intelligently, and begged me most piteously to take her out. I prayed with her, and as I was leaving her cell, she entreated, "*Take me out—now!*" As I passed around, a number of the inmates wanted to converse with me. One woman talked most eloquently. I waited to see them at dinner. As I looked, I noticed a young woman full of spirit and vivacity, leading a blind woman to and from her dinner. With great glee she assured me she was not deranged saying, "I am here to show kindness; *I only have spasms!*" She led this blind woman tenderly, telling her when to step up and when to turn round. Then she ran after a wo-begone looking woman to see that she had her dinner. As we passed into the dining-room for women, a strangely happy looking man, clad in comical style, sat at a kind of gate or door, in a chair, pulling away at a piece of bread. He equalled a French dancing-master in politeness. Seeing us enter, he jumped up, extended his hand, greeting me with, "How do you do, papa! I am door-keeper! Nice times we have here!" Mrs. Highland walked around with us. When we reached the gate leading to the street, it was amusing to see her trying to slip by the keeper and follow us. I saw her husband, and persuaded him to take her home, which he did.

Met my class; some new faces present. A Mrs. Harris was there. She had been a Roman Catholic; drifted from point to point. She was concerned about her soul. Heart-hunger had caused her to drift. Her expressed desire was to enter into the peace of God. She had learned in trouble what no one learns in ease. She had been in Mississippi, nursing those stricken with the fever. I pitied her, and pointed her to Christ. He gave her rest. No minister, no priest, no Church could do it. None but Christ who says, "In Me ye shall have peace."

A woman came to my office accompanied by her husband. She desired to sign a temperance pledge. It was a sad case. In July last, her sister and niece came from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, to reside with her, as her husband was prosperous. The niece took the yellow fever and died within a month after reaching the city. I had visited and baptized her. During my sickness, the mother of the young woman took the fever and died. These deaths almost broke this sister's heart; she was overcome with grief, and to drown her self-reproaches for bringing her relatives here, she began to use stimulants. Now she had reached the point either to abandon liquor or go into a drunkard's grave. She came asking me to administer the pledge. She had a fierce battle with appetite, but God helping her, she can win. She signed two papers, one to keep herself, the other for me to hold. I gave her the best of advice, backed by prayer. Her husband was very anxious and ready to reinforce her.

Another woman called. Her errand was of a different nature. She was dressed in deep mourning, and I did not recognize her until

her veil was pushed aside. I remarked, "In mourning for whom?" "My husband," she replied. I was greatly surprised. I had not heard of his death. He took the dread disease while I was ill, and died the fifth day. She called to get a Church certificate, going back to Kentucky. She lived in style, enjoying prosperity, like many others, living up to her husband's income; they made no provision for possibilities, now friends have to aid her.

The prayer-meeting is now back to its normal condition. Our people generally have returned to the city. We had a crowd and a joyful service. A gentleman named White remained to sign the temperance pledge. A competent business man, and intelligent, he can secure a fine position if he will let whiskey alone. He signed two cards. He took one, I retained the other. I hope he will be equal to the test. What a curse to New Orleans is the wine-bibbing habit! All classes drink—even ministers of reputation. All the teetotalers can do is to protest. At this prayer-meeting I saw the woman present who recently signed the pledge.

Thanksgiving Day was observed by our members. The day was bright and cool. The room was full. We had six ministers present. Amongst them, Dr. Linus Parker, Dr. Watkins, of Mississippi, and Rev. Philo Goodwyn. My text was, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name." My subject interested me, and I discussed it with fervor. Toward the close many tears were shed when reference was made to our recent epidemic, and the sorrows through which we passed. I reviewed the kindness of the North, and of Europe. My own heart was full of the spirit of the occasion.

This month finds us winding up the work of the Conference year. Our last quarterly meeting was held December 8th. A heavy rain did not deter a large number from the house of worship. Our Presiding Elder, Dr. Linus Parker, preached at 11 o'clock. He gave us a remarkably fine exposition of the text, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," etc. After the sermon Brother Hamp S. Smith, who recently returned to the city, came up to greet me. Thinks I should take a rest for a week, and run over to the session of the Alabama Conference, to meet in Mobile. He proposed to pay all expenses, which he did. He is one of the largest-hearted men I have ever met. I had a strong desire to meet the Alabama brethren after an absence of eight years. That Conference convened in Franklin Street Church on the 11th. While the Presiding Elders were out as a nominating committee, Rev. Josiah Barker, introduced a resolution in reference to transfers who would transfer after private contract. The resolution was debated for two hours. Some of the members thought that to transfer was the object of my visit. I had been invited to one of the Churches in the city of Mobile, but my thoughts did not run in that direction. Amongst other ministers, I was introduced to the Conference. By invitation I made a few remarks, saying, "I came over simply to see you; I have no ax to grind; I represent no college,

am no agent, and am not a transfer!" And turning to the Chair, added, "A newspaper was placed in my hands this morning, in which it is stated, 'Rev. John Mathews is, or has been, or will be, transferred to this Conference, and there is some probability of his being sent by the Bishop to Court Street Church of this city.'" This was a Montgomery daily. This was a surprise to me. But some laymen urged me to transfer for that appointment, and the Rev. O. R. Blue, the most influential member of the body pressed me to transfer. He is the Presiding Elder, and one plea was, "My son, Dr. Blue will be lost to the Church; he does not attend now, but will attend if you will go." Dr. Allen S. Andrews, insisted, asking, "If you are taken per force, will you rebel?" I never was so urgently pressed as on this subject. But I felt that some one must stay in New Orleans. This thought held me. Dr. R. A. Young was to preach at night, and I was anxious to hear him after so many years. He had a great audience, and gave us a sermon on "Pay thy vows to the Most High." It was a very interesting discourse, and riveted the attention of the people. Dr. Young is not a profound thinker, but possesses a far more valuable talent—the gift of usefulness. He is magnetic and influential. The following night I was to occupy the pulpit. A large concourse was out to hear. My theme was, "The Last Prayer of Moses." I described this man, in his urgent plea to go over into Canaan, and God's response in refusing; then described the glory of his departure from earth. There was deep feeling exhibited, and some of the brethren could not contain themselves. The following day I returned home.

The last Sunday of the year, my pulpit was filled by others. Bishop Keener gave us one of his great sermons, in the morning. His son John O., preached for us at night. He is a young man of fine character, thoughtful and of large promise to the Church.

Our Annual Conference convenes in my church in a few days. Bishop H. N. McTyeire is to preside. Bishop Doggett, of Virginia, was to preside, but it has been thought prudent to secure a Bishop who is acclimated.

These were busy days. In winding up a pastorate there are so many things to do, especially when the Conference is to be entertained. Homes to be secured, in addition to finishing up the collections. My last Sunday was a dismal day. Cold and sleet, so unusual for this section. Had several preachers in town, but no one would aid me. Last Friday night I rode down to Moreau Street Church, to a Sunday-School entertainment. Rev. Samuel H. Schroeder is its present pastor. It was one of great interest and he enjoyed it wonderfully, and said, "I was never happier in my life." He had charge of the book of the homes for the preachers. During the session of the Sunday-School, Dr. Parker sent this book to our church. I could not understand what it meant, until one of our ministers came in and said, "Sammy Schroeder died this morning!" I was profoundly surprised. Dr. Lyons came in and explained all

saying, " Yesterday he was taken with a congestive chill and never rallied. About his last saying was, 'Jesus was never so precious as during the last few months.'" A noble young man of exceptional worth! Had a fair audience this Sunday, in spite of unusual weather. At night we had about two hundred in attendance; seven came forward after the sermon to be baptized; three others were received, also, by ritual. Thus the year wound up with many additions.

On Monday attended Judge Cotton's funeral in the morning, and in the afternoon the funeral of our Moreau Street pastor. At night attended Stewards' meeting, and I felt sad that I was severing my connection with a people whom I loved and had served through four years. We had just emerged out of the saddest of all our sad years! My faith stood on God's nature for the future. I realized the value of what has been said; that, " There are great qualities in God which fit themselves into our deepest life, and make Him to be the one satisfaction of the human heart."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Pastorate at Rayne Memorial.

The thirty-third session of the Louisiana Conference, met January 8th, 1879, in Carondelet Street Church, Bishop McTyeire presiding. We had a few visiting brethren. Dr. R. A. Young was sent to secure assistance to reestablish the Publishing House on a safe basis. He was allowed one morning to explain the new plan of issuing bonds. I subscribed five hundred dollars; others more and some less. Dr. A. W Wilson, Missionary Secretary, was present to advocate the extension of the Kingdom of our Lord. He did it ably and well. He had a large hearing. With the aid of Bishop Keener and others, five hundred dollars were subscribed. During the session Bishop McTyeire took occasion to speak to me about my appointment. Nearly all the members anticipated my return to Felicity Street Church. The Bishop remarked, "I came to the city intending to reappoint you to Felicity Street Church, but Brother R. W Rayne asks that you be sent to St. Charles Avenue. He built the church and his wishes ought to be considered." On Tuesday afternoon, Bishop McTyeire announced the appointments. Such an occasion is of thrilling interest to the ministers. As usual, some receive their appointments gladly, others in sorrow, but all went forth purposing to do the best possible under unfavorable conditions. When my name was announced for St. Charles Avenue, many were surprised and disappointed. It was rumored I did not wish to return to Felicity Street charge. Some of the St. Charles people were surprised, as my predecessor was generally beloved. In that section of the city, population is sparse. Most all the up-town families have their Church relations settled. It will be a difficult field. Dr. Munsey broke down there. John Hannon was young, and it was considered best to send a man with more experience. I accepted the appointment as providential; and proposed to work to please God. I rarely remember to have been so cordially received.

January 19th, 1879. To-day passing out of my gate, I had a peculiar feeling. I had always turned down, now I turned upward, and soon found myself at the house of God. I wanted to be present at the opening of Sunday-School. The church is a goodly structure, without basement or attachment. There is an end gallery in which the school is held. We had an attendance of sixty-five. At 11 a. m., the congregation seemed small after being accustomed for eight years to preach to a sea of upturned faces. At the close the members congratulated me on the size of the audience. Preached on "Worship, Its Uses and Results." Quite a sprinkle of my old

parishioners present. Four persons joined the Church. At night the congregation was smaller than in the morning. This was as a matter of course, as we have very few facilities for getting about at night. Two joined the Church. It always thrills me to gather in souls. The singing was absolutely painful. I was sent for, one evening, to meet the Stewards. When I met them they seemed embarrassed. Brother R. W Rayne was spokesman and said, "We can pay only so much, and do not know if that will suit you; we can pay you twenty-five hundred dollars." I instantly replied, "That is enough." This remark gave instant relief. The report circulated in each Church was that I was "the high-priced preacher." The meeting closed in a fine state of feeling.

On Tuesday, at 10 a. m., went to class-meeting. We had six persons present. I had announced that instead of a Bible Class we would hold a regular old-style class-meeting. Had a very precious and spiritual meeting. At night we held our weekly prayer-meeting, with eighty present. During the week made many calls, seeking to create additional interest in our Church. A lady, very ill, sent for me. Found her more dead than alive with heart trouble. She was born a Romanist; through some agent she was led to attend Sunday-School; finally was converted and became an active Christian. Her husband is a Romanist. She is very much concerned for the salvation of her children.

On the following Sunday, Mrs. Mathews had collected eight young ladies to organize into a Bible Class. Brother Paul also had a new class. At 11 a. m., had a good audience. After the sermon we had two accessions—valuable ones. At night the weather unpropitious; two accessions, Mr. J. W S. Taylor and wife. Noble and devoted Christians they were! The members are quite enthused over the prospect. On Monday met a gentleman who heard my sermon yesterday; he desired an interview in the interest of his soul. This rejoiced me. Met the Stewards at night. That tormenting subject of music was discussed feelingly. We had a small reed organ in the loft, and three persons' singing—not one a member of the Church. I told the Board that a change was necessary. It was a unanimous vote to have a change. Have more time for study than last year. I love information, and then study keeps the faculties bright. During the week, a committee appointed by the Official Board, met at the church to remove the organ from the gallery down to the right hand of the pulpit. The organist is opposed to the removal, but the music is so poor a change is demanded. My position is, let the organist go, if the removal is not satisfactory. The next day, had an interview with our organist, and explained the desire of the Official Board, that they were unanimous for congregational singing. She at once fired up. I informed her, if those who sang with her wished to retire we would have no trouble to replace them.

Visited several families and was weary at the close of day. A lady speaking on this subject said, "You ought not to go so

steadily." My reply was on this wise: "Your husband as a book-keeper gets tired; is paid to do so. So I am paid to do a certain work; to say nothing of the higher obligation to work for love of God." In my movements looking after the sheep, I reached what is known as "The Fink Home." A residence for the better class of the poor. We have in this institution one of the most spiritual Christians in our Church. Sister Evans is advanced in years, and lives hard by the Mercy-Seat. She bubbles over without any trouble. She often shouts the praises of God. Some of the more fastidious members do not like it. She has a sweet voice, and there is a peculiar tone to it when crying out, "Glory to God!" I love to hear this blessed saint praise our Lord!

At our Sunday service, a large congregation and an addition of four to our membership. Thus the work goes on and our people are enthused. For the benefit of our business men a class-meeting is held weekly at Brother R. W Rayne's residence. The old gentleman is blind and can not get out to the church. He is the father of our Church. Rev. J. D. Parker, a saintly man, is leader. At our Stewards' meeting, there were expressions of delight over our progress on every line. The Superintendent of our Sunday-School, reported the largest attendance in the history of the Church.

Went down to the First Presbyterian Church to attend the State Sunday-School Convention. Dr. Palmer made the opening address It was very good but not equal to some of his efforts. Colonel Ogden, State's Attorney, responded to Dr. Palmer's address of welcome. It meant a great deal to this organization, to have a gentleman of his position ally himself with it. The morning session was rather stiff. Some of the actors moved on stilts. Several of the most famous workers of the Christian world were present; among them, Rolf Wells, of New York; Mr. Jacobs, of Chicago; George A. Peltz, of New Jersey, and C. Peyton Porter, of Illinois. At night, a crowded audience. The associate editor of the *Sunday-School Times,* Dr. Peltz, answered the question, "Why are we here?" The address was instructive and of value. C. Peyton Porter was to have answered the question, "What has been done in and by State organizations?" He was not present, but Mr. Jacobs took his place in a lengthy speech, instructive to workers. I was on the program for the next address, and spoke for twenty-five minutes with much freedom on "Consecration to the work." Made a distinction between "lambs" and "kids." We had a lively time, when I said, "There is much talk about the lambs, but nothing said about going after the kids!" Address after address was delivered, most of them bristling with valuable information. I was taken with several of these men from abroad, particularly was I impressed by Rolf Wells, of New York. Bishop Keener, gave the Convention a superb address on, "Claims of Sunday-Schools on Christians." He was pithy, clear and strong.

On the street, met two lady friends of Carondelet Street Church

who were greatly excited over an article in the *Sunday Times;* criticising me severely for, as was alleged, ordering two young men out of church. The entire story I assured them was a fabrication. Such stories are made up to secure a sale for the paper.

During March I pushed the work zealously. One day called on seventeen persons, on another day visited twenty-three; thus day by day I seek to interest my people in their pastor. Studying every spare hour, making new sermons and attending all the regular meetings. In all these duties prayer and faith are mingled. God answers our heart's hunger in many ways. Dr. Hartzell, editor of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate* (now Bishop of Africa), gave me the story of a cultured lady, born to wealth; left an orphan; cheated by the man to whom her dying father confided his property; and who, turned adrift, supported herself by teaching. Married unfortunately, this new trouble darkening her life. In this agonizing state of mind, seeking sympathy, she divulged her sorrow to an old black woman, one of the old-time kind, who told her to go and hear Mr. Mathews at Carondelet Street Church; there she would get comfort. She slipped in, the message, to her mind, was ordered of God. She continued to attend until she found life in Christ. Many other touching points were given me. This lady joined us at my new charge, and is a blessed child of God.

At our evening services, I called for penitents. One night an aged person was forward for prayers; another forty years old. During this month, organized a new class-meeting and reorganized another. It requires a certain kind of quiet persistency, in a lovable way, to build up class-meetings. In this charge one of my most valued members said to me, "If you will not say anything to me I will attend your morning class." I assured her no questions would be addressed to her, and she attended. The meeting was one of holy fellowship, and she was delighted. She was in her place regularly after that. One day after we had closed a meeting of Christian sweetness, she awaited me in the vestibule, and with tears in her eyes, said, "Why do you not give me an opportunity to say something? I was anxious to do so this morning." I replied, "Why, Alice, you made me promise not to ask you for an experience!" "But," she replied, "I want to say something!" She has been in Heaven, now, for several years.

Prepared to go to Baton Rouge to lecture, to aid in repairing our church in that city. Rev. J. T Sawyer met me at the landing, and I accompanied him to his residence, where a most cordial reception was given me by his wife, who before her marriage was a pet of Felicity Street Church. Everybody called her "Lizzie." The pastor shows energy and snap in securing means to repair his church. Had a full house to hear the lecture on "Magic and Spiritualism." On the boat homeward bound found an Episcopal minister, and introduced myself. He is not a ritualist; I was surprised at the favor he showed for the Cumming's movement; a reformed Church. Also,

saw a Roman Catholic priest, and remarked to the Episcopal minister, "Let us go and make his acquaintance." He declined. I went and introduced myself. We had quite a pleasant interview. One thing I desired to know was, what he understood the essence of religion to be. I inquired, if he knew what we meant by being converted? His answer was vague. He was belligerent, but there was no fight in me. He was well posted in points of defense of his Church, but knew nothing of a Christian experience. He was a real "Paddy,"—warm-hearted and free.

Received a notice from the express office of a package to me. Rode down and secured it. Judge of my surprise, when I opened it, to find it was a bond of the State of Alabama for five hundred dollars, a gift from Mr. Charles Linn, of Birmingham, Alabama. I had been kind to his son, who died suddenly, and had him buried in the family ground in Montgomery, while his family were abroad on their vacation in California. The note contained, these words, "All I ask is, that if you are near enough, you will go and close my eyes in death, and bury me."

Since taking charge of this Church I have urged, privately and publicly, the necessity of building a chapel in the rear of the church. Brother R. W Rayne made a proposition to build this chapel if the trustees of the old Cadiz Street Church will turn it over to him. They, or some of them, refuse to do so until Brother Rayne gives us a title to the new church. This is the hitch.

One of the richest and most desirable gifts Heaven bestows upon man is friendship, that mysterious linking of spirit with spirit. It is a treat to the soul to secure the friendship of those who are crowned with years and mellowed by experience. Among those whose friendship I appreciate, are those of other communions. My admiration for one of Dr. Palmer's elders is very strong; Mr. Black, a man of such integrity that the courts and financial organizations conferred honor upon our Christianity in the confidence placed in him by appointing him in charge of financial interests. In a conversation with him, I spoke of the confidence reposed in him. His reply was, "Mr. Mathews, I owe all to the grace of God. If I possess worthiness of character and integrity, it is of grace." He attributed everything to Christianity. Sometimes he attended upon my ministry. On one occasion, he was present when I was taking a collection. I announced, "I must have a certain amount or I will not dismiss the audience." It was at night. At last, friend Black responded to my five-dollar proposition. I then announced, "Brother Black, you are dismissed!" He retired; others contributed and followed suit.

How large the number of those who, as Wheedon, the Commentator says, "Lapse back into the low state which is common to most believers." This is a subsidence not only alarmi[illegible]ous. They are genuinely converted and run well for a sea[illegible]st unconsciously fall back into the old state. Is it not always excites one's sympathy to see a man with his han[illegible]

So it melts the heart to see men and women who once enjoyed fellowship with our Lord, now maimed in spirit, having lost their sense of justification. I came in contact with one of these. Was once a traveling minister, devoted and spiritual; has now grown rich in money, but poor in spirit. Morally he is all right, but is a spiritual pauper.

In New Orleans, the spectacular is prominent on Easter-day. Churches seem to vie with each other in appealing to men through the eye. Our congregations are not as full on these days as on others. Many of our people desire to see, and plead they only "go to hear the extra music." On this Easter Sunday on the table in the chancel was a lone but exquisitely lovely white lily. Bishop Keener pointed to it at the close of service and said, "That lily diverts the mind from the worship of God!" The more spiritual a people are, the less they favor the spectacular, and in proportion as the spiritual declines, do men desire the sensational in appeals to the mind through the eye.

For some time the press has given publicity to the assaults of Ingersol on the Bible. I called on a family, and met a lady who has ceased attending Church, so tinctured was she with this eloquent man's statements. In the interview, she acknowledged reading the assaults upon the Bible. I propounded this question to her, "Have you ever read a single work in defense of our Christianity?" She was compelled to answer: "No!" Forty-eight out of every fifty of those accepting Ingersol's theory, when pushed, will give the same answer. One point I urged, is the falseness of many of his assertions. He charges the Bible as teaching that the world is six thousand years old; yet there is no such teaching in that Holy Book. The Bible is dateless! It says, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." That is all. When was the beginning? By request of the Young Men's Christian Association, I delivered a lecture on, "An Evening With Ingersol." Ingersol is dead, but the Old Book still survives. Its assailants now are in the house of its friends.

One night, after retiring, I was awakened by the loud ringing of our door-bell. A messenger was at the door to summon me to the bedside of a man who had been bitten by a venomous snake. Instead of attending Church that Sunday, he had gone blackberrying. While in the berry patch he was attacked. Greatly frightened he recrossed the Mississippi River and hastened to his home. When the messenger was dispatched for the minister, his leg had swollen to a great size, and the physician had exhausted his skill. When I reached the house, over a mile away, I found the place crowded with his neighbors. Entering the room where he lay, I heard loud voices saying, "Poor Joe; poor Joe!" I took in the situation at a glance. The man was so frightened his forehead was covered with perspiration, and he excitedly exclaimed, "Pray for me! pray for me!" "No," said I, "it is no use to pray with such a crowd in the room;

all of you leave at once. Put me in this bed and let a crowd get around me and cry, 'Poor John! poor John,' I would die without being snake-bitten!" After a time the room was cleared, and when the man grew quiet I said, "You are no more dying than I am; I know not the final issue, but you are not a dying man now!" He grew calm, then kneeling at his side I prayed for him. In due time I returned to my home, assuring him that he would not die yet. The physician's remedies had arrested the progress of the poison, and when I returned the next day, he was full of hope. With the blessing of God on the medicine, and in answer to prayer, he finally recovered. If ever there was a happy man he was one. He faithfully attended Church after that.

Early one morning, a woman called to solicit my coöperation in securing a place to live. She said she was willing to go into a family and help a little,—play the lady for wages! Some of our people who are penniless retain all the old-time pride, and will nearly starve rather than take the place of servants. They are to be pitied, and yet blamed. One said to me when I suggested such a position, "I am as good as any one." "Yes," was my reply, "you may be superior in intellect and education, but it is your misfortune to be utterly helpless. It is no crime to be poor—only a misfortune."

Received a note from a Baptist lady to visit her sick son. Found him dying of consumption. He heard me preach, the other summer, in the theater, and was willing to have me visit him. During my interview I discovered that he was the grandson of an old couple with whom I boarded for a time in Decatur, Alabama, in 1849. His grandmother was kind, very, to the young preacher. Old memories gave added interest to the occasion. Young Patterson, was splendidly educated in Scotland, the native land of his parents. He returned a polished gentleman of fine manners and elegant address. His equipment for life-work was unusual; but, alas, while educating one part of his nature he failed just where many fail—failed to learn how to use his acquisitions to the best interest of his being. He was rich, and married into a fine family. As years passed, several children were given them, but their resources dwindled away, until poverty stared them in the face. The husband and father died by the awful scourge of liquor. They floated into this city, where so many, once rich, come to hide from the gossip and criticisms of their former associates. Here is the grandson of my old friends, dying in obscurity! I instructed him as one instructs a child, he knew so little of the truth of God; yet his ancestors were of the old Scotch covenanters.

Brother Hamp S. Smith, a close friend and devoted Methodist, was in his office when I called. This visit was not pastoral. I was specially in need of funds. Having explained the object of my visit, to borrow money, he said, "How much do you need?" "One hundred and fifty dollars," was the answer. "I will not lend it to you, but will let you have it, and at the end of the year, when the

finances are winding up, report it as part of my assessment." He had already contributed largely to our Church. I wanted to give him my note—"No, no!" I was grateful to this large-hearted man. He was constantly doing things of this kind. His attachment to me was something discussed by other friends.

Our people were surprised and shocked, on July 8th, to learn of the sudden death of that noble man, Brother R. W Rayne. He was at his summer residence at Ocean Springs, Mississippi. He was brought to New Orleans and buried from the house of worship which he had erected to the glory of God. A large concourse attended his funeral, which was conducted by Bishop J. C. Keener and others. Our brother was a local minister of many years' standing, and a business man of large interests. He was a portly and handsome man, highly esteemed by all who knew him. Feeling the necessity of a house of worship in the section where his home was located, he conceived the idea of erecting such a structure to perpetuate the memory of a son who died in the army. The structure now known as "The Rayne Memorial Church," which stands on the corner of General Taylor and St. Charles Avenues, was named by him the "St. Charles Avenue Church." It was his pet conception, and filled his mind in his declining days. He secured about seventeen thousand dollars from business friends, then proceeded to build. Though not his pastor then, he confided his plan to me, and often consulted me as to the beauty and utility of the house. The building and lot cost forty thousand dollars. When he died it was found he had made no provision in his will for its transfer to a Board of Trustees. His noble widow, within a short time after his demise, sent for Bishop J. C. Keener to notify him she intended to carry out the purpose of her husband. On the 28th of July, 1879, the legal steps were begun, and on January 1st, 1880, the papers were signed and the house was in the hands of trustees for the use of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

In August, I went to the Wheeling camp-ground, Moundsville, West Virginia. Several of the prominent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Wheeling did business in New Orleans every fall and winter. They attended my ministry, and gave me a pressing invitation to attend their camp-meeting, and spend a Sunday in Wheeling. I was pleased to go, not having attended a new style camp-meeting where people have to pay to enter the grounds. I was greeted with marked cordiality, and was made to feel at home. I was never at a camp-meeting where such throngs attended. They could tell the number present each day by the tickets taken in. Six thousand were present on Sunday. Here gathered ministers, presidents of colleges and schools, professors and teachers, and persons from all the walks of life. Being the only minister from the Southern Church, they honored the Church by giving me the appointment to preach at 11 o'clock on Sunday. It was a noisy crowd; many were greeting old friends and acquaintances. The Presiding Elder

said to me, "Brother, I am sorry for you, but no man has ever been able to command the attention of the audience at 11 o'clock on Sunday." I made no reply, but felt somewhat excited; just enough so to put my faculties into full play. When I had announced my text, lifting up my voice (a strong one) above the hum in the audience, I remarked, "I am told, we have a number of college presidents, professors, and school teachers present: Hear me! Can any of you tell me why A is A!" No answer. I played upon this question, repeating it again and again. The attention was arrested by the strangeness of my method and manner. Rarely, if ever, did I have more profound attention than on that occasion. We had responses during the discourse—tears and shouts. Many penitents came forward. There I met a female preacher, Mrs. Robinson. She impressed me deeply. Her dress was becoming; nothing about it to attract attention. Her sermons clear, instructive and full of pathos. But her message was to Christians. After one of her discourses of touching sweetness, she invited penitents, but no response, which seemed to greatly distress her. We dined at the same tent, and she propounded this question, "Why is it, so few sinners respond to the Gospel?" My reply was about this: "Christ is held up and described in glowing terms as the great Physician. People weep over His tenderness and love; but people are not made to *feel the need of a physician.* They are not made sin-sick. No one applies to a physician, no matter how able he may be, unless he feels sick. The preaching of the present day is very clear and instructive, but sinners are not led to feel the dangerous nature of sin." One of my sermons, at this meeting, was on "The Plague of the Heart." My discourses aim to alarm souls, awaking them out of sleep. The camp-meeting was a great benefit to my own soul. On Sunday, August 31st, I was in Wheeling, and by invitation of the pastor, Dr. George, I preached in Fourth Street Church to a very large audience. Everything was prepossessing; the house, the pastor, and the congregation. The pastor's term was about to expire, but nothing, even the tempting salary and the generous equipment could induce me to leave my sunny home. Returned to New Orleans happy over my trip, and with renewed purpose to plod on in my work, looking to God for the Holy Spirit's power, to supplement my toil.

In December, 1879, our Annual Conference convened in the city of Baton Rouge, Bishop J. C. Keener presiding. I was returned for the second year as pastor of St. Charles Avenue. I opened my second campaign in this charge with a sermon on Second Corinthians, 12:15; the theme, "The Price of Doing Good." My labors were as steady as ever, visiting from house to house, looking after the sick and burying the dead. I had considerable time for study, and improved it. Our Church grew steadily, prayer and class-meetings kept in full blast, and often in a glow. Last Conference year, I made eighteen hundred calls; made two hundred and eighty-eight exhortations, lectures and addresses.

In April, I was in Montgomery, Alabama, to deliver a lecture on " Magic and Spiritism." I had been pastor in this city for four years and my former parishioners poured out to hear me. I remained over until after Sunday and preached twice in Court Street Church. This was my first visit, and the people gave me an ovation. It did my soul good to see many of my spiritual children, and learn they were standing fast in the liberty of Christ! I returned to my work in New Orleans, reinforced and cheered.

Dr. Johnson, the president of Whitworth College, at Brookhaven, Mississippi, joined the young ladies' societies in soliciting me to deliver the literary address on commencement day. I consented, and my address was on " The Essential Culture." Great crowds attended commencement occasions, and, as usual, I had the opportunity of speaking to an immense throng. During my address I was several times interrupted by educators, who were present, disavowing the neglect of the chief element in education. My theory is, there are three gymnasiums in which to be trained, the physical, the mental, and the spiritual.

In July, I found myself at Providence camp-ground, Copiah County, Mississippi. Bishop McTyeire had long ago urged me to go out of the city and contribute to the extension of Christ's Kingdom. More than that, I longed to get to a regular old-time camp-meeting. Here I found it. The people are intelligent and spiritual, and gather here year by year for edification and development. I preached four times and exhorted time and again. Some of the ministers gave us rare treats in Gospel food. Dr. Wheat was there, considered by some as the best preacher in our denomination. His sermon fed and filled us. He was refined through suffering. At this meeting, during a children's service which I led, a lad was converted all over. The power of God seemed to rest upon him. As God spoke to Samuel, so did He speak to this boy. At a subsequent meeting, held to hear experiences, he arose with a radiant face and with tears on his cheeks gave us one of the most touching talks of the meeting; telling in simple terms, that, " Sitting on the backermost seat, God moved me to give Him my heart, and I was saved!" He turned, saying, " You, on the backermost seat, can be saved!"

During the Conference year, arrangements were made to erect the long-desired chapel. The members were delighted. The old Cadiz Street Church had been sold to the colored people; there was a handsome sum of money in hand, and with added subscriptions by friends we had funds enough to build the much-needed attachment. However, we had to let patience have her prefect work. There was a good deal of dilly-dallying. The Building Committee and architect had some friction. The plans of the latter were too expensive.

While singing the first hymn at prayer-meeting, a note was sent from the vestibule, requesting me to go at once to see Mrs. Ober who was said to be dying. She was at the McAllister House. Took

the street car and when at the corner of Julia and Carondelet Streets, found the street flooded. The young man who accompanied me, finding I could not get in at the front door, picked me up in his arms, waded through the water, putting me down opposite the kitchen. A window was opened; some one put out a chair on which I stood, and with help climbed in at the window. When I entered the sick chamber I found a sad group. When told I had called to see her, she replied, "I did not know I was going to die." She added, "I am not afraid to die! am putting my trust in Christ." I prayed and committed her soul into God's hands. Within fifteen minutes her spirit passed into the Beyond. She was young and cultured, with a lovely disposition, and with a heart overflowing with benevolence. Her death was keenly felt in my home. During the late epidemic, she was one of a group of ladies who waited upon my wife and children, nursing them day by day, when my home was a hospital. Little did we dream that in a short time she would pass into the Divine Bosom!

That holy man, J. D. Parker, had for several years carried on a Mission Sunday-School in a needy section of the city. He never relaxed his effort. Paying rent and spending for current expenses was too great a drain on him, and in consultation, we concluded to begin a campaign of education, by proposing a building for the use of his school. At once, objections were made, that it would interfere with the erection of our chapel. My answer was, "Not at all! My little project is incidental. No one need contribute to the Mission Chapel who wishes to contribute to the one at home!" By tact, opposition was allayed, and quietly, I began in a small way, trying to gather something towards Brother Parker's school building. The Ladies' Missionary Society had promised to raise for this mission one hundred and fifty dollars. They raised at once seventy-five dollars. This was the beginning of the Parker Memorial Church.

Had an interview with a Mr. Jorgenson. He is what is styled "a cure medium." He seems honest; does not affiliate with the ordinary spiritualists; claims to possess a gift; he keeps a candle burning in a dark room where he prays, and by use of hands and a ring effects cures, if the person will pay. I hardly know what to make of him.

We have had extra congregational singing for several months, and thought we were fixed for a long time to come. Mr. Edgerly was brought to our city by Mr. R. W. Rayne as a valuable man in his business. The death of Brother Rayne has caused a change in the business, and Mr. Edgerly is called to New York by the surviving partner. We can but grieve. To-night, April 10th, he leads for the last time. How I dread this question of music. It has given me more trouble during my ministry than any other problem. For years, in my different charges, it has been a sore subject: "A thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me."

I was notified to call at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian

Association to greet the now famous evangelist, D. L. Moody, with the equally celebrated Mr. Sankey, whose power in spiritual song has rarely been equalled in this generation. The latter sang for the crowd, while the ministers met in the committee room to decide where Mr. Moody should preach to-morrow. My church is far up town, but I was anxious to have one of the three services at St. Charles Avenue Church. I made a special plea to the evangelist, saying, "Mr. Moody, you owe me something; for, as you know, I am the only minister in the city who stood by you when visiting our city a few years ago." He laughingly replied, "Some of the people told me they would rather hear you preach!" However, the ministers decided for him. They fixed it so the people could attend from all sections of the city. The presence of these men demoralized all our Churches so far as our Sunday congregations are concerned. I went up to Sunday-School; no Superintendent; teachers nearly all went down to hear these noted men. The excitement ran high. My church was half emptied, others reported equally so. In the afternoon, I went down to Ames Church to hear the discourse and music. Mr. Sankey sung with a distinct enunciation so that every vowel sounded out. There was pathos and sweetness in his voice; but my conviction was, his singing did not surpass that of Philip Phillips. At night Rev. John O. Keener occupied my pulpit. We had an attendance of eighty-seven. His text was, "Every man shall give an account of himself to God." He handled his subject on the same line of exposition with the Bishop, his father. He married my eldest daughter, Phala, and is visiting us. These workers, Moody and Sankey, reach many hearts never reached by the regular ministry, and some great truths are impressed upon the conscience.

One obstacle in the way of Church progress is injurious gossipers. Along my path how they have distressed me. Whisperers, going from house to house, repeating slanders. One such can get an entire Church by the ears, and produce a muss, and thus retard the work of God. They have given me the heartache many times in my career. Sir Walter Scott characterises calumny as "The vile habit, into which baser spirits sink, of cutting honest throats by whispers."

April 25th, Captain George Kountz brought his little daughter to Church to be baptized. Little "Belle" is a sweet child, and a pet in the family. Captain Kountz for years has been a river man. While I was pastor at Felicity Street Church ten years ago, he joined that Church. When I was removed to Carondelet Street Church, he brought his certificate there; and has followed me to St. Charles Avenue. He acted without my knowledge. Of course I appreciate the love he bore me.

April 28th, 1880, that noble Christian woman, Mrs. R. W Rayne, passed up to join her husband in the City of God. She had been a sufferer with internal cancer. Early in the morning I had called, but she was too ill to see even her pastor. Her daughter told

me she prayed all morning. I was requested to attend her funeral in company with her former pastor and almost life-long friend, Dr. Linus Parker. I insisted on his doing the talking, as he had so long known her. A very large number assembled to express sympathy for the bereaved family. She was universally esteemed and famous for her kindness to the poor. On all lines of Christian action she did good. She was one of the few who in growing rich found her benevolence keeping pace with her wealth. In the death of Mrs. Rayne, our Church has lost one our chief supporters. She died praying for herself and children. Christianity enriched her nature. In conversation, Mrs. Rayne was a model. She rose above all idle gossip. She was too rich in love, for envies. Her religion eliminated all spleen from her spirit and like ripened fruit from its tree, so she dropped into Eternity.

The non-action of good women has often puzzled me. Perhaps this accounts for the way preachers acted a few centuries ago. We are told that a certain minister spent several months in solving the question, "Why the divil doth most deal with ancient weemon?" This problem comes to mind while thinking of an humble woman who appeared at our altar in one of our meetings. She was attired in plain but neat clothes. She had an honest face and exhibited deep earnestness. During the evening she professed conversion, and rising to her feet she quietly extended her hand to the pastor. Not another person moved to greet her in her new-found joy. Her calico bonnet was in the way! She retired from the church as noiselessly as she had entered. The next night, seeing she was not present, I spoke of the non-action of the ladies, adding, "Not a soul noticed her; not even the wife of the pastor, or the wife of the Presiding Elder!" Talk about "caste" in India! "Caste" in American Churches has hindered the Gospel's onward march as much as any other one thing! This I have sought publicly and privately to break down. That calico bonnet never reappeared in that church, so far as I know.

Sometimes there is generated in my heart such a longing for souls that it becomes painful. When the Holy Spirit illuminates the mind, until it sees the fearful danger to souls which find their joy in drinking in the pleasures of earth, the realization saddens one to mental sickness! This suggests an account of a spring in California known as the "Death Spring." Its waters are clear, sparkling and cold, but instead of refreshing they kill. The water is passed through a formation impregnated with arsenic. When I gain a reasonable comprehension of the result of living in sin, I am impelled to warn the unconverted. "Show my people their sins," is a Divine injunction. During a protracted meeting, passing among the penitents at the altar, I noticed a gentleman who seemed deeply concerned. In speaking to him, he raised his face, while tears filled his eyes, and exclaimed, "O Mr. Mathews, there are tears in my heart!" Deeply stricken by the Spirit, his penitence was thorough

and effective, for in a little time he was saved. At one of our summer prayer-meetings, I called for penitents. Five came forward; two men and one lady professed conversion. While we have had no sweeping revival we have conversions from time to time. This work sets my heart in a glow.

Closing my second year, in an interview with Dr. Linus Parker, our Presiding Elder, the question of my appointment for the next ecclesiastical year was discussed. He thought I had had an interview with Bishop Keener in reference to my transfer to the Alabama Conference, for St. Francis Street Church, Mobile. "The Bishop," added Dr. Parker, "is half inclined to send you there." He protested against my removal. He wants me to go back to Carondelet Street Church. Bishop Keener said, "St. Charles must not suffer." The Presiding Elder added, "You may go to other parts and have crowds, and take many persons into the Church; but you could not do more than you have done and can still do at St. Charles Church." The prayer of my heart is that God would guide as to my future field of labor.

Having occasion to go to the Mobile depot, while awaiting the train, a gentleman connected with the road recognized me. He was a lad when I was stationed at Tuskegee, Alabama, 1859. He recalled faces and facts of the long ago. He inquired if it exhausted me to preach now as it did then. My answer was, "No; I can preach now and lie down to sleep as quietly as an infant." In former years, if I got to sleep by 2 o'clock in the morning, I felt grateful. Giving up tobacco, and being reconstructed by the yellow fever, life has assumed a new phase.

By appointment, the Thanksgiving sermon was to be preached at Felicity Street Church, by Brother J. M. Beard, of Moreau Street Church. In company with my family, I attended the service. My surprise was great to find the appointee in the pulpit and ready to begin. Leaving out the janitor, the organist and pastor, only three persons there! One was Rev. Christian Keener; we added four to the congregation. The minister proceeded as calmly as if he had an audience of three hundred! Brother Hannon had neglected to announce it; forgot it. Had it been announced, there would not have been a full house, as our people are still pouting over the result of the civil strife, and say they have nothing to be thankful for! My heart has never indulged in pouting because of disappointment. God is guiding this nation, and great prosperity will be realized by us.

I visited the Alabama Conference at Pensacola, as the representative of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate.* Was beset by a number of laymen and preachers to transfer to that Conference. Some were opposed to my transfer. Dr. Felix R. Hill was sought after for Carondelet Street Church. Bishop McTyeire sent me this notice to send to Bishop Keener: "Give me Mathews for Hill; Mathews is indispensable; he is willing." The message was

sent to Brenham, Texas. His name was signed to the telegram. I had not requested Bishop McTyeire to transfer me. So solicitous were a number of Alabama friends, they urged me to telegraph Bishop Keener to give me a transfer; which I finally did. In two days I received from Bishop Keener this dispatch: "At your and the Bishop's request, will transfer you, but greatly regret it." There had been so much said about preachers remaining in towns and cities until worn out, I dreaded reaching that point and was willing to be transferred to a new field. Had sold my first home there, located on St. Charles Avenue, to show the authorities I was untrammeled. I was so sure of being transferred, that I did not attend the session of the Louisiana Conference, at Shreveport. When the Conference adjourned, I was reappointed to St. Charles Avenue. At the close of my first sermon eight joined the Church. A hearty welcome was accorded me.

Much to my regret we could not hold a watch-meeting this year. The day was very cold, and could not heat the audience-room. Spent the evening at home in solemn reflection. Reviewed the past, and considered the future. My earnest petition at the throne of God, was for more power, and I sought a closer alliance with the Infinite One. My soul craved His presence with me as an individual, and as a minister. Oh, to glorify Christ! I consecrate myself anew and promise to move forward with energy in the work of doing good.

Meditations on the possibilities of the new year produce moral emotions too great for attention to trifles. These moral emotions create a passion for souls, and a passion for immediateness! One called of God can not afford to waste energies on the *rationale* of doctrines while souls are starving for the Bread of Life. In the language of a noted divine of thirty years ago, "We must preach more as Edwards preached and less as Edwards philosophized!" Our Church is emphasizing ministerial education, and properly so, but is there not danger of being deceived by social ratings and badges of the schools? Thousands of doors are not to be opened by Phi Beta Kappa keys. A coldly intellectual preacher fails to win men. Dr. Wayland, the celebrated Baptist theologian, once heard a visitor praising a minister for his eloquence and unusual intellectuality; he waited until the visitor concluded his eulogy, and then replied in a very impressive manner, "I should think it would take several geological epochs to convert a soul under such preaching!" The man of dialectic subtlety is not a soul winner. He has his place, but it is not in the pulpit.

A Rev. Mr. Haskill has been preaching in the slum part of the city and has gathered about two hundred children out of the moral filth of a section of the city without Churches. The Presiding Elder examined his papers and pronounced them all right. He is doing drudgery for Christ, and I approve his work, and invited him to

occupy my pulpit on next Sunday night. His talk was entertaining and profitable.

The title of "saint" I have bestowed upon a certain dying woman. She has been a fine type of Christian living. A saint according to the definition of the Psalmist, is "One who has made a covenant with God by sacrifice." She is a saint in Renan's sense: "A saint is one who consecrates life to a grand conception, and who thinks all else useless." A note was delivered, requesting a visit to see Mrs. Stockton die. On my way I rccalled the fact, that she was the first sick person I was invited to visit on my arrival in New Orleans ten years ago. I found her very ill; could only whisper, but those faint whisperings were full of joy; full of sweet repose on the Divine Arm! What a triumphant close to a life spent in poverty! There she was, looking for the end each moment, yet happy as an angel!

One evening by special invitation, I attended the Upper Bethel to deliver a temperance address to sailors. Spoke for twenty-seven minutes. Was followed by a talking-machine who gave us a "hop, skip and a jump" speech of over one hour. The house was full of sailors; some cried out to the brother, "Sit down!" First and last, in this Bethel, nineteen hundred have signed the pledge during eighteen months.

Dr. Hartzell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, called to invite my wife and self to a reception given Bishop Foss, at the former's home. We attended, and found quite a company present. Largely white teachers in charge of colored schools. A few citizens present. Bishop Foss impressed me as a Christian gentleman of the first water. His spirit was Christ-like. Socially, our ministers ignore our Northern brethren. My course was clearly defined. I had been North, and everywhere I was treated with the kindest hospitality; after accepting their kindness, I am unwilling to ignore their ministers amongst us. Dr. Ahrens, at the preachers' meeting, laughingly said, "Dr. Hartzell, in his paper says, 'You represent the liberal element of Southern Methodism in this city.'" I am glad I do. In my desire to build up our Church, I called on every member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, coming to the city, of whom I heard, and showed them kindness; and also called on all their rèpresentative ministers. This gave me prestige amongst them, and the result is, I have taken into our Church in this city enough members of the Methodist Episcopal Church to have made "Ames" Church a strong organization. Some of our largest contributors were won by kindness. In my course I did not meet the approval of my brethren, but my convictions were followed.

The chapel at last. Having secured additional funds to finish the chapel, the contract was let, and the building completed in due time. On July 20th, 1881, we held our first service in this addition to our church. It was well lighted and satisfactorily furnished. We all felt grateful for a special place for prayer-meetings and

Sunday-School. We were over two years in reaching this happy result. It required tact and push combined. Strange as it may seem, there was opposition even in ruling quarters.

Women helped Paul in his work, and the pastor of St. Charles Avenue Church was greatly reinforced by a company of earnest and noble women. Some have slipped from this life into the better land. Others still live to bless and give added power to the pastor. There was Mrs. Alice Hale, wife of Dr. Hale, and daughter of R. W Rayne. She went forth on many an errand of mercy with a fleet foot. Like a fruitful plant, she was absorbent, taking in light and sustenance. She was ever ready to cheer the workers when weary and tired. There too was Mrs. Bishop Parker, quiet, unobstrusive, contributing her influence to the cause she loved so well. She reminded me of a happy child playing in the sunshine. She was constant in her attendance on the means of grace, keeping before her mind a high ideal. It is true, as has been said, "The ideal is like the description of a beautiful land, but oceans lie between. But it awakens a longing and leads to Him who can bear the soul over the ocean." She still lives in her two sons who are controlled by principles she implanted in their minds. They are honored ministers in the Church of God. We had another Christian woman whose memory I cherish, Mrs. B. D. Wood. She belonged to that group which some one has styled, "the sisters of genius." In her relation as wife, and her duty as a Christian, she displayed a wisdom and tact which only a genius could display. Her influence over her husband was simply beautiful. She called out the best that was in him as the sunshine calls forth the forces from the heart of the beautiful rosebush. In her Christian life there was a buoyancy in her faith which affected the family circle as well as the outer, or Church circle. There was an enthusiasm in her method of action which kindled interest in despondent hearts. Her motto was "Trust."

Among those who survive, is one to whom Phillips Brooks' picture would apply, when he says, "If one could perfectly describe how the poorest person in town came to do the simplest of duties; if one could show how every wheel of motive was toothed and fitted into its task, and make it perfectly clear how each step led to every next one, he would fascinate any audience that listened to him." I refer to Mrs. Sam Henderson, a woman possessing a number of rare qualities which fitted her for the noble life she lived. If I could trace the steps which led to these qualities which adorned her life, these steps would fascinate the coldest heart. A more unselfish lady I never knew. She was a veritable Good Samaritan, ever ready to lend her aid to the necessities of others. When considering her helpfulness, my soul kindles into a flame over a Christianity which can produce such spirits. How deeply she loved the Church: and out of that love emanated her uncommon regard for her pastors. She never looked for their defects, but praised their best and en-

couraged them in their labors. This pastor is deeply indebted to this woman, who in the fearful yellow fever epidemic of 1878, quitted her home to take charge of his family when that house was a hospital. She took charge of everything; and when our youngest boy under the power of this disease left earth, she closed his little eyes and folded his hands, and with the assistance of other women of like nature, filled his little coffin with flowers. In after years, when shadows fell upon her home, she passed through them leaning on the Divine promises. Some one has said, "When one can bear chastening, the Lord always lays chastening on that one. We know that it is not every herb that yields sweet fragrance when it is crushed. There are certain herbs that do it. There are some lives that grow more beautiful in the day of trial and anguish. Suffering is a high service to which not many attain."

Another woman of that group was Mrs. Judge Merrick. On her line of action she was unsurpassed in the city. Her circle of thought took in the field of womanhood. She gave her influence to the uplifting of womankind; she loved the cause of Christ and longed to aid in the exaltation of her kind. Mrs. Merrick was a cultivated woman and stood amongst the foremost socially. Some one says, "What the mind knows the heart loves." Tennyson says, "According to God's mind in a man rightly constituted, mind and heart accord." In the development of her mind her love was abreast of her knowledge. She seized opportunities to aid in extending the needed aid demanded by her sex. She presided at the organization of the first Woman's Missionary Society formed in this city. Her mind hopefully beat in harmony with the mind of her Lord. His truth was inwrought into her life. She was raised by a stepmother famous for intellectual attainments and for Christian power. Mrs. Merrick's convictions mastered her, and in the face of prejudice she had the courage to espouse an unpopular cause. She was unobtrusive but firm. Modest almost to a fault, yet fearless where principle was involved. When last I met her she was still stepping Heavenward.

If ever a woman could say what Browning puts into the mouth of Prince Hoenstiel, Mrs. J. C. Keener was that character:

> "I thank God for making me a little lower than
> The Angels, honor-clothed and glory-crowned;
> This is the honor—that nothing I know,
> Feel or conceive, but I can make my own
> Somehow, by the use of hand, head or heart;
> This is the glory—that in all conceived,
> Or felt or known, I recognize a mind
> Not mine, but like mine—for the double joy—
> Making all things for me, and me for Him."

We sometimes read and hear of the coming woman. Has she not already come? We hold it as an encouraging fact, that the most

finished life is that which begins in moral beauty and ends in power. Thus Mrs. Keener's life began, and thus it ended. Her rare and unostentatious qualities grew out of convictions generated by an education grounded in high principles. In early life she allowed herself taken hold of by Christ's influence. His moulding power shaped her subsequent life and fitted her to fill the exalted position, in the providence of God, she was called to occupy, as the wife of a Bishop in a great Church. By prayer and faith, with a wide culture in the teachings of Christ, she was equipped to face any storm of life and prepared to traverse any wilderness that might lie in front of her. The Bishop, as is well known, is a man of strong convictions and immense forces, and at times they needed softening, and it was her part to neutralise their severity. As Mazzini said, "The angel of the family is woman, whether as wife, mother, or sister." Mrs. Keener conscientiously sought to make her home a haven of rest, and found more there than many a woman has found in a tour round the world. In that home she helped to create a Christian atmosphere. Her children inhaled a full spiritual breath, and grew up under the stimulation of the strongest spiritual ozone. The influence of her religious life not only touched her family but a large circle of friends. She was one of the most unaffected of women. She shunned social notoriety, but gave her influence to every good work. She originated the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in the city of New Orleans. She not only reinforced her husband, but the pastors under whose ministry she sat, felt her presence and the quiet approval of her cheer. Two forces entered into her spiritual constitution, faith and prayer. She realized that faith in Christ is a living force. She had her trials and bereavements, but there is such a thing as rising above these things and living in the greatness of mind which stays itself on God. I count that soul great which can meet the calamities of life and feel that a Guide will lead the spirit to the greatness of hope. She prayed intelligently, for she knew prayer is meant not to change God's purposes but to accomplish them. While many sought new ways of doing good, not so this godly woman. Her thought was to take hold of ordinary souls and lift them up and illuminate them and aid them to secure the transfiguring touch of the finger of God. She could not tell the visitor the latest tone of the prima donna's song, but she could tell of a new song which welled up in her own heart. She was blessed with long life and she wrought well as she journeyed.

John Milton, when in his sixteenth year, while at the University sent a sonnet to his mother as a New Year's gift, in which he dedicated himself to God. Subsequently he rededicated himself employing these words,

"Wherefore with my utmost art,
I will sing Thee,
And the cream of all my heart,
I will bring Thee."

History has nothing finer to show us, nothing more inspiring than the spectacle of a moral hero. If ever there was amongst us such a hero, J. D. Parker was one. Consecrating himself in early life to the service of Christ, he pressed right on like the sun in his path through the heavens. The great men of any age, are those who try to see what God sees, and who love truth and right for their own sake. While it is depressing to look around us, to find how many weak men there are, it is an inspiring sight to find one whose life, to human eye, is fleckless. Such a person is this man of God. In an acquaintance of several years, studying this quiet man, I had such a mental view of Christ's work in that soul, that at times I felt like the student of nature, who said; "I looked into the heavens one winter night through a telescope. The heavens were wonderful, and when I was through, I almost wanted to worship the instrument that could come so close to the great stars, and could so easily bring into my eye the unspeakable message from their distant glory!" When viewing this saintly man sometimes a sense of reverence so filled me, it was not far from worship. He brought Christ so near that my heart thrilled with the thought of human possibilities. He made headway in the face of storms like some great ocean steamer. He was not self-propelling; the source of his power was invisible, yet indicated its presence by outward results visible to all men. That hidden life came out before men in many ways. In Virginia, where as a young man in business he failed, he was induced to go to New Orleans as clerk in a large mercantile establishment, on an average salary. Living in simple style with his family, year by year he managed to save something, which went towards liquidating his indebtedness. Though it took years to do so, he paid dollar for dollar, with interest added. The large firm kept him until he was superannuated. He was a local preacher, and honored by saint and sinner. He was, in all his spare moments, doing some work for the good of others. The citizens had such confidence in his integrity, he drew a large number of customers to his place of business. He knew when to put in a stroke for his Lord. He had a special fondness for local missionary work. He superintended the Parker Mission Sunday-School for years, and the church was named in his honor. He was great in faith, great in meekness, and great in holiness. His sons followed in his steps in helping to lift up mankind.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A New Field in the Far West.

"Staking out" is a favorite term among Methodist ministers, applied to those who secure homes for themselves, and desire appointments within reach of their homes. I had sold a home on St. Charles Avenue to let the appointing powers see I was untrammeled. They declined to send me out of the city. Being, later on, solicited by one Bishop to allow my transfer to Alabama, I gave my consent, but the Bishop in charge failed to let me go, but reappointed me to St. Charles Avenue. Finding it difficult to rent a suitable house, I purchased a home, and moved into it August 17th, 1881. I had a delightful study and felt pleased at my condition. In the midst of my happiness, the mail carrier appeared, bringing me a letter from Kansas City. On opening it, I saw Bishop Pierce's name at the bottom of the page. The contents rather startled me. He appealed to me to consent to be transferred to Kansas City, appealing to my love for Christ and my fellow men, to take this action. After a re-reading of the letter, I passed into the sitting-room, laid the letter in my wife's lap, saying "Read that;" then passed back into my study, to think and pray. Within forty minutes Mrs. Mathews came into my study, and calmly said, "The request seems providential." Then and there we agreed upon an answer. That answer to Bishop Pierce ran thus: "If you feel it to be imperatively necessary for the good of Christ's cause, you may take what responsibility you may feel to be necessary." The Southwest Missouri Conference was to convene in a short time. I left the matter in the hands of God. We spoke to no one about this appeal by the Bishop. I knew nothing about Kansas City, and had heard but little. No answer ever came in the form of a letter. When that Conference met I was transferred. The first notice I had was seeing my name in the list of appointments: "Kansas City, Walnut Street, John Mathews." Letters from officials of the Church began to arrive urging me to come at once. My people were greatly astonished, not having even a remote suspicion of such a thing. To me it was an epoch of deeper meaning than any occasion in my history. True to the vows of my early ministerial life, I stood ready to obey the mandate of the "Chief Pastors." I had formed attachments in New Orleans which held me in a divine fellowship. It meant a great deal to sunder these ties. For eleven years I had gone in and out bearing the people on my heart, daily working for their good; sympathizing with them in their griefs, their joys and disappointments; burying their dead, and adding what influence I

could wield to make humanity better. I imitated one of the qualities of Christ, who lived to serve. I have many spiritual children in the city, and it was no small matter to separate myself from all these. It took some time to dispose of my home and wind up interests involved in the life I had lived. When the time arrived to leave, there were the usual resolutions passed, the sad farewells, and leaving my family behind, in the latter part of October, I sped away to my new field of labor.

On my arrival in Kansas City, I was met at the depot by several of the officers of the Church, and was soon landed in the palatial home of Mr. L. R. Moore, where I was welcomed by a number of the Stewards. Of these, two had belonged to my pastoral charge in Montgomery, Alabama, Mr. L. R., and his brother, Mr. L. T Moore. On Sunday morning October 30th, 1881, I delivered my first discourse. The text was, Psalm 91, verse 1: "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." The Kansas City *Times* said, in its Monday morning issue, among other things: "Dr. John Mathews, late of New Orleans, is a man of medium height, well along in years, with a very pleasing delivery. He is somewhat on the enthusiastic order, and held the audience spellbound at times, as he delivered his first sermon on yesterday morning." A large audience was present; but above all, God was with us, as was evident in several ways.

My work began hopefully. I know it began in prayer. A holy and burning desire surged through my being that God would be with me and prosper the work committed to my hands. My predecessor, Dr. C. C. Woods, left the charge well organized. I had only to take up the work and move forward. After an interview with the officers of the Church, and a thorough survey of the field, I adopted my plan of action. Kansas City was all alive and full of snap. People were pouring in from North, East and West, and very few from the South. Our Church was stigmatised as the "Rebel Church." This had to be met, as the prejudice was bitter. I adopted the plan of one of England's statesmen. Some one inquired of him how he managed to keep in favor with Queen Victoria? His reply was, "I never oppose her." I determined to meet any attack with Christian love. Erelong, some ugly things were said; of course they were repeated to me. My reply was a smile, or a kindly speech. All sorts of prophesies were circulated. One was, "He will soon play out!" Another, "He is sensational, and will come to grief!" Some things stung me, but my lips were sealed, except to God. People filled the church and some joined us. We had mourners at the altar, and conversions. As we had few Southern people to work on, our accessions came mainly from the Eastern element. This aroused a neighboring pastor, and he made the fur fly. I smiled, and shook hands with every one about me. I was too far beyond my teens to play tit for tat! Souls were too

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A New Field in the Far West.

"Staking out" is a favorite term among Methodist ministers, applied to those who secure homes for themselves, and desire appointments within reach of their homes. I had sold a home on St. Charles Avenue to let the appointing powers see I was untrammeled. They declined to send me out of the city. Being, later on, solicited by one Bishop to allow my transfer to Alabama, I gave my consent, but the Bishop in charge failed to let me go, but reappointed me to St. Charles Avenue. Finding it difficult to rent a suitable house, I purchased a home, and moved into it August 17th, 1881. I had a delightful study and felt pleased at my condition. In the midst of my happiness, the mail carrier appeared, bringing me a letter from Kansas City. On opening it, I saw Bishop Pierce's name at the bottom of the page. The contents rather startled me. He appealed to me to consent to be transferred to Kansas City, appealing to my love for Christ and my fellow men, to take this action. After a re-reading of the letter, I passed into the sitting-room, laid the letter in my wife's lap, saying "Read that;" then passed back into my study, to think and pray. Within forty minutes Mrs. Mathews came into my study, and calmly said, "The request seems providential." Then and there we agreed upon an answer. That answer to Bishop Pierce ran thus: "If you feel it to be imperatively necessary for the good of Christ's cause, you may take what responsibility you may feel to be necessary." The Southwest Missouri Conference was to convene in a short time. I left the matter in the hands of God. We spoke to no one about this appeal by the Bishop. I knew nothing about Kansas City, and had heard but little. No answer ever came in the form of a letter. When that Conference met I was transferred. The first notice I had was seeing my name in the list of appointments: "Kansas City, Walnut Street, John Mathews." Letters from officials of the Church began to arrive urging me to come at once. My people were greatly astonished, not having even a remote suspicion of such a thing. To me it was an epoch of deeper meaning than any occasion in my history. True to the vows of my early ministerial life, I stood ready to obey the mandate of the "Chief Pastors." I had formed attachments in New Orleans which held me in a divine fellowship. It meant a great deal to sunder these ties. For eleven years I had gone in and out bearing the people on my heart, daily working for their good; sympathizing with them in their griefs, their joys and disappointments; burying their dead, and adding what influence I

could wield to make humanity better. I imitated one of the qualities of Christ, who lived to serve. I have many spiritual children in the city, and it was no small matter to separate myself from all these. It took some time to dispose of my home and wind up interests involved in the life I had lived. When the time arrived to leave, there were the usual resolutions passed, the sad farewells, and leaving my family behind, in the latter part of October, I sped away to my new field of labor.

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precious to neglect their welfare. To effect good, I sometimes said things in the pulpit that were not in the best taste, nor on a line with my tastes, but I was after souls. The noble company of men who were my supporters stood behind me approvingly. I found a well organized Sunday-School, superintended by Witten McDonald, a man who loved system and order, and one who displayed extraordinary interest in its success. He called to his aid much of the best talent of the Church, and there were a number of front men in Walnut Street Church.

Rev. M. M. Pugh, D. D., was Presiding Elder, a man whose life was given to God and his Church. There was not a stain upon his character, and his life was hid with Christ in God. Dr. Pugh was known in the Conference as "a safe man," and his brethren both lay and clerical honored him. Dr. C. C. Woods, was pastor at what was then known as Lydia Avenue Church; later named Central. The Doctor was a prominent man; indeed, the leading spirit of the Southwest Missouri Conference. As a word-painter he has had few equals, and was a gifted preacher and writer. At Washington Street, was quite a young preacher, Rev. C. M. Hawkins. He was a great favorite with his people and a thorough student, full of promise. During his pastorate there, he married my youngest daughter, Minnie.

My faith in the value of pastoral visitation was increased as I noted its influence upon my members. I had some trouble to find a few of them. I was told to go and see Mrs. Judge Holmes, called by our people "the Bishop." She was always head and front in every good work. She had, with the Judge, removed her membership to Washington Street Church to aid in building it up. This godly woman really mothered the Church. The Judge's home was literally the "Minister's Rest;" and they entertained generously. Mrs. Holmes was a beautiful type of the Christian matron. She was always in her place in the house of God. She lived for the Master and His cause. The Church of Jesus Christ was as dear to my heart as the cause of his country was to General Armistead, who fell at the battle of Gettysburg. The color-bearer saw him fall, and forgetting his duty stooped to raise the General up, but the dying soldier remembering only the cause, waving him off, sternly said, "Carry the colors forward! Carry the colors forward!" My soul virtually heard our great Captain, with almost His dying breath say, "Go! carry the colors forward!" I found the people full of energy, pushing business with a zeal that allowed little time to pause. I was convinced that to attract attention truth must be proclaimed, even if it blistered; that a Gospel "frayed at the edges" would not secure attention. I had learned that arid and heavy propositions did not interest this class of thinkers. We had deep thinkers in the ministry; so deep that even the echo of the little hammer used by them was utterly inaudible. These and other facts suggested the course I pursued, a course which subjected me to

severe criticisms, but won the ear of the people. Many times the discussion was heard, "How are we to fill the Churches!" After all I heard and read on the subject, my theory was formulated in the form of a question and answer: "How do bees fill the hives? They go to the fields!"

At once the pastor proposed the purchase of a fine pipe organ. In due time it was ordered from Boston, costing three thousand dollars. Then the interest deepened, and quite a number concluded a parsonage was needed. Two officers of the Church, L. R. Moore and Witten McDonald, put their heads together and concluded they would build one, and if the Church desired to take it off their hands it could do so. They selected a lot in an aristocratic part of the city and it was almost ready for occupancy by the time the pastor's family was ready to remove to Kansas City. Sickness delayed my family until February. The parsonage was a handsome structure. I had not been accustomed to such extreme cold and blizzards as we had during the winter, but my friends were careful in their suggestions as to preparation against climatic conditions. I think it was months during the winter one did not see the ground. One thing surprised me, and that was, that in spite of snow and frozen ground people thronged to the church, and the work of God progressed. My health and vigor increased, until from one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, I reached one hundred and eighty-five pounds, by the scales!

In studying this community, gathered from all lands, I found it necessary to adopt some new methods, as some of our old ways, once useful and beautiful, had met with an autumn and died. Some of the methods of my youth once delighted the eye and mind, like the bouquet of last season, but no one expects it to decorate the coming spring. In my effort to secure results, I organized a corps of young men. They pledged to go from store to store, and from shop to shop and invite persons to a young people's meeting. That organization wrought enthusiastically and kept at white heat throughout the pastorate. In pushing things, some of our staid and solid members were afraid I would get them into water where they could not wade.

An organization named "The Woman's Christian Association," which was interdenominational in its character, was doing much good. The Association had occupied rented quarters and had to move time and again. They proposed to raise funds to build a home of their own. They inaugurated a series of lectures, and I was invited to deliver the first lecture. Colonel Coates, proprietor of the Opera House let them have the use of his building. The following notice appeared in one of the city dailies: "A large and refined audience gathered in Coates' Opera House last evening to hear Rev. Dr. Mathews, of the Walnut Street Methodist Church, lecture upon, "Science; its Grandeur, Jactitations, and Contradictions." Colonel Case introduced the lecturer. He gave a brief

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history of the organization, complimenting the ladies, and then added: "You will now be addressed by a gentleman whose fame as an eminent divine and brilliant orator preceded him hither from his late Southern home; a gentleman of whose ability and eloquence we have all frequently heard, and by whom many of us will be gratified and instructed for the first time to-night." Thus I had the pleasure of raising the first money for the erection of their long desired building. In course of time they raised enough funds and erected their own home.

The Ministers' Alliance had weekly discussions on subjects of interest. A subject was given me which gave me an opportunity to air my views of how work may prove successful. The theme was "Teaching Power For Conversion." The morning paper made this report: "The speaker began by saying, that material and tools do not always bring results. One cause of failure is found in the emphasis given to mere instruction. Morality does not come from education, as seen in the fact that, while Tennessee has four times as many illiterates as Massachusetts, yet the latter State had at the same time over twice as many criminals. The comparison between New York and Georgia is even larger. The moral state is conditioned by other and higher agencies than mere instruction. No Christian character can be created where there is nothing to build on. Teachers may study, as do some preachers, until the juice is all squeezed out of the subject. The only avenue to the will is through the heart." In a day or two, an Argus-eyed preacher, who was bristling for fight, assailed me in the press, charging me with political animosity in comparing Tennessee with Massachusetts. I was amazed, but remembered the old saw about "fighting, and running away, and thus living to fight another day;" so I ran, and saved my scalp.

The question has often been propounded, "Is there any adequate provision in the universe for getting rid of sin and guilt?" Let the story of Valentine Burke, the converted convict, solve the problem. It unfolds the fact that Christ has bridged the chasm between man and God. This man was introduced to me by a Christian gentleman who boarded in a hotel where this man was clerking. I invited him to Church, and he accepted the invitation. Before the prayer-meeting he gave me a brief history of himself. While surprised, I assured him of my sympathy and assistance. He was born in Ireland, left an orphan at an early age; an Irish family brought him to America. The family settled on a farm in Missouri. Young Burke had a hard life, working with the slaves and having their fare. At the age of seventeen years, he ran away and being without funds he stole what he ate. From ladhood until converted, he followed thieving. He was arrested, convicted and sent to the penitentiary at Jefferson City. In the State of New York he was twice sent to the penitentiary. At the time Moody and Sankey were at their best, they visited St. Louis, and stirred the entire city. The

Globe-Democrat published Mr. Moody's sermons every morning. A very active Christian young woman, Miss Julia Ordes, of our First Methodist Church, distributed Mr. Moody's sermon of the night before in the jail. The theme was stated in large headlines, "The Conversion of the Philippian Jailer." Mr. Burke was a prisoner; he read and pondered that sermon until the Divine Spirit opened his heart, and as by a flash from Heaven his soul was fired with joy! Contrary to his anticipation, when brought into court, he was set at liberty on a technicality. He sought Christian sympathy, and found Rev. J. E. Godbey, who interested himself in the man and interested others in him. His advisers differed as to his best course to pursue. He was advised to go to the far West; there an ex-convict recognized him, and he returned. Then he tried Kansas City, where I met him and showed him attention, such as he needed. I felt great sorrow for him as he spoke in class-meeting of his trials. Through the interposition of three of our best men, Mr. Samuel Cupples, Richard M. Scruggs, and Sam Kennard, he was appointed a deputy sheriff for St. Louis. No matter who became sheriff, Burke was retained in office until he died in 1895. He was married to Miss Julia Ordes, who was the one who distributed Moody's sermon which led to his conversion. They lived together in quiet happiness, serving God in an unobtrusive way, honored and esteemed by the community. I was twice his pastor. Once during his short residence in Kansas City, then in after years he joined Centenary Church. No one ever laid aught to his charge. Though surrounded by many kinds of people, he lived and died a miracle of God's amazing power to save.

The Young Men's Christian Association gave me a cordial invitation to deliver the second lecture in their winter course. I availed myself of this opportunity to extend my influence over young men and thus accomplish a greater good. My purpose was to inspire young hearts to covet the best things. I pointed out the element of kingliness manifested in the bold way in which scientific investigation assails obstacles—looking into Nature, grappling with her laws and finding out her secrets. This is man's way of saying, "This is a big world, but I am bigger." My discourse went to show that I am controlled by the sentiment of the Latin author, who said, "I am human, and no human interest is foreign to me." In this spirit I sought to make them see that, upon the young foreheads of the age great rays of light fall, and great obligations rest upon them. Only man sleeps. God may pass by, attended by cohorts of angels, but men are too heavy in moral sleep to even know that the armies of Heaven, with their great Captain passed by.

Our prayer-meetings became places of power. Our influential, as well as our plainer people, reinforced the pastor, and the result was development on spiritual lines. Now and then a crank came to the front and cast a shadow over our service. Our singing in these meetings was stirring and pleasing. I had less trouble with

our music than ever heretofore. After our new organ was built in place, a very fine quartet was employed, led by Mr. S. S. McGibbons, assisted by a noted soprano, Miss Julia Smith. As in all our charges, we had two parties, one desiring classical, the other heart music. I stated in the pulpit, "This is the most accommodating Church I have ever served; if you want a high order of music you get it here on Sunday; if you want the 'shout-and-go-round kind,' meet us down-stairs in the lecture-room, and you can get it!" We had but few snarlers in our Church. There was very little of what Bunyan called, "picking holes in the sleeves of the godly." The Woman's Missionary Society was a great factor in developing the true aggressive spirit. This Society was in charge of a few noble spirits. Amongst them was Mrs. Nathan Scarritt, Mrs. L. R. Moore, Mrs. Witten McDonald, and others equally active, whose names I can not recall. Our Church officers were mostly first-class business men. As a body, I discovered they were not versed in Methodist law. When on occasions, they proposed to take things into their hands belonging to other departments of the Church, in a quiet way, I read to them the Discipline. There was no friction. A leading man said to me, "We did not know; we wanted information."

Soon after my arrival in Kansas City, one of the first men I measured was Daniel Dofflemeyer. He was a decidedly helpful man on lines of usefulness. How he could pray! His public prayers were intercessions which stirred one's whole being. They augmented one's longings and led the soul to tighten its grip on God's promises. He was not only powerful in prayer, but equally as powerful in his life. He was with us not quite a year, but long enough to see answers to his prayers in a revival of religion. Death claimed him and his loss was deeply felt.

Toward the close of the year, a helper was employed—a Brother Cox, who seemed by his action and work, fitted for the position. He was employed by L. R. Moore and Witten McDonald, each subscribing five hundred dollars; and he was sent forth, employed for a year. His work was mapped out for him, and he was required to give a written report of his labors, day by day. He was required to visit every house, inquire as to the religious preferences of every family, and to find out if the children attended Sunday-School. Block after block was thus visited. If a family was found, not having deposited their Church letters, the fact was noted, and the following day the pastor called, and by a little attention secured them to Walnut Street Church. The children were secured to the Sunday-School. The membership was thus augmented and our Sunday-School grew apace. This Brother Cox was very devout and tactful, as well as conscientious. If he rested at his home for fifteen minutes that fact was noted. He reported for every working hour of the day. We explained our position as a non-political Church. Of all who joined us from the Methodist

Episcopal Church, only one, so far as I ever learned, did not know she was joining the Southern Church. That lady attended service and handed in her Church letter. At the door the *Sunday-School Visitor* was handed to each one going out. In looking at it, she said to her husband, "I have joined the Rebel Church!" One who heard it reported to me, and on Monday morning I rode out to her home and told her I had not entered her name on the Church register, and would cheerfully return her Church certificate if she so desired. She then asked as to our relation to politics; and was told that we did not interfere with one's politics, or even discuss such subjects in the pulpit. After a thorough statement of our views, she said, "I am tired of hearing politics discussed in the pulpit!" She would not take her letter from me, but lived and died one of us. On her dying pillow she charged her husband to have Dr. Mathews preach her funeral.

Had a request from Dr. E. R. Hendrix, president of Central College, at Fayette, to preach the commencement sermon. Having consented, I was on the ground in due time. I was taken to the president's home and delightfully entertained. The Doctor and his accomplished wife did everything to make my visit one of pleasure. On this occasion, a very large concourse was present, and indeed, through all the exercises, people thronged the chapel. Twenty years ago people attended college commencements from far and near.

The Annual Conference met in Nevada, and the place was alive with ministers and visitors. This was one of the few times in a long career, that Mrs. Mathews accompanied me to an Annual Conference. The Conference was largely made up of young men who seemed full of hope and ready for marching orders. The older men had planted amid strife and tears, and were respected and honored. Here I heard Palmore, the world-wide tourist and now long the editor of the St. Louis *Christian Advocate*, one of the most popular periodicals of the Church. He gave the Conference a speech full of brilliancy strength and pathos. There was C. C. Woods, at the Secretary's desk, ready to help the Bishop and any others who desired light. His influence was very great, both in the Conference room and pulpit. There among the elders, was Dr. Prottsman, renowned for his knowledge of parliamentary law. No hawk ever watched its prey with keener relish than did he for the commission of a mistake. He would not have feared to challenge Saint Paul, much less a Bishop! His sermons were clear, saturated with thought and the laws of rhetoric. They were delivered with a care that sometimes robbed them of their power. There was a young man amongst them, like myself a stranger. He created quite a sensation. His preaching caught the public ear. He was appointed to preach at the Baptist Church. I had gone to worship at the Methodist Church, but it was so crowded I could not get in; turning to the Baptist Church, found it was full almost to suffocation. I

found a seat close to the pulpit. The brother was dressed elegantly, and his manner was faultless. His elocution good; but his whole demeanor led one to believe, that "I am going to show you what preaching is!" He announced his text, then began to flounder! Some one thought as I did, that oxygen was needed, for every window was down; that person tried to open windows but failed. This added to the brother's embarrassment, and he plunged for some time, then, to my consternation, called on me to close with prayer. I was not in a praying mood; was thinking of oxygen; so, when on my knees, I said, "Lord we need oxygen in this church!" In this train I apologized for the sermon and the failure of the service. That brother ran rapidly, but for a short time; then fell into sin and had to leave the Church.

Having finished its business, the body met to receive the appointments. I was sent back to my former charge. I determined to pursue the old way of building up Christ's Kingdom, not to depend on set times or the coming of evangelists. Why not look to God to send his Spirit to convict men under the regular means employed? This I resolved to do. Dr. Bushnell's view greatly affected me. He wrote about his perplexity about revival preachers, and what may be called the machinery system of revivals, saying, "Things had come to such a pitch in the Church, by the intensity of the revival system, that the permanent was sacrificed to the casual; the ordinary swallowed up and lost in the extraordinary, and Christian piety itself reduced to a kind of campaigning or stage-effect exercise. The spirit of the pastor was broken and his powers crippled by a lack of expectation; it is becoming a fixed impression that effect is to be looked for only under instrumentalities that are extraordinary." Thoughts like these determined me to lead my people to expect God's blessings upon the ordinary means. The result was that week by week the interest grew, and our social services were greatly reinforced.

From the day of my return to Walnut Street Church, I moved onward watching every open door and entering with deep-set purpose to save the people. Our members, as a rule, were on the alert, and manifested real enthusiasm. It was not smooth sailing. We had opposition from without; that was to be expected; but within there were a few "bogs." That is, some of our people only absorbed. They gave out nothing. To explain my meaning, take the incident given by a London preacher. It is of a woman who never missed a revival service. She was a very attentive listener. She never joined even in the singing. She was so complacent she became a kind of fascination. He inquired of a member of the choir, "Do you know that lady?" "Oh, yes, very well," was the reply. "Is she a Christian?" "No," was the answer; "she is a bog!" "A bog!" repeated the minister, not quite understanding her meaning. "Yes," was the short reply, "a bog." Still mystified, the minister repeated, "A bog!" "Yes, a 'B-O-G,' spelled with

capital letters! Don't you know what a bog is?" "Yes, I think I do: it is a bit of marshy ground, which catches the surface drainage of the surrounding section, *but which has no outlet.* It is usually covered with a green slime, and is the home of offensive things." "Well, that is what she is. She is found at all the religious meetings; she is a marsh; she has an unlimited capacity for hearing sermons, but has no outlet; she is never known to do anything for Christ. She never speaks to a soul; she never gives to any cause, though she has money; she never does anything but just absorb, absorb! She is a bog!" We had bogs in Kansas City, and in every charge I have served.

While looking after my people, I met quite an intelligent gentleman who said to me, "We have a chapel, all furnished, on Holmes Street, near Third. We have tried to build up a Sunday-School there but have failed. Another denomination tried and failed. We will let you use the house if you will, and see what the Southern Church can do." I replied, "There is only one thing would induce me to take hold of that enterprise; that is, if you will deed the property over to our trustees, I will take hold of it and push it to success." There I thought the matter would end. But after a few weeks, the gentleman called and said, "Were you in earnest in proposing to take the Holmes Street Chapel, if the property was deeded to your Church?" I answered, "Certainly." "Then," said he, "it shall be done." It took some red tape to accomplish it, but in a few weeks the deed was turned over to me. All the furniture went with it. On the following Sunday I announced the fact, and advertised that we would organize a Sunday-School on the succeeding Sunday at 3 p. m. I requested any who could spare the time, to aid Brother Cox in canvassing that section for scholars. Several ladies volunteered. Our people took hold with a determination to make it a success. At the hour appointed the next Sunday, the house was thronged with children and people; so thronged it was impossible to organize. Every seat was occupied, the aisles crowded, and the space in and around the platform packed. The pastor talked, after singing and prayer. Announcements were made for the following Sunday, and we adjourned. On the following Sunday afternoon, an organization was effected with Witten McDonald Superintendent. We had teachers enough, and everything moved off hopefully. The chapel was small, seating comfortably two hundred and fifty. We had over three hundred present, counting the visitors. We appointed prayer and class-meetings, and a preaching service every Sunday night. Brother Cox, though a layman, was put in charge. At class-meeting, we began with forty-nine; soon went beyond one hundred. The prayer-meeting congregation filled the room. We had conversions week by week. The pastor was present at class and prayer-meetings, and often preached for the people. We organized a Church which soon grew to over one hundred members.

We had a local preacher by the name of Dr. Anderson, a

dentist, and a gentleman of culture. He had a spell of sickness. I visited him often, and he grew quite confidential. One day, he remarked, "Doctor, did you know that a committee was appointed to wait upon you about receiving so many into the Church?" With marked astonishment, I replied, "No, sir!" That committee was composed of Judge Holmes, Dr. Anderson, and one other. He went on to say, "We talked it over, and concluded that we were afraid to approach you. When we saw the lives the new members were living, we finally approved your plan." If an evangelist had been invited, and had led one hundred and fifty into the Church, it would have been all right; but every week taking in five, four or nine without intense revival exercises, they could not understand. I never inquired who appointed that committee.

Now that we had organized this mission school amongst the humbler people, it was necessary to aid the poorer children, by furnishing clothing for those not able to secure the needed supplies at home. I called a meeting to organize a "Pastor's Aid Society." The object was to furnish needed articles to be distributed; to aid the pastor in his efforts to enlarge our work. Our first meeting was constituted of twelve ladies. One remarked pleasantly, "Doctor, you will kill us, giving us so much to do. Already we are loaded down!" In a playful way, I answered, "You who have been at the front of everything need not touch it; we have one hundred ladies whose souls are dying for something to do. Elect officers out of that number!" The first gathering was rather informal, but the discussion showed the necessity for such a Society. At the next meeting, Mrs. B. Y. Collins was elected president and Mrs. Andrew McDonald secretary. They agreed to meet every Tuesday afternoon. At once they began to sew and provide needed materials, and the gathering was a social blessing. This Society made comforts, patched quilts, made sun-bonnets, and even took orders for wearing apparel for children, and in this way raised a fund which aided the pastor in pushing some other enterprise.

During 1883, the Church was literally at work. The energies of the members were aroused and needed outlets, therefore we were ready to do larger work. Our Holmes Chapel work grew until it became necessary to consider the erection of a larger edifice in a more eligible location. Our business men did not jump at conclusions, therefore a private meeting was called by the pastor, to investigate the necessities of the people. A committee was appointed, and the subject examined in detail. After some weeks, another meeting was held, and received the report of the committee. They approved the pastor's idea for a new and larger building. Week by week the interest deepened, until it culminated in a subscription. That subscription list, with every one's name who contributed toward the new edifice is in my hands now. We had seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-four dollars subscribed, and the lot and chapel, as assets. A committee was appointed to secure a

plan, which took time; finally the Board was called together to decide. A worthy brother from Ohio had a pet idea, and the house was planned according to his conception. I opposed it, saying, "The building will look like a country mill!" but the majority outvoted me, and the plan was adopted. The friends had given a good deal of time and money, and some said, "It is this plan or nothing." The ground and building cost a fraction over ten thousand dollars. When it was finished it was named "Campbell Street." At once the school took on new interest and the Church prospered and in due time a pastor was sent.

In the meantime our Young Men's Meeting became a power. It grew rapidly, until the room was packed, and we had to go into the lecture-room. It was an old-style class-meeting. A group of splendid young men gave it their influence, and led the way. Amongst them were C. R. Hunt, Richard Moore, Harry Eikelberger, R. L. Young, George Bacon, and W A. Hoyt. Another who aided in making that service so valuable was Ben Deering. He ably abetted in every effort to secure recruits and make the meeting a social power. Now and then some visitor would create friction, by introducing questions, or proposing a collection for some pet scheme. I had assured them no collection would be allowed. Many of them were on salaries that hardly paid their board. Once in a while drastic measures had to be resorted to, for the purpose of checking intruders. There appeared in one of our meetings, quite a talker from Chicago. He talked glibly, and then urged the young men to worship a Chicago woman, who represented the woman in Apocalypse. He surprised us all! I arose and said, "Stop such stuff!" He continued; I then said, "If you do not stop I will have them put you out! How dare you come here and take advantage of their kindness in letting you speak!" He sat down muttering something; but he spoiled that service. Another visitor proposed a collection, and was about to pass the hat around, when I stopped him. Some strange and erroneous notions were advanced by visitors who came to air their ideas. Kansas City was peopled from almost every quarter of the globe. An iron hand had to be laid on some of them. This organization was of great value to our cause. A number took hold of mission work in what was called "The Bottoms" and enterprised work there.

I found quite a prosperous Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. No wonder, when influenced by a quartet of cultured women. Mrs. Nathan Scarritt, whose parents were missionaries, loved the cause and exhibited her devotion in untiring zeal. She was a lady of large information, extensive culture, and of great purity of purpose. Another lady of wide influence and sweetness of spirit, was Mrs. L. R. Moore. She was as timid as a fawn, yet kept abreast of every phase of missionary work. She read largely, and was unusually intelligent on all lines. No doubt, to her influence China is indebted for the church building erected in Shang-

hai by her husband. A lovelier character one never meets. Mrs. Witten McDonald was another who stood with the foremost in active work in the missionary cause. She kept posted, and was ever ready to read an essay or otherwise aid in planting the Cross in foreign lands. Another was Mrs. Kate Horner, president of the Society.

The Conference of 1883, came and passed like a dream. It met in Boonville, Bishop A. W. Wilson presiding. I was reappointed to Walnut Street. I was soon on my field of action, and on Sunday received eight into the Church.

On November 1st, Dr. Nathan Scarritt, requested Church certificates for himself and family, to aid Lydia Avenue Church. Of course, our people reluctantly heeded the request to break the tie which bound them to Walnut Street Church. He had much to do with the erection of our house of worship and all its interests. Dr. Scarritt and family held a high place in the minds of our people. The Doctor was a man of great moral worth, and his wife was highly esteemed by all classes. Both were conspicuous figures in Church circles.

James Thornton, from San Antonio, Texas, became a citizen of Kansas City, and deposited the Church certificate of himself and family. He is a man of high principles and strong character. His influence will be far-reaching. He is a Kentucky-raised Methodist. He came to establish a bank. He always contributes freely. Has always said to me, "How much do you want?"

Meeting with the Aid Society, I unfolded my plan, or desire, to build a new church in a certain part of the city, which is growing rapidly. They hardly knew what to say. I desired to build as a Centennial thank offering, in gratitude to God for our prosperity in the city. In an interview with an intelligent lady, who lived in the section referred to, I proposed that she would canvass that part of the city and see if some one would not give us a lot. She rather made light of the suggestion, but after consideration she said she would make the canvass. She did so, and the next week reported no one responded. I then said, "I have been praying for God to open somebody's heart." The interview was lengthy and solemn. Then, turning to her I remarked, "I did not know but what God would put it into your and your husband's heart." It had not occurred to her. She concluded to at least present the subject to Brother Wilson. Two or three days after this interview, her husband drove her up to our house, and said, "After considering the matter through the night, and praying over the subject, we have concluded to give a lot on corner of Thirteenth Street and Brooklyn Avenue." Before Brother Wilson would sign the deed, he demanded a three-thousand-dollar structure. I feared I could not pledge that amount, but L. R. Moore and his brother, told me to pledge it, they would stand behind it. I spoke to the people about my pet project, "I would be grateful for any amount." After almost every service,

some made contributions. I had been lecturing without charge in several towns. Now I consented to lecture for expenses and twenty-five dollars. These fees I put into the church fund. I entered into a verbal contract with an English brother named Dymock, a local preacher of fine character. No contract was written. His bid was thirty-two hundred dollars. He was equal to his word. A gentleman who knew what good work was, visited the structure from time to time and reported everything according to the verbal contract. When the house was ready for dedication, it was about half paid for. All our churches in that city were held by one Board of Trustees. They were all invited to the dedication and placed in the front row. The amount necessary was figured out by a business man, and the pastor said "Each one will pay one hundred and seventy-five dollars," to which all agreed save the one who was absent, and some one pledged for him, and the pastor dedicated the church, which at the time was considered a beauty. I then canvassed that section for members and Sunday-School scholars. I went through the heat and in the sun until my neck was blistered. We soon had a nice Sunday-School and a Church organized. At the next Conference session, a preacher was sent them. The Conference of 1884 also sent a pastor to Holmes Street, H. T Harris; and a pastor to Brooklyn Avenue, T. W Watts. The latter had thirty members. Holmes Chapel, sixty-one.

Our mid-week service has been occasions of large spiritual profit. We have some very godly men and women. Some of them are mighty in petitioning a throne of grace. We had one lady whose prayers were not only out of the heart but were seasoned with deep thought. She pressed her suit as did Jacob, with a purpose to secure blessings for us all. Mrs. Parker was a woman of natural mental ability, and though necessitated to aid her husband in supporting the family, she rose above surroundings and exhibited the spirit of Christ so sweetly, her influence was very great. There were two or three other women mighty in prayer; their names are in the Book of Life. We had a few gentlemen who prayed with power. We trained our young men to lead in prayer.

Well may it be said, "Nothing is too hard for God!" In 1884, *The Kansas City Times* published the following incident: "Among those attending the prayer-meeting at the Walnut Street Methodist Church last evening, was 'Arizona Jack,' the frontier name of a well-known character who lived in West Kansas City, where he was employed in a packing house. He was one of General Crook's favorite scouts in the Indian campaigns through the Southwest, where he earned the reputation of being one of the bravest and most skilful men in the service. His name is Isaac Kinzie, and he was born in New York. Kansas City had been his home for two years. Some months ago his landlady persuaded him to attend a service at Dr. Mathews' Church. He became interested, and soon after was converted. Since then he has taken up the work of ex-

tending the Church's influence among his acquaintances, and with great success. He is a regular attendent on all the services, and labors faithfully to bring others with him. Jack is a good talker, making his experiences, whether reminiscences of his life among the Indian fighters, or descriptions of his Church work, agreeable to the listeners who gather about him. He recently had a letter from General Crook, expressing surprise at his conversion, but encouraging him to persist in doing good. He was, it is said, an awfully blasphemous man and generally fond of whiskey, but now has kept straight, steadily since he first changed his ways."

At the suggestion of our Sunday-School Superintendent, Witten McDonald, the young men were called together and a plan adopted to feed twenty-five hundred on Christmas day. It was taken hold of with vim; committees of solicitation were appointed and the entire plan mapped out. The proposition to feed newsboys, bootblacks, and other poor children, as well as feed the grown up poor, met with general favor, and large supplies were promised. It took work, but young men and ladies took hold with a zest that was refreshing. As the day drew near the excitement intensified, and strangers to us sent in contributions of money and provisions. "Bachelors" at the St. James Hotel sent twenty-five turkeys. The Ladies' Aid Society had been at work for weeks, gathering up clothing, and making new garments for distribution amongst the poor. A few nights before Christmas thieves broke into the meeting-room, and stole all the clothing; did not leave a garment! This distressed the ladies, but did not delay the dinner. When Christmas day arrived everything was ready. Turkeys, chickens, and other things had been cooked by the bakers in the city. Tables were arranged in our basement for five hundred to feast at once. The man at the head was a disciplinarian, and without friction everything passed off to the joy of all. Visitors called to witness the scene. It was 4 o'clock when the last five hundred went out from the feast. They were the grown people. Much was left, and was distributed amongst needy families.

The last week of the old year has been severely cold, with a snow storm and a blizzard the last night. Notwithstanding we began our watch-night meeting at 7:30. Began with a class-meeting. One hundred and fifty present—some new faces and voices. At 9 p. m., we had two hundred and twenty-five present. During the service mourners were called for, and eleven came forward, and before we closed seven professed conversion. Eleven applied for membership. It was a meeting of large results in other ways. We spent the closing minutes of the old year upon our knees reaffirming our consecration. The new year was hailed with song and greetings, with hearty hand-shaking.

Brother Cox is still my helper and is kept on the go day and night. His business is recruiting for both schools and both Churches. His spirit is fine, and he lives hard by the mercy-seat.

Some one tried to find a fault in him, and came to me complaining that he paid a boy twenty-five cents to go to our mission school. My reply was, if he prefers to spend his money that way, it matters not to me. The Lord has promised to pay me in a crown of righteousness, and Jesus, for the joy set before Him, endured the cross.

I had the support and influence of my Presiding Elder, Dr. C. C. Woods. He seconded every effort put forth to enlarge our cause. He was in his place always, and by his preaching and personal influence did fine service. He called an official gathering to settle upon a plan for our "Centennial celebration." He is ever on the alert as leader of our host.

E. K. Thornton was an active business man and a very decided Christian. In his business life he was without a flaw, but was indebted to his religion for his fixed shape of character. His piety had in it nothing repellant, but was attractive. It was not worn as an outside garb; it was rather a web woven from within; it penetrated his whole being. One who knew him in his youth remarked, "He was always a good boy." Our friend, whose untimely death we now mourn, passed away, not only without fear, but with the air and tone of a conqueror. His conscious faith in Christ lighted his path and his departure was as a babe falls on sleep. His loss to his family, the Church and his country was very great. It has been well said, "Blessed is the man the ring of whose harness is heard when he falls!"

In the midst of the duties, and success of Church work, suddenly I was summoned to a test of endurance through a long, siege of afflictions. First my brother, who had been to me also a father, died. Mrs. John O. Keener was brought from Mobile, Alabama, in what was supposed to be a dying condition. She hovered between life and death for weeks. Then my youngest daughter, Mrs. Hawkins, wife of Rev. C. M. Hawkins, pastor of Washington Street Church, was stricken with typhoid fever. For weeks we hardly knew whether she would live or die. Consultations were held, and the family informed there was little hope of her recovery; but through the careful attention of her husband and the blessing of God she was raised to bless others. During most of this time my mind was so stunned I could scarcely pray with any heart. The house was a hospital, two babes part of the time wailing for their mothers. The ladies of the Church did much to relieve the situation, and the physicians exhibited a devotion rarely if ever surpassed. At the end of the season I was taken down with fever. No period of my life was more shadowed.

One rule aided me in saving men. That has been not only to present Christ in His tenderness—I held Him up in the sternness of His character. He confirmed His demand for righteousness with everlasting penalties. Paul not only loved Christ, but he also feared Him, exclaiming: "Knowing, therefore the fear of the Lord, we persuade men." While the promises of our Lord exceed all prece-

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dent, and all imitation, and all expression, the words of *exclusion* must be emphasized, "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth"—the Holy City. Perhaps it is impossible to so group words in the English language to exceed the terrific sentences which fall from the lips of Christ against evil-doers. These facts I held up and reaffirmed, hoping to induce men to reach after and lay hold on the hope set before them. My aim was to speak these truths in love. Accepting the utterance of Christ when he said, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment," I longed, and prayed for men and women in such danger. I appealed to their hearts to accept God's plan of rescue. I stressed the awfulness of sin.

The neat frame church known as Lydia Avenue, or Centenary Church, in which the people had worshipped having been destroyed by fire, the leading men decided to rebuild at once. Some were anxious for a larger and more imposing structure; others felt the congregation could not afford such. Rev. J. W Lowrance, the influential pastor, was anxious for a handsome building. A meeting was held, the matter discussed, and the decision about reached to build on the old plan. The pastor called to see me to invoke my aid. I called on Brother J. S. Chick and urged them to build for the future. Finally the proposition was made to me, "If you will raise in Walnut Street Church five thousand dollars we will build a thirty-thousand-dollar house." I consented to try. The first men I called on were those princely givers, L. R. Moore and Witten McDonald. The former subscribed one thousand on condition that a thirty-thousand-dollar building would be erected. Going to the office of McDonald, the plan was canvassed with him. He was solicited to contribute a thousand dollars. He rather hesitated, having had to expend extra money on the Sunday-School and giving a large sum in support of my helper, Cox. I would accept no denial, saying, I will stay by you and sing "Wrestling Jacob":

"With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle 'till the break of day."

He took the pen and wrote his subscription for one thousand dollars. Brother L. T Moore, of Washington Street Church, was in New York. I took the pen and wrote down his name for one thousand, knowing my man, and after consulting with his brother. I had three thousand, and ere long I had a subscription of five thousand, and they built the handsome house now named "Central Church."

Quite a number of young men of Walnut Street desired to enlarge our borders by extra work, and in consultation with me, they resolved to visit what was called "The Bottoms," and find a location to start a Sunday-School. I was to raise the money for rent and supplies. These young men rented a saloon in East Bottom, near what was known as the distillery. They soon had a prosperous school.

Kansas City, for three or four years, to human eyes seemed fated. Summer after summer the city was visited by severe storms. One Sunday evening, just before the hour for preaching, we were visited by a fearful tornado. As I sat at a front window on the second floor, studying my sermon, the heavens turned black, and a roar frightful to hear terrified the city. In a few moments the damage was over, and a runner came to the house affrighted, telling of the path of the cyclone, of houses blown down and people injured. I was grateful our home was not in the path of the tornado. Many homes were damaged. Notwithstanding the consternation, we had our church half filled.

The pastor has to consider his people as he finds them. In my long pastorate I learned that no two Churches could be dealt with precisely alike. The culture of some and the non-culture of the people must be understood. Tastes and education have to be taken into account. The public sentiment needs to be known. Some of our most useful members were brought up in communities adverse to spirituality. Others breathed the blighting air of doubt. Others were reared in communities without the facilities for the development of public speaking or praying. Mr. L. R. Moore came to me saying, "I can not pray in public; I had no training on that line. We have some members who can not pay but can pray with ease and power. Let me pay for them, and let them do my public praying." On that condition he was constantly at the prayer-meeting. Others were of a like mind. My plan was to push them up on lines congenial to their views, when these views did not collide with any valuable principle. Many of our young men were educated, and I sought to train them to pray and talk, as well as visit and search for Sunday-School scholars. We had a great number who would pray in public. Among the members were those who were great helpers in directions that every pastor needs. There was Major J. F. Mister, a lawyer of celebrity, and a man cast in a large mould. He was a marked man in the community, as well as in the Church, and stood by the pastor with encouraging words. He knew that ministers are but men, and liable to depressions and his part was played with tact and wisdom, pointing out some good elements in the sermon and making one feel that his work is appreciated. He was an inspiring listener, and even when he found a flaw he pointed it out so pleasantly you felt there was nothing captious about it, and you liked his delightful manner of criticising. Judge Field was another lawyer who was a friend of his minister. There too, was another lawyer, Major James Waddell, a most estimable gentleman. What a pleasure to preach to such listeners! How Major Waddell could pray! With what unconscious elegance and yet earnestness and spirituality!

The Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in Kansas City, and assembled in the Grand Avenue Church. The *personnel* about that of an ordinary Annual Conference. Three of

their Bishops attended—Foss, Bowman, and Hurst. Bishop Foss presided. The Southwest Missouri Conference commissioned me their fraternal delegate. Some one writing of the occasion said, "Dr. Mathews' speech was characteristically unique. They laughed uproariously. The Doctor assured them of warmest fraternal feeling; but that there was room enough for both Churches in this broad land of ours.. He also assured them that the Southern Methodist Church was loyal both to the polity and doctrine of Wesleyanism. We still preach with emphasis, depravity, conversion, hell and Heaven." To me, the visit was pleasant, and the members cordially received me.

We had a quiet, motherly woman who was long connected with the Church of God—Mrs. Porter. She and her honored husband had traveled the path of life together for many years. During that period, with the blessing of God they accumulated a property that proved to be of large value. In the early years, many of the farmers set apart a portion of their land for the home of their dead, called sometimes, "God's acre." This man had his family burying-ground and his own dust lay there. When Kansas City extended her limits, that acre was included, and the family were required to remove their dead. The ground was sacred. In a conversation with this Christian lady, she informed me she would like to have that plot of ground held sacred always, and if we would build a Church on it she would donate the ground. This offer I communicated to the Trustees of our Churches. After some time had elapsed, the Trustees appointed a committee to call upon this lady and get the statement authoritatively from her lips. Judge Holmes and myself constituted that committee. The matter was discussed and she held to her proposition. In the course of time, the deed was made, and the Troost Avenue Church was afterward erected there. Brother Porter I never knew, only from reputation; but learned he belonged to the old style of gentlemen whose influence was thrown on the side of virtue and Christianity. Sister Porter's life was given to her family and good deeds. Their bodies rest in peace in the city of the dead, but their souls have gone to the Paradise of God.

At a District Conference in Missiouri, an essay was read by a rather young minister, appointed by our Presiding Elder, in which I was attacked with peculiar vim for a remark made at the previous Church Conference, "That the old way of the fathers, of making a square issue with the sinner, was the true plan; no manipulations should be resorted to." The position was not attacked, but my person was ridiculed. My stove-pipe hat, my kid gloves (which I do not wear), my fine apparel, and big salary. The pen picture was graphic. I sat in my place and smiled, and survived the assault. Notwithstanding this personal attack, I am of the opinion, that in order to salvation it is necessary to "see sin to be exceeding sinful." The cry for new methods in inducting a soul into the Kingdom of

Christ is not necessary. The ministers who preach the themes the fathers discussed, are as successful now as sixty years ago. The men who slur the old way, and demand new methods are the men who preach little else but ethics. When a minister spends his time searching for the danger-line he is wasting his energies. The danger-line and the North Pole are two great magnets, but full of danger. People seem bent on discovering both, but the sea is strewn with wrecks from shore to shore. As has been said, "Somewhere between the smooth-flowing water in the Niagara and the precipice is a danger-line; better not row your boat toward it!" This young assailant soon dropped out of sight, on the ground of dullness.

Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, a Presbyterian minister of New Orleans, and a devoted friend of mine, visited Kansas City. Writing to his home paper, soon after his arrival, tells this story: "I have not seen my dear friend, Dr. John Mathews, yet. His time at Kansas City is about out. There is talk that he will be sent to another Church in the same city. I heard of a prayer he offered—prayed the Lord to send his people a true man, one who did not preach science or politics, but only the pure Gospel. And he further prayed the Lord to 'send old John Mathews anywhere; but please send him to a good place!'"

On the last Sunday night of the ecclesiastical year, I preached a farewell sermon. The daily *Times* gave a synopsis of the sermon, but preceding the discourse it gave a general view of the work of the four years. Amongst other things, it said: "Dr. Mathews has enjoyed as great a degree of popularity while here as any other minister ever in Kansas City. His popularity was not confined to his own congregation alone, but his Church has been the resort of members of almost every denomination in the city. During the first few months of his pastorate he labored under the disadvantage attending the name of the Church (South), it taking him a year to make the people understand he was not a politician. From the first, however, he won the hearts of his congregation, and when he came to be understood, his membership increased until he leaves it the largest in the city. * * * * His sermons are as entertaining to his hearers as when they first heard him four years ago. The effectiveness of his work is evidenced by the results of it. During the four years there have been twelve hundred and ten accessions."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Pastorate at Washington Street.

When the Annual Conference of 1885 adjourned, I found I had been assigned to Washington Street charge, Kansas City. My predecessor, Rev. C. M. Hawkins, had been in charge *five years,* less three months. The Church grew and developed under his administration. His people loved him and boasted of his ability in the pulpit. He did a fine work there. I had nothing to do but to step into his shoes and push all the departments of Christian work. The appointment was accepted gladly. I was received with the greatest kindness. We had a frame house, formerly known as "The Tabernacle," erected by the Methodist Episcopal Church. In their hands it failed. A few wealthy men of our denomination purchased it, and the work was undertaken. Our cause was damaged by the selection of a man as its first pastor who proved unworthy. But my predecessor, brought it up and left it in fine order. I entered upon my new charge expecting God's aid in saving men. Nor was I disappointed. On my first Sunday the audience room was crowded. At night, there was an overflow. The second Sunday we were still thronged. Two or three of the leading brethren, decided to have the partitions removed. By the next Sunday the three rooms were thrown into one, and yet the room was crowded. All through the Conference year, without bell or advertising, people came to hear. The pastor had the support of his people. We had some noble specimens of manhood. L. T. Moore was an inspiring spirit. Like his brother of Walnut Street Church, his liberality abounded. It was difficult to find his superior. With his high position as a merchant, he gave his influence to Christian work. He was Superintendent of the Sunday-School, a Steward, and ever ready to do as the pastor suggested. Another man of great value was Judge Wm. Holmes, a local preacher and lawyer. He reinforced his pastor in every needed form. He was generous, and devout. He loved the class-meeting and was leader for many years. I can see him now, as he threw up his head and struck out on his favorite hymn: "Savior, more than life to me!" When he struck the chorus, how his tones swelled forth, as he repeated,

"Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power,
May Thy tender love to me,
Bind me closer, closer, Lord to Thee."

We had some fine specimens of young manhood. Amongst these was Robert L. Hawkins, brother of my predecessor. His life was

unimpeachable, and he took an active part in Sunday-School work, aiding the pastor in every way. We had a band of devout women ready to do the Master's bidding. There was Mrs. Judge Holmes, esteemed for her good works by saint and sinner. She was a blessing to the Church. She lived to comfort others, and was a foster-mother to all.

When pastor in Montgomery, Alabama, years ago, a lad—I can hardly say a young man—joined the Court Street Church. He attended all the services, and was ever in his place in the Sunday-School. He was quite handsome, as well as polished in manner. There was about him an indefinable something, which for want of a better word we call magnetism. We all liked him. The ladies made a pet of him, and these enviable qualities resulted in his final ruin. He was a clerk, and in my rounds, I noticed he was not as attentive to his business as necessary. As his pastor, I privately advised him, and said, "You will lose your position unless you change." He did lose it. He drifted into Shreveport, Louisiana. Secured a fair position and started off well. He married a lovely young girl, and had a bright prospect for the future; but, alas! he fell into the opium habit. Step by step he went down, until he saw the vortex into which he would soon plunge. He proposed to reform; friends rallied to his aid and he made desperate efforts to break the power of the habit. He and his friends were hopeful. It was thought best that he go to a new home. Money was given him. Whither could he go? He remarked, as I was informed in a letter, "Dr. Mathews, of Kansas City, is the best friend I have in the world." They advised him to go to Kansas City. I was notified by interested parties of his case, and awaited his coming. When he arrived I invited him to my home, but I saw at once that he had already lapsed. Weak in will, he yielded to temptation and fell. No father could have been more tender, but I could never get him back to my table. Shame caused him to avoid me. When he would get out of money he would come to my office. At last, I said, "Dick, I can not furnish you money to purchase this ruinous drug." For a long time I did not see him, nor could I hear of him. He had gone down, and associated with those who were like him. I yearned to save him. A friend from Alabama, gave him kindly attention. One morning I opened the daily paper, and saw in great headlines, "Dick ——— fell from a second story window, or was thrown out, and was fatally injured." He was taken to the hospital, and that day I found him; his jaw was broken and internally he was injured. When I approached him, he clutched my hand and old memories stirred him. Then with what earnestness he urged me to pray for him! There at that bedside I kneeled, and begged God to save him. He had sinned—but the name of Christ was held up. With a sad heart I left him, and that night his soul passed into eternity. A few friends kindly buried him. Thus ended the career

of one of the brightest of youths. Had he never touched the fatal pill, he might have been a blessing to the world!

Some of our active workers began to discuss the necessity of a new house of worship nearer the center of population. This was educative. No large enterprise springs suddenly into existence. Even the location was considered. During this time a most tempting proposition was made: I was approached and sounded on the subject of an independent Methodist Church. It was said certain parties would subscribe ten thousand dollars each. An English gentleman, of the Fowler Packing House, was named as one. My reply was courteous but decided. I gave two or three reasons. "First, if I am anything, the Church made me what I am; second, even if such a proposition could be entertained tentatively, the fact of my age was in the way; third, these independent enterprises, as a rule, came to naught." That interview ended the matter. No appeal to personal ambition could shake my conviction.

A Church anywhere should be a blessing. Some Churches have greater opportunities than others. Walnut Street Church opened avenues of usefulness which my new charge does not; but still it has access to the masses. This was proven by the crowded audiences we have. Piety may, and is sometimes, kept on ice in some of the up-town Churches; but it must be served warm if the down-town people are reached. That side of the brains which lead to spiritual things in city people is often allowed to rust through disease. Business absorbs the interest. In my new charge my purpose is to let the people feel the Gospel is a source of comfort and a thing of joy. As in former Churches, I sought out the people in their homes and by thus coming in touch with them exert a blessed spell over them. The poor sought me in their distress, and the rich in their trouble. Said a lady to me (one of social standing and culture), "The first time I met you I felt I could open my heart to you without reserve." I know not the reason.

Tuesday, the 12th day of May, 1886, was a day of consternation and sorrow. The morning was murky, and I concluded to spend it in my study. Sitting in my dressing-gown and slippers, I was suddenly startled by the darkness enshrouding the city. Rising up to see the cause, a sudden gust of wind swept down upon our house. The door flew open. I rushed to close it, and while holding it called to my affrighted wife to rush into the cellar. But, no; she would stand at my side. In the meantime bricks were hurled through the air, and trees on the street were being uplifted. In a few minutes the gloom had passed, followed by a tremendous rainfall. Looking out into the street strewn with *debris*, a neighbor lad, all covered with mud passed excitedly, his face pallid with fright. I called, "What is the matter?" He answered, "The large schoolhouse is blown down, and many of the children killed!" My next question was "Where is my John?" He was in the building! Putting on my shoes, but taking no time to lace them, I sped to the

public school building. A great crowd had already gathered, and excited parents were crying out for their children! Men were carrying out dead children. Some one who knew myself and boy, cried out, "John is safe!" The sense of relief has to be experienced to realize its force! As the rubbish was cleared, another dead child was brought out—in a few minutes, another, upon whom the pallor of death was evident. He was the son of Mr. L. T. Moore, my Sunday-School Superintendent. I can not recall the number killed, but among them were five of my Sunday-School children. One of these, a little girl, had before death won her father to our Church. For years he had not attended any Church. Her influence so affected him, he approached me one day saying, "Dr. Mathews, what shall I do to become a Christian?" He was soon at the altar, and received the salvation he sought. That little girl's work was done. On the following Sunday we had a memorial service. The daily paper reported the service as being "Very impressive. The audience paid the closest attention, and at times during the sermon the whole congregation were in tears. The church was densely crowded; many were turned from the doors."

That charming man, Rev. J. C. Morris, my successor, was holding the fort at Walnut Street. He won his way into the hearts of his people. Surmises were afloat that I would be sent to another city at the end of the Conference year, but no matter what I thought, I had a door upon my lips and I had learned to keep it shut when necessary. My heart kept up its longing to save souls. I had, for years, in my earlier ministry, feared I might lose this mood, and my duties might become perfunctory. My prayer went up day by day that my heart interest might not die out. God answered that prayer of years. As a coworker with God I went after the people. One day, a gentleman called upon one of our leading Stewards to know where he could find me. The answer as told me was, "If you go amongst some of the poor families you will be apt to find him there." If the man who represents Jesus does not look after His hidden one's who will? One of my chief officers had a summer home on Lake Minnetonka, and proposed to entertain me, but I felt I was needed in my work, for my strength and vigor were in full force.

CHAPTER XXX.

Appointment to Centenary, St. Louis.

While the Southwest Missouri Conference was in session in Kansas City in 1886, Bishop McTyeire transferred me to Centenary Church, St. Louis, and advised me to spend the first Sunday in October in the pulpit of that Church. I was met at the depot by Mr. John P. Boogher and others, and was the guest of the former. Sunday opened beautifully, and a good congregation greeted me. The Presiding Elder, Rev. Dr. T M. Finney, and my predecessor, Rev. Dr. W V Tudor, were in the pulpit with me. In a prelude to my sermon I stated: "As I stand here you are to decide upon my ability; whether I will do, whether I am the man for the place, and whether my family will do. But there are two sides to this question; I am wondering if you will do; whether you will suit me, and my family!" I then proceeded to announce my text and my heart felt the presence and blessing of God. On Monday I returned to Kansas City to wind up my affairs and remove my family to our new field of labor.

Returning with my family, we were soon domiciled in an elegant but crowded boarding-house. Then began that dreaded task of house hunting. The Rev. J. W Cunningham, now local but for many years a traveling preacher, kindly took me in hand and aided me in finding a house, for which I was more than thankful. He has ever extended his hand to aid his pastor. Noble man he is! The day after arriving in St. Louis, walking down the street, I meet a lady on her way to call to see us.. To my great surprise and pleasure I recognized one of my spiritual children, Mrs. Jennie Urner, once a resident of New Orleans, and converted in old Carondelet Street Church. She proposed to aid us in every possible way, and proved a coworker of a value difficult to be estimated.

At our first official meeting, Brother Isaac Baker, a leader amongst his brethren, in his quiet and gentlemanly way, turned to me and inquired, "What changes do you propose to make?" For a few moments I was surprised, and so expressed myself. He explained by saying, "The officers have heard that you change everything where you go!" My response was, "My dear brethren, my rule is to find out the plans of my people and predecessors, and run on like lines. It is not new plans needed, but to infuse new life into those already in motion." I added that if changes occurred, they would be so gradual as not to be noticed at once. Then, explaining my theory, I added, "To infuse increased vigor into Church life, I may make suggestions, which it may be hoped will meet your ap-

proval, but if you do not take hold of my rope and pull, I will step back or forward and pull on your rope." Soon after my arrival, Dr. Thomas M. Finney said to me, "If I can live to see Centenary Church filled on an ordinary occasion, like old Simeon, I will say, 'Now Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!'" I told these Stewards: "I will attempt to fill the house, but in doing so will sometimes violate my own and your tastes; I will say some surprising things; in doing so I ask your support until you see the outcome." They promised, and the meeting adjourned, each one in a pleasant mood. No one feared, after this, that I would break the traces!

Dr. Thomas M. Finney was the Presiding Elder who had the work of God on his heart. He understood all the ins and outs of Methodism in the city, and labored day and night to develop its power. He was born in the city, was educated in New England, and gave his talents, his fortune and his life to the Church. He was not an orator, but was a thinker, and his sermons, as delivered in the pulpit, were ready for the printer. His influence was great. Dr. W. V Tudor, my immediate predecessor was pastor of Centenary, first and last, eight years. Had been Presiding Elder; then pastor of St. John's. The Doctor was cast in a fine mold, was physically handsome; added to this was the gift of oratory. His eloquence was fervid and genuine. These gifts, which had been cultivated, rendered him a general favorite. Rev. Dr. B. M. Messick, my colleague at St. John's, was transferred from the Louisville Conference. His fame as a pulpiteer had preceded him, and he was received with great enthusiasm. His people rallied around him and his influence was immediate and great. His sermons were prepared with great exactness and were artistic in structure as well as productive of spiritual development. Some one said, every "i" was dotted, and "t" crossed. At one time his name was prominently mentioned in connection with the Bishopric. Dr. John D. Hammond, at First Church, was transferred from the Georgia Conference. The Doctor was a man of splendid physique, with a face indicating benignity and gentleness. His intellectuality marked all he did and said. His sermons were built wisely and for edification. His education was thorough, and he grappled with great principles from which others as well as himself drew strength and power. He was a fine logician, and withal a deeply pious man. He was soon in demand for wider fields of action.

No directory was at my command, and the next step was to find one well acquainted with the body of the membership and willing to give some time to the work. Mrs. Jennie Urner, my New Orleans convert, volunteered to aid me. Her devotion and industry were unusual; she took pleasure in escorting the pastor from street to street and from house to house. This Christian woman, during my entire pastorate at Centenary, did not relax her activities. After several years of voluntary service, her changed condition was such

that the Board paid her thirty dollars per month, and she was on the go day and night until her feet gave out, when she was compelled to retire. Mrs. Urner administered to both body and soul, carrying a loaf of bread in one hand and the Gospel of Joy in the other. She was sent for to visit the sick and dying, and had great power in prayer, and a very clear view of the plan of salvation. God's humble ones blessed her for the sunshine poured into their hearts and homes. Her superior as a worker I have never known.

On December 12th, 1886, the great Exposition building was crowded, according to the reports in the press, with seven thousand Sunday-School children from all parts of the city. There were sixteen hundred in the chorus on the stage, in tiers running from the big organ to the footlights. Mr. D. R. Wolfe, the Presbyterian Elder, and a noble worker in God's vineyard, presided. Besides the speakers, there sat on the platform John S. Moffit, Dr. Williams, of the *Central Baptist,* and Samuel Cupples, famous for his benevolence. The press stated, "It was unquestionably the largest number of people ever assembled in the Music Hall." The singing by the children was inspiring. Dr. Holland, a cultured and renowned preacher of the Episcopal Church, made a brief address. Ex-Governor E. O. Stanard spoke well. A Chinese quartet sang a hymn. After which, the paper says, "Rev. Dr. Mathews was introduced, and his subject announced," and added, "Dr. Mathews has the reputation of being one of the most original speakers in the Church, and his address proved it." A prominent layman followed, then Hon. Nathan Cole, a leading Baptist, spoke, and his address was to the point. I accepted the invitation to speak, hoping to catch the ear of the public, and thus augment my influence, and in this way honor my Master. It was published as "The largest and most successful Sunday-School celebration ever given in the West."

At my request, the Official Board had five thousand cards printed, inviting persons to the church. In our section of the city were many boarding-houses full of young men. I took several hundred of these cards, and on the back, wrote, "The pastor would be pleased to greet you in the church, and give you a cordial welcome;" to which I attached my name. Some of these I distributed amongst members, requesting them to call on young men and leave my card. Many of these cards I carried to the boarding-houses, seldom finding any of the young men in; the landladies would say, "You don't expect to find the boarders at home this time of day!" "No; but place these cards in their rooms; it is something for them to feel that they are not only thought of but cared for." This plan worked well, and many new faces were seen in the house of God. To hold them was the problem. They were not conversant with theological terms, therefore I employed language and terms on a level with their thinking. One of the daily papers said, "Dr. Mathews is surprising the staid old members of Centenary;" and intimated that they were displeased; whereas, I never received

heartier support from any Church of which I had been pastor. Of course I subjected myself to criticism, especially by preachers. Quite a number of our most devoted and pious members were ready to coöperate with me. The energy they displayed created a deepening conviction and hope, that God would give us victory. At first such a hope sounded faintly in our ears, like the premature song of the half-awakend bird, before daylight. Amongst my helpers were a number of women of influence and character. There was that sweet-spirited saint, Mrs. Mary A. Carlisle, so long a member of Centenary. There, too, was that elect lady, Mrs. C. C. Anderson, whose love for her Lord and Church was unsurpassed. In this group was Mrs. George A. Baker; cultured, devout and deeply devoted to her Divine Master. There was Mrs. John P Boogher, a delightful woman, always ready to reinforce her husband in his great zeal for the development of his Church. One of my staunchest supporters was Mrs. J. W Cunningham, wife of Rev. J. W Cunningham. She knew how a pastor needed sympathy and coöperation in his great work, and generously gave hers. For many years she had been in the itinerant ranks and has nobly for her Master stood. Strong in intellect, cheerful in spirit, she has been the light, not only of her husband, but the pride of her children. Centenary Church never had a better friend than Mrs. E. R. Gamble. For many years she was the president of the Ladies' Aid Society and never relaxed her interest in its work. If an entertainment was to be given, all eyes turned to her, and she prided herself in her ability to make it as perfect as human hands could do. For years she was steadily found in her pew and always ready to aid her pastor on useful lines. Mrs. J. B. Ralston was another prominent worker. In her place at the head of the infant department of the Sunday-School, I question if she ever had her superior. The daughter of a noted Missouri Conference minister, Dr. W H. Lewis, she was given advantages and a culture which resulted in the development of a character of great value to society. Mrs. Sallie M. Sharp was another lady of influence amongst us. Her constant attendance on the worship of the sanctuary was marked and refreshing. Miss Nancy Motley for years had been a teacher in the Sunday-School, and while nearly all her special friends belonged to St. John's Church, no influence had been able to take her away from Centenary. She takes light and sunshine wherever she goes. Her spirit chases gloom from other minds, and she is welcomed by all. On the line of holy living was that dear old soul, Mrs. Rebecca Southard, loved and honored by all who knew her. Few lives on earth ever had more joy poured into them. Left a widow with a number of children to provide for she brought her condition to God in prayer, and He honored her faith as He honored the widow of Sarepta, multiplying her meal and oil. As she advanced in years her life was flooded with sunshine. On one occasion, after the sermon, she approached me, saying, "Brother Mathews, may I shout?" I

said, "Certainly; when you feel like it!" She had a soft voice, and was a frail woman in body, so not long after this she had her cup of joy replenished and began to praise God, but could not be heard twenty feet away! Her life was an exhibition of the power of God to keep one in perfect peace when the mind is stayed on Him. Another lady of spiritual strength was Mrs. Margaret Skinner. For years she had lived under the Wings of the Almighty. Her life was hid with Christ in God. She was a most competent worker, and was employed at the famous Bethel down town. Her presence at prayer-meeting was a benediction. Her public prayers at times, seemed to shake the footstool of our King. She had a grasp on the promises which made one feel an answer must be given. Another very useful woman was Mrs. Joe E. Able. She was for a long period a special employe at the Bethel, but her influence was felt throughout the Church. For many years she was assistant teacher in our infant department. She was untiring in her work and did much to help in the aggressive work of the Church. She, too, was gifted in prayer, and could sing the songs of Zion with fine effect. Add to this group Mrs. Carrie Gray, a woman of mark in any company. Her devotion to Christ and His cause was an abiding principle. She let her light shine and sought to honor her Lord on all occasions. Her consecration was thorough, and she lived among some of the high peaks of the mountains of holiness. Her life was in accord with God's will. Another lady worthy of high esteem for her piety and active interest in the Church of God, was Mrs. W E. Gray. With unpausing energy she gave not only herself, but of her means, to build up the reign of righteousness. Her spirit had the odor of Christliness, and her activity in the higher lines of service impressed all who associated with her. She, too, was gifted in public prayer. There were others worthy of mention, but space is too limited to name them. We had a large bevy of younger women whose footsteps tracked the path of their Master.

On the last night of 1886, a large congregation assembled to spend the closing hour of the Old Year and usher in the New, in the holy act of worship. The meeting began in song and prayer, and was spirited from the first moment until the last. Men and women of spiritual forces were called upon to lead in prayer, and they prayed as do those who walk with God. No one could listen without being moved. With a deep interest awakened, a short lesson from the Word of God was read, followed by an exhortation by the pastor, then a stirring song, after which came experiences; they were both rich and rare; now and then some closed with a loud "Hallelujah!" Then penitents were invited forward, and a number pressed to the front. After singing and prayer, recruits were called, and several presented themselves for membership, among them young men whose parents had long prayed for them. Then a shout went up, a shout of praise from parental lips. It was a scene long to be remembered. Half the audience seemed to par-

take of the flying joy. As time sped by, we soon reached the closing minutes of the Old Year. Then the invitation was given to all who would join in the covenant to try to live closer to God to come forward. Instantly the people pressed forward, joining in songs, until the covenant hymn was sung. Then upon our knees we joined in silent prayer, and in this act of worship passed out of the Old into the New Year. Then a leader struck up a hymn of praise and all shook hands, wishing each other a happy New Year. This is a meager account of a most remarkable service.

The Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association invited me to deliver a lecture on "The Heroes of the Olden Times." There was a large attendance, composed mostly of young men. "Joseph, the Moral Hero" was my subject. Generations more than sixty deep have passed, yet history hands down few names of greater power over humanity than this one. Heroism in its broadest sense is a grand word, yet is difficult to define. Words are often too narrow and shallow to tell exactly what the soul thinks. Men are compelled often to use words of which they can not give a satisfactory definition. Men generally pass into the realm of ideas as people would into the concert-room of Rubinstein. No two carry into that hall the same structure of mind. One man's education leads him to listen for the melody; another listens only for the harmony; only a few have power to grasp all. No man can measure and weigh heroism. On this line my address traveled for forty minutes.

We had a young member, Charles E. Ford, who nine years ago conceived the idea of starting a Chinese Sunday-School in the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, then on Olive Street. That school has continued without interruption for all these years. It began with seven pupils. Three of the daughters of the late Bishop Marvin taught in the school, also Miss Daisy Sharp. The school at this time numbers nearly fifty. Every year there has been an annual entertainment. This year, 1887, the house was packed with pupils and visitors. Having been invited by the Superintendent, it fell to my lot to deliver the annual address. Thus I am lending my aid to help on every good cause.

I found it necessary to systematically divide my time to accomplish the largest results. Men of results have found this to be necessary. Sir William Jones, a lawyer and a Christian, had a broad outlook when he wisely divided his hours thus:

> "Seven to law, to soothing slumber seven,
> Ten to the world allot, and all to Heaven."

We had no deaconesses, no employed helpers; what assistance I secured was the voluntary service rendered by godly women and men. In visiting I would take the street car to the highest number; then walk down to the next number. After turning homeward with weary feet, I would enjoy the thought of a short rest, when on

reaching home I would find a note or a caller desiring me to go immediately to see a sick person, and without sitting down was away on an errand of mercy. This frequently occurred. I cheered myself by asking what would the Master do?

That charming young lady and efficient missionary to China, Miss Dora Rankin, had recently died. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society called a meeting at St. John's Church to pay tribute to the memory of one who only a few months ago stood in this church and talked so lovingly of her interest in the "Yellow Race." The committee requested me to prepare a paper to be read on that occasion. I felt it to be both refreshing and inspiring in these days of feverish culture and criticism, when the world is going mad in its patronage of the so-called high art and largest pleasure, to find one whose eyes are turned toward humanity, and is prodigal of a love which lays down life for the profit of others. The meeting was well attended and the interest profound. Noble young woman: may thy devotion inspire others!

We had eighteen Stewards, men upon whom I felt I could rely to coöperate with me in any good work. Their names were C. C. Anderson, Wesley Nichols, I. G. Baker, George A. Baker, John P Boogher, treasurer; F M. Lockwood, recording secretary; J. B. Austin, Murray Carleton, W E. Gray, J. B. Legg, G. Hurt, P M. Daniel, W G. Larimore, A. L. Harrington, W A. Benjamin, T. P Dement, A. C. Badger, D. G. Crofton. We had seven local preachers: Rev. John Hogan, J. W Cunningham, J. Watts, J. J. Prather, Louis Dehls, O. H. Duggins, Claude M. Gray. We had three exhorters: O. J. Gary, Herbert C. Hart, and David V. Lee. On Sunday we had seven services. On Monday evening the Official Board meets. Tuesday, the ladies' prayer-meeting at 3 p. m., Mrs. M. R. Skinner, leader. Young People's Union at 8 p. m., the same day. Wednesday evening, the general prayer-meeting, 7:30 p. m. Thursday afternoon, a Bible class led by Mrs. George A. Baker. Friday evening, the ladies' class, I. G. Baker, leader. Men's class the same evening, George A. Baker, leader. Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. C. C. Rainwater, president. Women's Foreign Missionary Society, Mrs. Mary A. Mathews, president. Parsonage Society, Mrs. J. B. Legg, president. Saturday afternoon, Centenary Jewels, 3 p. m., Miss May G. De Silva, president. Cottage prayer-meetings, Thursday afternoons, Mrs. Jennie P Urner, leader. The St. Louis Open Air Mission, O. J. Gary, president, H. C. Hart, vice-president. Officers of the Sunday-School: George A. Baker, Superintendent; Murray Carleton, assistant. Sunday-School Missionary Society, Rev. John Mathews, president. When I proposed forming the Sunday-School into a missionary society, the idea did not take at once with the officers, but by using tact and showing it would take but a few minutes on the first Sunday of each month, the collection on that day going into the missionary treasury, before my pastorate

closed this became one of the pet societies of the Church, raising year by year one hundred and fifty dollars.

In the *Spectator* of May 14th, 1887, was an article headed "A Popular New Preacher." The author said: "On Sunday last I dropped in at Centenary to hear Dr. Mathews. I found the church crowded to the doors, and the galleries well filled, a notable feature being the number of men, chiefly young men, in the audience. He was receiving some new members into the Church when I entered. 'What is going on? A revival?' I asked of the usher. 'Oh, no' he answered, 'it is this way every Sunday—crowded. He has been here only six months, and this makes two hundred and sixty-one members taken into the Church. Shall I show you a seat further down?' 'This will do,' I answered, indicating a back seat. 'He seems to have a good strong voice.' 'You will think so when you hear him,' was the answer. By this time the Doctor began his sermon and I sat there wondering how it was that a preacher who could draw crowded houses twice on every Sunday and take in two hundred and sixty new members in six months, had not been heard from through the papers. I turned again to the usher to ask the question. 'Well, you see,' was the reply, 'some people call him a gilt-edged edition of Sam Jones, and it is mighty hard for him to hold himself down; he has got so much humor, and is so full of anecdote; so he thinks if he were to allow the subjects of his sermons to be published, people would think he was sensational, and there is not a bit of that in him; so we let him have his way. But, Lord bless you, the people are finding him out! This is nothing like the crowds we have at night. He generally talks to the Church members in the morning; but he talks to the sinners at night.'" Whoever wrote the article went on to delineate the looks, the manners, and qualities of the pastor in words of commendation.

Our prayer-meetings have grown until we need more room; also the increase in the Sunday-School attendance calls for enlarged quarters. The Official Board, after consideration, proposed to take out the partition which divided the room and throw the two into one, also to refit and repaint the enlarged lecture-room. Within a month the work was completed to the joy of superintendent and pastor. The attendance on our prayer-meetings was inspiring. Our Presiding Elder, on his way to his home, slipped in one night to see, and reported every seat filled and people stood against the wall at an ordinary mid-week service. These meetings were of large profit to waiting souls. Many attended to get a crumb of comfort on which to feed during the remaining days of the week. It was about this time I began to receive anonymous letters charging me with encouraging people too much; yet the Holy Book says: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." The singing was hearty and soul-stirring, and the praying fervent and uplifting. Now and then we had a conversion at these services, showing the approval of Heaven upon the work. During the year it be-

came necessary to fit up the gallery for occupancy. Our congregation steadily increased until people began to seek seats there. John P Boogher was appointed to see that pews were provided and the gallery otherwise made comfortable.

On account of excessive labors I failed to keep a diary, as when in New Orleans, but I daily perused the papers which noticed and reported our work. In the spring of 1887 the *Republic* gave a report of one of our Preachers' Meetings. A synopsis is here given: "Nearly all the Southern Methodist pastors were in attendance at Centenary. Dr. Mathews reported that Centenary Church was full of lively and earnest workers, and it was becoming a serious question with him just where to utilize this superfluity of holiness, so to speak. He felt as if the pressure was running a little too high and that a safety-valve must be opened somewhere. Elder Finney promised to take the matter under consideration, and in company with some zealous laymen, who were well acquainted with the city, to make a tour of examination and reconnoitering, and in that way find a suitable locality where Dr. Mathews could marshal all his recruits to the very best advantage." Not a great while after this meeting, a committee was appointed to look out for a section needing a Methodist Church. In due time the committee selected the lot on which was erected what is known as the "Lafayette Park Church." Mr. Samuel Cupples subscribed fifteen thousand dollars, St. John's as a Church was assessed, as I remember, eight thousand; Centenary, eight thousand; Cook Avenue and First Church assessed, with others, until forty-two thousand were subscribed. However, a second assessment was levied, and Centenary was assessed an additional three thousand. Mr. George A. Baker canvassed the membership and lacked about five hundred dollars of the amount. At an official meeting it was urged upon me to deliver a lecture in the church. I consented on condition that the individual members would be responsible for a certain number of tickets; all consented save two or three. My subject was, "The Vagaries of the Age." To my delight the house was full and the receipts were a fraction over the needed amount. The beautiful stone chapel on Lafayette Avenue, was erected on the rear of the lot. Then Dr. S. H. Werlein of New Orleans was transferred to take charge. There was a beautiful house, a fine preacher, without a membership. Bishop Hendrix preached the sermon of dedication. Soon a Church was organized First and last Centenary contributed about one hundred members. At the following Annual Conference the pastor was able to report a membership of two hundred and twenty-three.

The life of Rev. John Hogan was full of noble deeds, each one being a step toward God. He was a remarkable man. In his young manhood he was a traveling preacher, when it meant a great deal of self-denial, trial and even persecution. At twenty years of age he rode over the mountains from Baltimore to Ohio, in company

with Bishop Soule. His first circuit was among the prairies of Indiana. He came to St. Louis as a pastor when it was in a circuit large enough for a Presiding Elder's District of to-day. During his pastorate the first Methodist brick church west of the Mississippi was erected. This handsome and talented young preacher played an important part in the history of the city. He served the Church faithfully, then located, but such were his qualities he soon became prominent in city affairs. His character for integrity was such, he was sent to the United States Congress, and during the reconstruction period saved our city churches to our denomination, securing an order from the President that they be not given over to Bishop Ames. He had been city postmaster and filled his position without a stain upon his good name. His spirit in his old age was charming; reminding one of our Lord and Master. How tenderly he loved Centenary. His funeral was largely attended. At the time of his death I was pastor at St. John's, but was invited to take part in the services. The hymns selected were the usual solemn ones. My first sentence was: "Had I charge of this service, I would sing, 'Palms of Victory,' in the spirit of Mrs. Wesley who said, 'Children, when I am gone, sing a psalm of praise.'"

Another notable character was Rev. J. W Cunningham who for many years was an itinerant preacher in Kentucky and Missouri. It may be said of him he is an encyclopedia of statistics and genealogies. It is said, that he is the first man who gave in his adhesion to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, after the adoption of the plan of separation by the Convention. He was a member of the Kentucky Conference at the time. Brother Cunningham's influence has always been helpful, and his spirit was on a line with his Master's. His personal interest in the Church is deep, and friendship warm toward the pastor. He is always ready to aid in building up the cause of Christ. He is respected by all, and his popularity is shown in the great number he unites in the sacred bonds of matrimony. He has grown old gracefully. He is noted for his extensive knowledge of men and things connected with Methodist history.

Rev. J. J. Prather is another one of that heroic company, who served the Church of God in times when it tried men's souls. He was not a great preacher, but as true as steel. His appointments were hard fields to till, but he went forth with a faith that secured joy under the most trying conditions. In relating his experience on one occasion, he gave the people an incident in his life which banished all doubt as to Divine responses to prayer. During the Civil War, he was under ban as a "Rebel," and was watched and not allowed to leave his house. The government, troops held the section where he resided. His means of living became exhausted; provisions all gone but a little corn meal. Conversing with his wife after retiring for the night, and praying to God for aid, they went to sleep. During the night some one, raised the window of the

room, and put in flour, hams, and a few other things. Judge of his gratitude in the morning, when he found God had not left His servants to starve! He lived in repose upon God, and died as he lived, a holy man of faith.

Every Friday night that busy bank president, George A. Baker, was in his place to encourage and instruct the large number who crowded the class-room. He took pleasure in his charge, and wielded an influence for good that no one can fathom. Here were men—mostly young, who had been battling with the world's pressure, with temptation and disappointment; they came to be helped, and what a delightful helper he was. For years it was his delight to greet them with words of cheer, ever pointing to the hills whence help cometh. I never failed to be present; the personal benefit was too great to be lost. His brother, Isaac Baker, led the ladies' class every Friday night in their room. It was well attended and became a Bethel to many a heart-sick one. His influence was of a character ever appreciated by the believing soul. His life was without apparent blemish, and he was as true to his Lord as the needle to the pole. His love for the little flock never wavered, and through many years, when at home, filled his place happily.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Second Year at Centenary.

The Annual Conference met at Frederickstown, September 14th, 1887. Bishop E. R. Hendrix, made his first official appearance as Bishop at this town. His fine physique, his dignity of manner and impartiality impressed the Conference that he would prove a successful administrator. His presidency was delightful in every way. On Sunday he gave us a fine sermon, uplifting and tasteful. That Nestor of our church press, Dr. D. R. McAnally, was present, honored, battle-scarred, but still vigorous in intellect and ready for any foe. Dr. J. E. Godbey was there, calm as a May morning, with clearness of intellect and busy as a bee. Dr. E. M. Bounds was there, sedate, thoughtful and watchful. Dr. J. W. Lewis was still vigorous and took an active part in the proceedings. The veteran, Rev. J. C. Berryman, was in his place, though feeble; still on the superannuated list. His brethren revered him. There was a flood of transfers announced. Centenary Church sent up for admission on trial Oliver H. Duggans, who was received and transferred to the Los Angeles Conference. I was returned to Centenary for the second year.

On my return from Conference I at once began to visit my people. It was a pleasure to carry cheer to the "shut-in," bedridden children of God. Not being able to visit them often, I selected for that work those who had the time to visit and comfort these afflicted ones with prayer and song. Several volunteered to carry joy into stricken and shadowed homes. Mrs. C. A. Clinton was a woman of strong hope, as well as intelligent; to her was given a list of names to look after. Another was Mrs. W E. Gray, whose zeal was at a white heat all the time. We had an old brother and his wife on our list. The old gentleman was almost helpless; disease had disabled him. While Mrs. Gray was praying at his bedside, he was so deeply moved and impressed, he managed to scramble out of his bed and kneel before his Lord. She was a blessing to that family as well as others. Mrs. Jennie Urner was another to take a list. This work seemed to fill her with sacred joy Rarely a day passed that she was not sent for by some sufferer. Her presence and instruction lightened many a burdened spirit. Among the younger workers was Miss May G. DeSilva, who was the pet of Centenary Church. She was bright, lovely and accomlished, ready to play for all the social meetings, or do other work for Christ. She married a talented young minister, Rev. J. E. McGhee, who was an adornment to the calling. He is now stationed

in one of the important charges in Virginia. Another of the younger group was Mrs. Nettie Evans. Her history was one of touching interest. She was devoted to her religion; too much so, in the mind of her husband. That devotion led to separation. She came to St. Louis with a heart overwhelmed with grief, friendless and broken-spirited. On Sunday morning, wandering almost aimless, she found persons crowding into Centenary Church. She followed; the congregation joined in a hymn, then the pastor said, "Let us pray." My practise in prayer before a congregation was to pray about the theme I was to present at that hour. During the prayer I asked God to bless that broken-hearted woman who had wandered into His house for comfort. She was completely broken down during the prayer, feeling there was sympathy for her even amongst strangers. She was soon a member of our Church, and for years has been in charge of the famous Seventh Street Mission. She has proved a blessing to thousands. God led her by a way she did not know, but led in the right direction. Another lady whose name and fame is known as a Christian worker is Mrs. Leta Flint. During the past year, she was brought under the power of the Gospel and has developed into one of the city's chief workers. She was on her way with a young son to dancing school when attracted by a song floating on the air from our prayer-meeting. That song attracted her, and she turned into the church. Coming under deep conviction ere long she met the smile of God and passed into His Kingdom. She is a woman of peculiarities, but of such as fitted her for the work she has accomplished as the head of "The Emergency Home and Hospital" which she has conducted successfully for nearly nine years under trials which would have led an ordinary woman to despair. Her faith in God has been highly honored by Him Whom she has trusted. Mrs. J. B. Legg was a ready helper to the pastor in fields of usefulness, and apt in carrying forward any work assigned her. There was Mrs. M. A. McCausland, ready to lend her aid in carrying forward any good work. Mrs. C. C. Rainwater was a valuable promoter of Christian work; her energies were directed to the development of the training school. Mrs. J. B. Ralston was always deeply interested in the prosperity of the Church and for years was in charge of the infant department of our Sunday-School. Mrs. Otto at this time was a member of Centenary. She has led in a most valuable work, has had charge of the rescue work. With quiet persistence she has labored on in confidence, helping the fallen. One of our oldest and most devoted members was Mrs. M. W. Shelton. Her love for her Church has never abated. Mrs. Mary E. Goodfellow was very active in the past history of our Church. After the erection of the Cook Avenue Church she transferred her membership to that new organization. Mrs. W L. Larimore was one of our staunchest members. Her husband had died just before my appointment to the charge. A man noted for his superior qualities and his devo-

tion to his Church. Mrs. P. M. Lockwood, quiet and unostentatious, but ever alive to the advancement of the Master's Kingdom. Some of these belonged to the old guard.

During the fall a few young men having the ministry in view desired instruction in the rudiments of theology, and requested me to teach them, which I consented to do, giving every Thursday night to the instruction. Binney's Theological Compend was the text-book; a treatise containing the essence of all Christian doctrine. It was taken up chapter by chapter, analyzed and made familiar. Some of these young men studied with great assiduity, and added other studies, to whom I gave a hearing day by day. Rev. Wm. Court, now a missionary in Japan, was one of the class. The Rev. Maple of Missouri Conference another, both very fine characters, who became fine students, passing through college, and graduating from Vanderbilt Theological Department. Rev. Claude M. Davenport was another of this group, and a thorough student. It might have been asked of him, as Cæsar inquired of a young man who attracted his attention: "Who is this young man who *intends* so strongly?" Young Davenport entered the Conference and was highly esteemed by his brethren. He transferred to California, being appointed to some of the leading charges. Then he was transferred to one of the Texas Conferences, taking a front rank appointment. Another one of my students was Rev. Willis Freer. He had not long been converted. Had graduated from the High School at seventeen, and was a bright youth. He was licensed to preach and in due time became a traveling preacher, and was an itinerant for several years. Like the others, his life was unsullied. There were others, as Herbert Hart, who afterwards became a successful evangelist in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

We had our usual watch-night service. The house was packed. People came from all directions until we were almost crowded out. For a time during the evening I feared the object of the meeting would be defeated. A company of a peculiar religious band attended, and during prayers, experiences and exhortations made a peculiar and indescribable noise which made an ugly impression and diverted attention from the object of the gathering. I trembled with anxiety, not knowing what course to pursue. If I stopped them it would create a sensation; but a gracious Providence interfered, I know not how. This crowd, feeling there was something wrong, quieted down, and not being invited to participate ceased their almost unearthly moans and sounds. A reaction followed, and the Lord gave us the victory. We had penitents and conversions and quite a number of accessions. How many, many times has Satan lifted his lofty head in our meetings in the garb of an angel of light! People assuming superior piety would snatch the reins out of my hands and ruin as well as defeat the conduct of the service. Often when seeing the trend, has my heart cried out, "Lord, interpose and so direct that victory may be ours!"

Our people were active in nearly all the interdenominational enterprises, as well as the enterprises of their own Church. What is known as the "Bethel," had several of our members as efficient workers. Mr. D. G. Crofton for years had oversight of the domestic arrangements. Mrs. Margaret Skinner, who has been its missionary for twelve years, and Mrs. Jos. E. Able were famous workers in different departments. Others taught in the Sunday-School down there. Charles J. Lanham taught a class for two years. Mr. C. E. Ford superintended the Chinese Sunday-School and several of our members taught under him. Mrs. C. C. Rainwater was at the head of the Girls' Training School, characterized by an energy commendable in the sight of all classes. Scarcely an enterprise of value to society in which you could not find workers from Centenary Church.

"A Belief in the Supernatural," was the caption to a sermon preached by me in my church. The reporter did not get my name; penned me as "Dr. Walker." He wrote thus: "The general tenor of the sermon at the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, South, last evening was pure, unquestioning faith, without qualification or doubt. The text was from the 4th Chapter of 2d Kings, in which Elisha, by a miracle, multiplied the widow's oil. He began by saying, two hundred feet above the earth's surface all sounds from below—the harmonious and discordant—when reaching the ear blended together into one harmonious note; believed that if we could climb in spirit in the same proportion, all discordant views would blend together, and much that was now mysterious would be plain.

We had a member, an ex-Romanist and a day laborer, who was faithful in his attendance on all the means of development. So far as I knew he was a true believer. He enjoyed the house of worship and was ready to respond to every point urged by the pastor. Some persons did not want Brother Grimm to say, "A-men!" He was not a man of broad thought, but his heart was in his responses generally. On one occasion I was emphasizing a fact which he did not catch, when he cried out "A-men!" I halted long enough to say, "Brother Grimm you said amen in the wrong place." Some of our people are very inconsistent. They express admiration for responsive reading ending with the loud "Ah-men." I spoke of it in the pulpit, saying, "Persons object to an amen out of the heart, but admire it when read out of a book!"

That once noted section named "Kerry Patch," adjoined my parish. It contained a trying element, and also contained a very worthy element, mostly poor people. The latter found rents cheap there, and circumstances forced them to rent in that section. Take the case of a widowed member, whose son, a lad of fifteen, was the only support of his mother. His salary was small. The mother had been well raised, well educated and intelligent. Having found her in a rickety old building, and seeing the neatness of her apart-

ment, I requested Mrs. Mathews to accompany me to this place. We entered by going down several steps through an archway, and emerged in a back yard. Then climbed three flights of steps on the outside. The steps were shaky. We knocked on the door, and it was opened by this Christian woman. Everything was as clean and bright as it could be made. The little stove and its simple utensils were polished until in the tin vessels one's face could be seen. In that room lived this godly woman seeking to train her boy into lofty principles and a true manhood. She made that room attractive, and her society was to him preferable to that of the boisterous element on the street below. How it delighted wife and I to give this couple a lift on the way! On sundry occasions I found in out-of-the-way places some of God's chosen ones, seemingly without murmuring, accepting a lot of privation, remembering it had been written, "All things work together for good to those who love God."

One of our most highly esteemed characters was an old German brother named Henry Platz, an ex-Romanist. He was induced to hear the "Boy Preacher," Thomas Harrison, who was at the height of his fame. Dr. Tudor, my immediate predecessor, secured the services of Harrison. The city was all agog with excitement; some one challenged Henry Platz, offering to bet that he was afraid to hear the "Boy Preacher." He accepted the challenge and went. He had never heard the Gospel set forth in such simplicity. The Holy Spirit wrought upon him and he went again and again, finally going to the altar for prayers. If ever there was a man converted through and through, this man was transformed. From that hour on until his death he never wavered in faith for a moment. He was always in place in the house of God, but dearly loved the class-meeting. He touched every heart by the experiences he gave us. His broken speech, yet terse statements, commanded the attention of all, and in one thing he was especially apt; that was the quotation of appropriate poetry. He was very poor as well as advanced in years when death came to his humble lodging. He had been a dear lover of music, but was never able to purchase any instrument but a small-sized hand-organ. That was his pet, and on his dying couch he willed it to his class-leader, George A. Baker, as an evidence of affection. They have struck hands on the heavenly shore!

In June of this year a sweet little girl of about eight summers was stricken with diphtheria. She was the child of a prominent lawyer. The little daughter had never been baptized, and the mother's pastor, of another denomination, was sent for, but he declined to go. Just at daybreak a hack was driven to my door, and a call made for me. Reaching the house, I proceeded to baptize the lamb of that fold. Her spirit lingered but a few minutes after the ordinance was administered, then back to God she sped. Every one feared to go near lest they might catch the contagion. They were required to bury her that day Mrs. Mathews accom-

panied me to the funeral; but one other soul present—his law partner.

The *Globe-Democrat,* about this time, gave interviews with the ministers as to their preparation for the pulpit. After giving Dr. Holland's methods, and Dr. Green's, of the Third Baptist Church, he heads my interview thus: "How Dr. Mathews keeps his faculties bright." "The Doctor does not begin his sermon until Friday, and nobody can see him on Saturday unless it is very important. In early life he took two weeks to a sermon. He has not the time now. Centenary's pastor goes into his study, takes the coat off his intellectual person, and lets the grey matter work in its shirt sleeves, as it were. He writes his sermon 'in brief' as he calls it, and delivers it from that one writing. He has no time to do any rewriting and carry on his house to house visitation. He holds that he keeps his mind bright by writing new sermons. He says his wife, after hearing the day's discourse, exclaims, 'Why, you have five or six sermons on that theme in your file of papers!' 'I know it,' is the Doctor's quaint reply; 'but, Lord bless me, my old head would get rusty if I didn't keep using it right along!'" This is only a part of the interview, but it gives the reader an idea of how a reporter reports. Often they distort my meaning, but I never correct any wrong views they may present. One reporter wrote thus, "Dr. Mathews never slams the door in the face of a reporter."

I was invited to Dr. George W. D. Price's commencement. During the spring I had a pressing invitation from Nashville College for Young Ladies, to deliver the Baccalaureate address, June 4th, which I accepted. The Nashville *American* of June 5th, had this to say, "When the doors of the Vendome were opened last night a large crowd was already gathered in front of the building. The commencement exercises were witnessed by one of the finest audiences that has ever assembled in that beautiful house. After the introductory services came the Baccalaureate address, by Rev. John Mathews, D. D., to the graduating class, which lasted more than an hour, to the high entertainment of his hearers. His theme was, 'The Essential Education for the New Age.' The reverend divine is a man of rugged forces, and his oratory was the emanation of a powerful and cultured mind. The speaker made a complimentary allusion, in the course of his remarks, to Dr. D. C. Kelley, who was seated behind him. The audience at once seized upon the incident as an opportunity to express approval of the compliment by two rounds of spontaneous applause. The address was a novelty in its delivery and exceptional in its wealth of rich thought."

When some one inquired, "Do you never take vacation?" my reply was, "I can not leave the 'can't-get-away crowd.'" While many of our people take a vacation, persons from other Churches whose pastors are away, fill our pews, and we have conversions constantly. Therefore, I stand to my post. Satan has his agents at work, hot or cold, and saloons are open day and night to entrap the

unguarded. Hundreds of saloons are open, beer gardens are made inviting and many are entrapped. While I may, my voice and presence will be heard and felt.

My friend, Mr. Steward, whose grandparents were famous Christians whom I knew in my ladhood, called and urged me to attend what they called their encampment. After listening to his plea, I accepted the invitation. "Pertle Springs," is a lovely spot, and great pains were taken to make all visitors have an enjoyable time. I made a number of new and valuable acquaintances amongst the leaders of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. One of their writers has this to say, " It is impossible to be a member of Dr. Mathews' audience, when he is speaking, and not hear what he has to say. His style is indescribable, and peculiarly his own. He is gifted with a chaste and penetrating, yet genuinely goodhumored wit, which is so overwhelming and spontaneous as to be totally irrepressible, even in the pulpit, and on the lecture platform spices profoundest instruction with such flavor of merriment the dryest themes assume absorbing interest."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THIRD YEAR AT CENTENARY.

The Conference of 1888 was held at Bonne Terre, Bishop E. R. Hendrix, president. This was a quiet session, and the ministers officiating gave themselves to the work of soul-saving. There were conversions and reclamations. On the third day of the session, Bishop Hendrix, in his address to the preachers about to be received into full membership, was strong, lucid, pathetic and powerful. I was delightfully entertained by Dr. Keith and his elegant family. St. Louis was divided into two Districts, and Centenary fell into South St. Louis District. The report of our membership, at this time, was: Four local preachers, and one thousand and nine members, a net increase of one hundred.

In my ministry, all along the years, it has been my habit to reconsecrate myself and commit my ways to the Lord. This is the only way to secure success and make life a blessing. "What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; "tell me, that I may make mine beautiful too." He replied, "I had a friend." If an earthly friend could shape this man's life, what must be the result of the friendship of Jesus! As years thicken upon me, I desire a closer alliance with my Savior. My love for Him grows and deepens. I am of the same mind of the little girl who defined love to be "minding and doing." I propose to let Christ possess me in every fiber of my nature!

About my first discourse for the year was on an article emanating from the press styled, "Decadence of Religion." The decay was attributed to the spirit of falsehood permeating business, politics and social and religious life. The author is a bitter opponent of Christianity. In my sermon I said: "The new and delicate instruments of science have revealed the fact that there is an earthquake every minute of the year. If we read our great dailies aright there are moral throes and earthquakes occurring every second, instead of each minute. These great educators of the masses spread before us, for our delectation, detailed and daily accounts of bestial and criminal performances which sicken the moral sense of the people. Some one has said that America has the biggest rivers, the highest cataracts and largest swindles in the world. Yet we are hopeful of humanity. We believe the virtues are more vigorous than ever before in the history of the world. The virtues will survive. They are not dead."

The *Post-Dispatch,* an evening paper of our city, has an article in which it says, "St. Louis has a preacher who draws like Talmage.

The late departure of Dr. Mathews, of Centenary Methodist Church, in preaching after the style of modern evangelists, has resulted in filling that large church to overflowing at every service. Last night every seat was filled before the hour. When Dr. Mathews was reading his text, hundreds were leaving the church, unable to find room. Chairs were placed in the aisles, and some of the laymen took seats on the platform to make room for the strangers. The pastor was more earnest and pointed in his remarks than ever. The subject was 'Moral Liberty.' He said, 'Sin is a tyrant. It enslaves and then pollutes. How many of you have shackles on you now! Not on your wrists or on your ankles, but on your souls! It is a strange thing that men and women can be so complacent about the slavery of sin. If a man should jump up in this crowd and cry out, as did the jailer, for mercy, Brother John Boogher, or Brother George Baker, or other of the saints here, would want to put him out! I believe in excitement about sin, and in shouting, but I don't see or hear much of it. Sin has prostituted many of the great words of the language and given to them a false meaning. Since I have been in St. Louis I have heard such a word as "liberty" upon the lips of the lowest vagabonds. You foul-mouthed people have used it wrongly time and again!' [Sensation.] Speaking of the excitement which has been common in his church on Sunday nights, he said, 'Some are saying that we are getting as bad in Centenary as the Salvation Army!' [A voice, 'Praise the Lord.'] 'You make fun of the earnestness and emotion you see here. You are too nice for such things. Some of you look nice, dress nice, live nice and will die nice, and will go to perdition just as nice!' At the close, the altar place was crowded with penitents, and the great crowd lingered to see the after service."

Rev. Wellborn Mooney and his wife, Mrs. Sue F. Mooney, gave me a pressing invitation to Cape Girardeau to lecture in our church in behalf of their Parsonage Society. I had known them in Tennessee, in days long gone by, and it afforded me great pleasure to meet them once more in their own home. Brother Mooney took a high position in the Tennessee Conference at the beginning of his ministry. He was polished in manner and elegant in appearance. He was considered a very fine preacher. His ability and eloquence won the heart of one of Tennessee's most lovely girls, Miss Sue F. Dromgool. She was gifted by nature and her qualities were polished by a superb education. Her talents were not allowed to rust; added to her work as the wife of a pastor filling first-class appointments, she became known throughout the Church as a most entertaining and fascinating writer. Her articles were eagerly read; they were breezy, fresh and instructive. She has been known as one of the foremost women of our denomination. She is the authoress of a book of reminiscences called "My Moving Tent." It is rich and racy.

A writer giving an account of a Sunday-night service in our

church wrote thus, "Last night the seats in both the auditorium and gallery were filled when the services commenced. At the close of a very fervent prayer, Dr. Mathews startled the congregation by exclaiming: 'O Lord, if that man who stole a gentleman's overcoat this morning while he was at the communion table, is here tonight, please discover him! Search him out, O Lord!' If that thief was present he must have felt alarmed. The text was, 'The healing of the beggar at the Beautiful Gate.' Dr. Mathews said the victories of Christianity have been won by distinctive doctrinal theology; by telling men clearly of Christ's sacrifice and death. The great defects of all other religions is the absence of a Redeemer; they present no Savior to lost men. Other religions hold up laws which condemn the sinner, but provide no Savior from sin and hell.' After a review of the miracle of the disciples healing the man, he said, 'Every man feeds upon some other man, not knowing half the time who is his benefactor. In the realm of God there is constant action of one mind upon another. Nearly all our ideas and emotions come to us from fountains dripping far away. The source of the great Mississippi has not yet been decided. You do not know what potency has been outside of your mind, shaping it. These Bible stories have shaped many minds. God works on man by men—uses men to reach men.'"

Our people craving to do work for Christ, needed an enterprise which would involve some zeal and faith. I had looked over some sections of the city to find a good location for a mission Sunday-School, one that would not interfere with any other denominational enterprise. After careful investigation, the conclusion was reached that a good location would be in the neighborhood of Taylor Avenue and North Market Street. A vacant storeroom was found on that corner and my conclusion reached. On the following Sunday evening with a great congregation before me in Centenary Church I stated, "I want this congregation to give me one hundred and fifty dollars, to use in advancing the Kingdom. The officers know nothing of the enterprise; I will not state it now. Only entrust me with the money. I do not wish the collectors or Stewards to have anything to do with the collection. You in the gallery, who visit us week by week, give us this money. Throw down your dollars, I will come and catch them!" Instantly one dollar bills and silver dollars began to fall until I had about the sum requested. I then rented the storeroom and let it be known I would organize a Sunday-School the following Sunday afternoon. A number entered upon the enterprise enthusiastically. The reason I did not make known my purpose, was, as soon as a project of this kind is contemplated, at once a difference arises; one arguing for one spot, another for another. The location was not exactly what I wanted, but it was the best to be secured at the time. During the week I drove out several afternoons and went from house to house, announcing a Sunday-School would be organized at 3 p. m., the

next Sunday. Two or three ladies also did a good deal of visiting in looking up scholars. I purchased chairs, lamps, books, and whatever was needed, and Saturday several persons were on hand and worked with a will, until everything was in order, not only for a Sunday-School, but for preaching on Sunday night. A local preacher was engaged. On Sunday afternoon a number of our workers went out, and the school was organized and between forty and fifty scholars were in attendance. At night the room was well filled to hear a sermon. This was the origin of the present prosperous and handsome Wagoner Place Church. In a few weeks I organized a society. We nursed it, and visited the people, until my term expired at Centenary. Then, I asked the Presiding Elder of the District to let me still retain charge, but it was decided otherwise. Soon they had a preacher appointed.

The messages to call on sick and needy persons multiply. My purpose is to meet every demand, but I can not be in two places at one time. To attend funerals, the call is so frequent, sometimes two are to occur at the same hour. I adopted a rule, "first come, first served," and this adhered to. My people presented me with a horse and phaeton, that I might visit with less fatigue. I hired a colored boy to drive, and at 1 p. m., every day save Saturday, he drove down to the office, and by 2 p. m., I was away on missions of usefulness. I did not go home for lunch, but carried two or three biscuits in my pocket; sent the janitor out for milk and took my lunch alone.

I invited our resident Bishop, J. C. Granbery, to preach a Christmas sermon. The invitation was accepted. The Bishop was given a hearty hearing. His text was, "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift." At the close of his sermon there were five additions to the Church. The Bishop's sermon was a model in every sense. No redundancy, no false rhetoric, no questionable opinion to create doubt. His logic was pure and the language choice and rare. The Bishop's spirit is of a nature to win all with whom he comes in contact. He is universally loved.

My text at night was, "What think ye of Christ?" A lengthy report is given of the discourse in the daily papers, partly as follows: "Dr. Mathews said, 'Every manufacturer has his trade-mark; one has a lion, one an eagle. The human mind has its trade-mark. It is an interrogation point. Our lives begin with a 'why?' It becomes the siphon, or tube, through which the mind gets its best knowledge. Scientific methods are all based on faith. Faith is the direction toward that which has not been seen or discovered. Out of one bone a scientist has been able to construct the skeleton of an extinct animal. He had faith; so a Christian believes when he does not see, but anticipates. When Adam, our progenitor, was created, God made a covenant with him, of works. Adam broke this covenant, therefore Jehovah never entrusted the vast interests of the race to a mere man again, but committed them

into the hands of His incarnate Son—the God-man. He is capable to save all who turn to Him. Young man, what think ye of Christ? You young man, up there in the gallery! That young woman! What do you think of Christ? You, old, grayhaired man, what do you think of Him? He only can overturn evil forces!' At the close several joined the Church, and a rousing revival scene followed."

We faithfully observed the old Methodist custom of closing the calendar year with a "Watch-Night" service. The *Republic* thus characterizes it: "The service held last night in the basement of Centenary Church from 9 o'clock until after mid-night, was impressive by reason of its simplicity and fervor. In the utter absence of all form, and the trustful boldness of prayer and exhortation, it was such a meeting as might have been held by the primitive Christians before creeds or Church services existed. The early part of the meeting was devoted solely to prayer, the singing of hymns and the telling of personal Christian experiences, and was marked by extreme enthusiasm. The course of the meeting was directed by Rev. Dr. John Mathews, the pastor, who, together with the officers of the Church, occupied the rostrum, and the characteristic zeal with which he threw himself into the spirit of the sacred occasion, lent vigor and force to his followers. As time passed, and the last hour of the Old Year was almost gone the scene assumed a most solemn nature. The last thirty minutes were spent by many present on their knees in silent prayer, while others prayed aloud in earnest and unaffected appeal, interrupted only by exclamations of 'Hallelujah,' and 'Thank God,' arising from different points of the room. One sister led in a most touching prayer, which greatly affected the congregation, and when she ended in a supplication for the salvation of the children of the Church, the responses were numerous and heart-felt. Immediately afterwards the hymn, 'Nothing but the Blood of Jesus,' was taken up, and led by a resonant bass voice in the congregation, its music rang through the church like a very shout of victory. While in the midst of his impassioned discourse, the bells began ringing in the New Year, and Dr. Mathews shouted: 'Thanks be to God! Brothers and sisters, shake hands, shake hands!' and singing the beautiful hymn, 'Oh, Beulah Land, Sweet Beulah Land,' this fraternal ceremony was gone through with by the entire congregation, and the watch-meeting was ended." This reporter tells what interested him most. The Christian would tell of the large number of seekers after Christ, and the number of converts.

On January 16th, the *Evening Chronicle* put me in an odd light. It starts out by quoting as my first sentence, this passage: "There 's only one thing I don't want my brethren to know: it is my age. I 'm as modest about that as any woman!" The reporter adds, "Thus spoke the Rev. John Mathews, the mainspring of Centenary Methodist Church. His hand was in the bosom of his Prince Albert, he teetered on his box-toes as though his shoe-soles

had springs in them. Every motion bespoke energy. He may be a back number, but no one can see him and hear him without understanding that, if he is, he 's a back number brought down to date! He is certainly a man of to-day. Younger ones must be more lively to keep abreast of him! 'To what do you attribute your success as a preacher?' Dr. Mathews was asked by a friend not long ago. 'To freshness of style,' answered the Doctor without hesitation. 'I always use any little anecdote that comes to my mind in illustrating a Scriptural passage, and sometimes draw my illustrations from the congregation. For instance, when I was preaching on drunkenness, I said, pointing at the door, to a man going out: "There goes a walking demijohn!" But I am always careful to say nothing that will offend.'"

One Saturday, a committee, headed by that grand man, Isaac G. Baker, presented to me a horse and phaeton to enable me to meet my obligations with less fatigue. Certainly the gift was appreciated by me.

The St. Louis *Critic,* in its issue of March 23d, under the caption of "A Man About Town," said, "Last Sunday a young man planted himself upon a stoop opposite Rev. John Mathews' church, and proceeded to hand out dodgers advertising the Olympic Theater. It is probable that some of the good people were shocked, but I would like to ask if that young man was wickeder than the good old deacons of our city who advertise in the Sunday newspapers? The bills passed out by that young man contained nothing about prize fights, or vulgar anecdotes, or the amours which give spice to our Sabbath literature. * * * * By the way, I would like to hear the eloquent Dr. Mathews preach upon the subject of Sunday newspapers. There is nothing the matter with Dr Mathews; pardon the expression, he is all right. He does his preaching without gloves, and when he alludes to hell he puts a big H to it wide enough for everybody to understand."

Reporting a discourse delivered by me, on "Why sit we here until we die?" the *Republic* closed by saying, "The Evangelical Alliance, which meets this morning, got a little of the Doctor's attention, when he said: 'They are always discussing how to reach the masses. I never engage in that discussion. It is not a matter for discussion. Jesus settled that. He tells how to reach the masses —*go to them.* * * * * You men and women rise up and go and tell the people that you have tasted the good things of God.'" A minister remarked to me the other day, "Well, you are down there amongst the boarding-houses!" This was said in a way of implied reflection. I replied, "I am glad I have elbow-room. I can reach out and help people who need help. I am not an angel, I have often told you that. If you don't believe me, ask my wife. Defective as I may be, it gives me joy to impart comfort and inspire hope in hearts carrying burdens."

In the *Southwestern Methodist,* this announcement was made:

"Dr. Mathews has rented a hall for mission work at 3826 South Broadway, and started a mission for Centenary Church. Last Sunday it opened with forty-two scholars in the Sunday-School. Rev. W H. Blake, a local preacher in the charge, supplies the pulpit. Now and then Dr. Mathews puts in his sermon a side remark; and sometimes it is a reply from the pulpit to letters from the censors. Recently, in reply to one letter in which it was charged that as an expounder of the Scriptures, the doctor was capable intellectually, but lacked, alas! spiritual discernment, the pastor said to the audience, 'A sister wrote me a letter, telling me how to run a prayer-meeting. I have had enough of this!'" These facts give one a peep into the inside life of a pastor in charge of a Church said to be prosperous; sometimes I feel like smiling, other times like frowning.

"The Devil at Centenary," was the term employed by the *Evening Post-Dispatch,* early in April. The reporter went on to say: "Dr. Mathews warns his flock against a personal Satan. When he read his text last night, he put such emphasis on the last line that everybody knew what was coming—a talk about the devil. As usual the great church was crowded, and the vacant spaces were filled with chairs for late comers. The text was to be found in the 12th Chapter of Matthew: 'The last state of that man is worse than the first.' The doctor said: 'Satan is a mighty personality. He goes about seeking whom he may devour. When he fell, he lost none of his power or ability. In intellect he is an archangel still. It is his disposition that makes him the devil.'" On this line I taught. The interest was deep and there were cries of "Amen!" from every quarter of the church. The reporter added, "At the close of the rather novel and stirring sermon, several lively songs were sung by Jesse Cornelius and the great congregation, while Dr. Mathews paced up and down the platform with uplifted hands shouting for penitents to come to the altar. Many responded, and the people tarried for half an hour singing, praying, and looking on at the oldfashioned Methodist revival."

In the latter part of April, that remarkable layman Richard M. Scruggs invited the ministers and official laymen of our city Churches to visit Bishop Hendrix, at his elegant residence, in the interest of our denomination. At the close of the banquet, there were speeches and social enjoyment. This eminent layman holds the esteem and love of the good people of St. Louis, and deservedly so, for his many munificent contributions to the denomination and to interdenominational charities. The Lord raised him up for such a time as this. Such gatherings tend to unify our Churches. Mr. Samuel Cupples once in a while calls together our leaders in his palatial home. These brethren have done much for the cause of Christ in our city.

Being invited to visit the growing city of Birmingham, Alabama, to rededicate their rehabilitated St. John's Church, I accepted and preached on Psalms 119, 130, 'The entrance of thy words

giveth light." The pastor of the First Church kindly adjourned his meeting to join with the St. John's people. The audience crowded the enlarged edifice. My first thought suggests the trend of my discourse, which was published in full in the Birmingham *Christian Advocate:* "Information is not an accomplishment like music; it is a condition of successful existence, and is needed just as the body needs bread." A writer said, "Dr. Mathews raised over thirteen hundred dollars to pay off all indebtedness, and now the laborers and happy pastor, Brother Thompson, start off with an elegant house of worship and the debts all cleared."

Sabbath after Sabbath, and prayer-meeting week by week, a gentleman attended who attracted my attention by his apparent interest. After a time I was introduced to him, a General McKinstry, ex-provost marshal of St. Louis during the Civil War. He was of necessity exacting in the execution of law, which embittered Southern people against him. He was an unusually intelligent man; he was said to be impervious. After our introduction he sought interviews with me in the pastor's office. He was deeply concerned about his spiritual state, but hesitated over any public manifestation of interest owing to the feeling against him by Southerners. He explained his action as necessary, and claimed he allowed Dr. McAnally to edit his paper, until complaints were made against him for his leniency. I did not encourage the prejudice against him. I was after his soul. In our interview he displayed a clear comprehension of repentance and regeneration. At last he arose, in one of our mid-week meetings, and claimed an interest in Christ his risen Lord. He never faltered in his claim. He did not join us, but united with the Church of his parents.

To educate our people in patriotism, our rulers invited the people of the nation to celebrate the Centennial of Washington's inauguration. We were called upon to assemble in our churches. Some of our people were still sullen over the collapse of the Confederacy, and I doubted the attendance of the people. But to my gratification and surprise, our church was crowded at 9 o'clock in the morning. The *Globe-Democrat,* has this to say about it: "A large audience completely filled the Centenary Methodist Church at 9 a. m. Dr. Mathews, the pastor, than whom none can be more electrifying in patriotic speech, delivered an address on the day, and made every bosom in the audience swell with pride for our country." The *Post-Dispatch* said, "He fairly enthused his big audience with his patriotic utterances. The venerable John Hogan and half a hundred other gray-headed saints and patriots were fervent in their 'amens.'"

The New Orleans *Christian Advocate* has this to say: "It is evident that Mark Guy Pearse, the eminent Wesleyan, believes as strongly in hand-shaking as our own Dr. Mathews, of St. Louis. Hear him: 'The greatest human power in the Church is *hearty hand-shaking.* We could better spare a little Hebrew or Greek, or

some of the mysteries of mental philosophy if we could only recover the lost art of hand-shaking. Our life is in our sociability. Hearty hand-shaking is our strength.'"

No committee can substitute the pastor. This is my theory and therefore I am pressing pastoral visiting. It is not always pleasant but it is profitable. A writer in one of our Church papers, who heard my report of work at a Church Conference, seemed surprised that I could make twenty-eight hundred calls. I keep an account. Every morning opposite each one on whom I called is either a straight mark or a cipher. One signifies at home; the other not at home. Some years I made over three thousand calls. Not that many houses visited, but that many individuals called on. Of course my visits were short. All depended upon conditions, as to the length of time I tarried, and whether I had prayer or not. Sometimes the baby was fretful, and the mother embarrassed over the fact; sometimes it happened to be wash-day; others had lady customers of another faith and were in a hurry to have a dress fitted! I relieved them by a little common sense. I shake hands and say, "I see you are busy, you know my will is good, good-bye." She was glad I called, and glad I left!

Since the inauguration of Children's Day, Centenary Church has made it a high day. One of our daily papers had a lengthy account of the exercises. A synopsis is as follows: "The festival at Centenary was the greatest social event of the year. The large edifice was crowded to the doors with children. The pulpit and altar were covered with flowers and plants. The galleries and walls were crowded with adults. The programme was a long and elaborate one. The songs and hymns were beautifully rendered. A feature of the festival was the baptism of sixteen babes, and the admission into the Church of sixteen adults. Dr. Mathews made a characteristic address. It was a model of brevity and especially suited to the day. The service closed by the entrance of a bridal party, consisting of the high contracting parties, Mr. Edward Butler and Miss Jennie T Hogan. The ceremony was performed, and the congregation dismissed with the pastor's blessing." One of our young scholars, Miss Ethel Boogher, wrote to the Sunday-School *Visitor:* "I am seven years old; have been a member of Centenary Sunday-School since I was two years old. The school numbers over six hundred. 'Children's Day' was a grand event with us. Our pastor, Dr. Mathews, talked to us so that we all could understand. At the close sixteen babies were baptized and eighteen older persons baptized. It was a grand day."

With pleasure I accepted an invitation to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon at the Missouri State University on the first Sunday in June. This fine institution is largely patronized and many of the first young minds of the State are found in the University. Some of the young men of mark are from families not familiar with Christian teaching. I determined to give the Bible

view of Christ in His redeeming power, in simple and clear terms, leaving the technics of theology out. A great crowd attended the commencement exercises, and with much prayer for Divine assistance, I entered upon the service. I felt that I had sought to honor my Master, and hoped that new conceptions were given to the young minds I addressed.

The St. Louis *Chronicle* had a very lengthy article on the subject, "Stranded Chorus Girls." It began thus: "Venerable Dr. John Mathews' bright eyes roamed over a congregation of wealth and beauty, in magnificent Centenary Church last night, when he stood in the finely carved pulpit to deliver his lecture on "Conscience." It might have been termed a sermon; but it was a specific and well defined lecture, toned in a common-sense key, and fraught with lessons of morality and humanity, that can not but do good. Dr. Mathews said, 'Last night a gentleman came to my house and called my attention to the deplorable condition of the chorus girls, who are stranded in this city, owing to the failure of an opera named "Faust, Jr." He drew a picture of misery that can be met with only in fiction. He told me these girls are all far away from home, penniless and friendless, and surrounded by temptations of every description. They are worthy objects of charity. They appeal to you for assistance.'" A contribution followed, a large number lending a helping hand.

I was a constant attendant on the Alliance, to help every good cause and hold up our Church interests. Some one introduced a resolution to endorse what is called "The Central Mission." One of our city papers had this to say: "A dozen crisp, emphatic sentences from Rev. John Mathews, pastor of Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, yesterday morning, caused the Evangelical Alliance to lay on the table for a month a resolution committing the Churches of the Alliance to an almost unqualified endorsement of the new 'Central Mission' project. The vote was not quite unanimous, to be sure, but the sentiment back of it was strong enough to prevent any compromise legislation. The issue raised by Dr. Mathews was, whether it was the duty of Centenary to supply all the volunteer missionaries needed for the work of evangelizing slums under the plan proposed. Centenary had more workers than any Church he had ever labored in as pastor; but he was unable to get any work out of them because of the persistent calls made upon them by the managers of these side interests." At that time my Church had many engaged in helping outside organizations until I was difficulted to get workers to cultivate my field. The paper added, "Dr. Mathews has discovered recently that fifteen or sixteen religious enterprises of respectable proportions have been started, and are maintained by subscriptions circulated in the name of Centenary Church."

Culver Park Assembly was held at Lake Maxinkuckee, Indiana, July 19th to August 1st, 1889. A flaming bulletin was issued an-

nouncing Talmage, Sam Jones, John Mathews, and Irl R. Hicks. When I consented to accept the invitation I did not know it would be conducted on such an immense scale. Moneyed men were behind it. Dr. E. M. Bounds, in St. Louis *Christian Advocate,* devoted a column and a quarter to criticisms. He gives part of the programme, names of ministers and other facts. He says, "This is the biggest thing in the way of a sensation we have seen yet." I always honored Dr. Bounds for his devotion to his convictions, but did not always agree with his convictions. He reminded me of the man who was said to be "fierce for both worlds." It may be the Doctor is right. My view of the possibilities of doing good led me to accept the urgent invitation. If ever I preached the Gospel in its holiest sense, it was on that occasion. Dr. Talmage had to leave to meet another engagement. When he reached Chicago, he sat down and wrote me the following letter. "I came away so unexpectedly from the Culver Assembly that I had no time to say, 'Good-bye' to you, and express my enjoyment with your sermon. You flung pride of skepticism flat, and made infidelity appear imbecile. Your sermon was grand and tremendous. Hoping that you will soon recover from your temporary illness and live many years to proclaim the Gospel, and hoping to meet you and yours in the great Harvest Home, I am affectionately your brother in Christ, T. De Witt Talmage." Before I left for St. Louis I heard Sam Jones twice, and I was impressed more than ever with the wonderful ability of the man. His sermons are heard by thousands who would never hear truth from the average preacher.

Wrestling with the momentous problem of sin and eternal death, I am more deeply impressed with the necessity of dealing out sledge-hammer blows against evil. Sociology is valuable, but stops short of the disease. It tells us there is something wrong in our social structure; the Bible tells us the wrong is in the heart of man. This being true, from Sabbath to Sabbath I have emphasized the necessity of a new birth. The result of this teaching leads to repentance. One morning, sitting in my office, a gentleman entered; his facial expression indicated a troubled mind. Introducing himself, he was requested to be seated, and without circumlocution, and in agonized tones, he unfolded his wretched state of soul. He heard God's Word and the Holy Spirit caused it to sting him. "I am a sinner. I have been stealing in driblets from the corporation employing me!" and in this strain he continued, with tears. He wanted mercy, and sought to be instructed how to secure forgiveness. He confessed freely. The way of possible restitution was pointed out, and the promise of God held before his mind. He left with a purpose to enter the Kingdom of God. I never met him afterwards.

"Preaching to a Procession," was a term frequently employed by me. The people came in crowds to our church and passed out in throngs. They are converted at our altar, and in a few weeks are

away, but they often carry their power with them. I recall the case of brothers, who were raised in another denomination, but received such a cordial welcome they continued to attend our church until they were saved. They returned to their homes but carried their religion with them, letting their light shine. One is managing a bank, and is the head center of our Church; the other an honored physician in the town where he resides. One gentleman wrote me he was an active participant in Church work. The procession moves on, and many carry the fire with them. Instance after instance might be presented.

Having been solicited in past years to visit Kavanaugh camp-meeting, I consented to give them four or five days' service. The camp is eighteen miles from Louisville, Kentucky, and was named in honor of one of Kentucky's greatest preachers, Bishop Kavanaugh. On August 9th, I was on the ground, ready for the battle. This was the fifteenth session, and was well advertised. The *Courier-Journal* said, "Never since the establishment of the Kavanaugh camp-ground has there such interest been taken in the work as has been shown so far this year. The grounds are crowded each day, from the beginning of the services until the closing prayers, and a great many more associate themselves with the exercises than ever before." The Louisville *Post* writing of the Sunday services said, "Yesterday the very elements seemed to favor the camp-meeting. People flocked to the grounds from early morning till late in the afternoon; although there was a large attendance, better behavior was never witnessed. At 11 a. m., and at 3 p. m., Rev. Dr. Mathews, of St. Louis, preached and held the audience almost spellbound for nearly an hour at each service. There were fully six thousand people on the ground."

An evening paper reported an account of the service the Sunday before, saying, "In his morning service, Dr. Mathews said, 'The papers say I favor dancing, and yet you have heard me preach against it. I am frequently misquoted. I heard that a woman down in Alabama represents that after I went to New Orleans from that State that I changed my views about many social matters and favored dancing, and said she heard me say so. She is very much mistaken. She added, "We have a little Church here of sixteen members and the pastor says, he can't keep them straight, because Drs. Mathews and Lewis favor dancing."'"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Fourth Year at Centenary.

Our Conference convened at Salem, September 18th, 1889. That sterling man and Bishop, our much esteemed Duncan, presided. He makes things go. Sometimes he is sharp of speech but mostly to the point. He holds a steady rein and instructs and guides with fidelity, yet mingled with fatherly affection. He makes a valuable Bishop, and preaches to the upbuilding of the Church. His sermons are lucid, strong and sometimes powerful. He is a noble spirit. Long may he linger with the Church! Rev. W. R. Mays was the Presiding Elder over our District and gave a cheering report of the work. Brother Mays is a man of sterling character and great moral worth, almost modest to a fault, but faithful in his office and presiding with dignity and ability. His preaching is like crystal—clear; the children take in his teaching with avidity.

At the close of the fifth day's session Bishop Duncan arose to answer that thirty-fifth question, so momentous to preachers and people. Returned to St. Louis in time to lead my mid-week prayer service. The next morning's *Republic* said, "The exercises were led in the Doctor's happiest vein. He alluded to the fact that in the three years of his ministry here, nine hundred and seventy-three members had been added to the Church. Dr. Mathews began his exhortation with the characteristic remark, 'You may not feel happy under my talk, but I am sure you will be made better by it.' At the close of the meeting instead of the worshipers rushing to the door and from the building, the congregation crowded around their pastor, and for full half an hour such another scene of hand-shaking, congratulations and earnest expression of the heartiest good feeling has seldom been witnessed in St. Louis."

On the following Sunday morning I preached on "The Needed Presence," taking for a text, "And he said unto Him, if Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence." The closing sentences were thus given in one of the city papers: "So far as meeting the purposes of life is concerned, without His presence and power it is useless to proceed in the work of the Church. You have sometimes seen a railway engine unable to start, although the wheels are revolving and the sparks flying. This the engineer calls 'slipping.' Unless God is with us as with Moses, there may be the whirring of the wheels of the ecclesiastical machinery, much show and noise, but there will be nothing but slipping."

Another of the papers gives an account of my sermon Sunday night. There had been a fatal prize-fight between two boys, in

which one was killed. The paper said, "'On the 10th day of this month two young boys, imitating the example of the so-called disciples of the "manly art of self-defense," met in a dive of this city kept by a pugilist, and fought for a prize, while one hundred men stood around as witnesses. They fought till one fell and died from the blows of the other. This occurred here in this city of which we make such a boast. We are propagating evil until the youths of the land have very little respect for truth or reverence for God. This occurred in the place we vote to license! I know it is considered bad policy to mention voting in the pulpit, and some sigh when they hear it. If you wish, you can go now!' This was said with great earnestness, the speaker being wrought up over the matter. This remark, in connection with other plain deliverances during the sermon, stirred the congregation." In a few days, the president of the Young Men's Christian Association, Thomas McPheeters, appeared in print, saying: "Dr. Mathews made a great mistake. With all due respect to the Doctor, I really do not think he meant what he said. He must know there are two classes of gymnasiums." He then proceeds to show the value of the gymnasium. Two or three days later, some one came out in a lengthy article, headed, "Dr. Mathews was right." After a number of strong points, this man said, "The present young American (and admitted they are, in many cases, the fastest colts in the lot), prefers to sit and watch performances of expert juggling, rather than accustom his mind to a companionship with the discoverers and promotors of earth's knowledge. He would rather listen to the antique 'chestnut' of the Sunday theater than to cope with the studied discourses of Mathews and Nichols, and the scores of other men who fill our pulpits and lecture-rooms. And, speaking of the Young Men's Christian Association athletics, it is astonishing to note the wide discrepancy in the attendance at evening prayers at the Association rooms and the number of athletes in tights in the gymnasium-room, by those performing feats of agility that would do honor to a circus amphitheater. Those who watch the baseball scores with gaping interest are not the ones whose voices are potent in the affairs of the city, State or Nation; they are not of those who cut thoroughfares through mountains, or bind shore to shore with artistic complications of stone and steel. Do not mistake; the old doctor is right, boys! He is not an enfeebled old moralist but a toughened old knot that has been through the mill!" Another one of our dailies took up the subject and said, "At all the ministers' meetings today, the topic of interest was the attack on his brother ministers, our public officers, and society in general, by Dr. Mathews, of the Centenary Methodist Church, last night, for neglect of duty, and particularly for the apathy evinced in the investigation of the Jackson-Shern prize-fight. 'His blood will be upon you, it will be upon me,' said the Doctor, referring to young Jackson. 'There has been fifteen hundred dollars raised in Pool Alley to defend the parties

arrested, and not a nickel to see that justice is done! All who have been arrested have been liberated on one pretext and another. Gymnasiums I look upon as detrimental in the extreme. There is a class of youths growing up among us who are a menace to society. It is dangerous now for us ministers to visit our flocks at night. It was the result of a blow from a sand-bag which caused the death of Dr. Goodell of the Congregational Church."

Being greatly exercised over the deficient moral education of the rising generation I had inaugurated a Sunday afternoon Bible-School. Instead of offering prizes in books, I offered money. To the boy or girl who would commit the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer, fifty cents was the prize, and a large number secured the money. It was difficult to secure teachers, and I superintended it in addition to my other duties. The school prospered under the faithful labors of the teachers we had. That school still is doing a fine work, as I write this, in 1904. "Where did you get the money?" some one asked. In the great congregation I would tell of our work, and say, "If any one would like to contribute, stop after service and make a contribution." I always had money to give the winners. I found girls and boys who would work harder for fifty cents in silver than for a two-dollar book.

The Broadway Mission Sunday-School went into the hands of Dr. W W Todd, a devoted member of Centenary, a noble young man who sickened and died. I had also organized a Sunday-School in Garfield Place; G. D. Davis was superintendent. This had to be abandoned by me, as I was charged with interfering with the plans of the Presiding Elder.

We held our usual Watch-night service, and a great service it was. The place was literally packed. The conduct of the meeting varied as necessity demanded. People kept crowding in until I had to order the doors locked or the meeting be ruined by curiosity seekers. We had a number of mourners, eighteen or twenty accessions, a dozen children baptized, and a number of conversions. God was on the giving hand. The covenant was made, and as the New Year of 1890 was ushered in, the joy was great. Satan was there too. Old Sister Goodhue had her pocket picked. She had her rent money on hand to pay, but alas! it was gone. Mrs. Mathews, the pastor's wife, also had her pocket picked; lost seventeen dollars. People crowded together shaking hands, and evil men took advantage of the press to put in their trade.

In looking over our *Southwestern Methodist* my responsibility was deeply felt at what a writer said: "The writer of this eagerly embraced an opportunity to attend a Sunday night service at Centenary Church, recently. It was the ordinary service and the usual congregation. The seating capacity of the house was taxed to the utmost; the main floor and galleries filled and all available space, around the chancel and in the aisles occupied. No pulpit in the city,

of any denomination, has such an audience, and it is without parallel in the history of St. Louis Methodism. It could not but occur among many reflections, how grand the opportunity and how solemn the responsibility of such a pulpit. Both views had illustration on the occasion: on the one hand the pulpit dealing with its vital theme of sin and salvation, and the vast assembly giving profound attention; the service closing with the altar surrounded with seekers of religion and with a number of conversions."

When I took charge of Centenary Church I found a large group of members who professed "Sanctification." They met in a private house once a week. Though not attending their gatherings I kept posted on their doings. Members from other Churches met with them. One of these was that rare Christian, Mrs. Dr. Boyle, widow of a once noted minister, Dr. Joseph Boyle. Mrs. Margaret Skinner, and Mrs. Jennie Urner, were of that group; also Mrs. Carrie Gray, and other valuable members. The lives of this company deeply impressed me and I found them ready to aid me in the responsible tasks put upon me. A number of my most useful workers belonged to this school. There was nothing unusual in their methods, and I felt no one could be too Christ-like. We moved on harmoniously.

The Eleventh Quadrennial Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, opened its session in the Centenary Church, in May, 1890. The occasion, the able body of ministers and laymen, together with the attendance of all our Bishops, made the opening one of solemn import. At the request of the committee on programme, I was invited to the platform by the presiding Bishop and delivered the address of welcome. Bishop Keener responded in one of his spicy, pointed and unctuous addresses. He said, "We are, sir, more than happy to respond to you. You have very ably represented the magnificent guild of Southern Methodism in St. Louis. I do not know that any place in the entire country could be taken as an exponent of the onward movement of Methodism, that would more certainly establish the continuity, the steady development of the power of the Holy Spirit accompanying the methods of our Zion, than this honorable city." The city press devoted large space to the General Conference, publishing the proceedings in full. The Bishops' pictures were given the public, with short sketches of their lives. There was the senior Bishop, stalwart in body and massive in mind; Bishop Wilson, self-poised and intellectual; Bishop Hargrove, elegant in manner, thoughtful, talented and able to untangle the intricacies of Church law; Bishop Granbery, polished, a man of finished scholarship, the St. John of the college of Bishops; Bishop Key, modest, yet equal to any demand upon him, wise in counsel, eloquent in speech, a light shining in darkness; Bishop Duncan, strong in body and equally strong in intellect, able and wise, a teacher of teachers, full of common sense and a glorious preacher; Bishop Hendrix, scholarly, eloquent

and equal to any position in which he may be placed, a man of strong feelings and command over them; Bishop C. B. Galloway, eloquent, standing in the forefront, considered by many, the best platform speaker in the land. We had preaching every night, some of it remarkably refreshing, but some of the best of them, as the young preachers phrased it, "Flashed in the pan." Acting as chairman of the Committee on Public Worship, in making out a list of preachers for the many pulpits offered us, two Bishops, one at a time, came to me urging the appointment of Dr. W for Sunday night in Centenary Church, stating, "He is the best preacher in our denomination." I knew him well and had a high opinion of his qualities. He is as modest as a maiden, and shrank from notoriety. He did not wish the appointment; nevertheless, he was announced. A great crowd thronged the church. Expectation was high, but the Doctor's faculties failed to work, and he floundered for an hour; then sat down, a deeply mortified man. Glorious man he was, now long in Heaven! All preachers can sympathize with that condition of mind. I have been there, when I could do nothing but mark time; no onward movement! We had in the body, men very strong in debate, able as parliamentarians, but some of them poor preachers relatively. Some of them were scholars and full of information, but did not know how to communicate what they knew. Exactly what is the difficulty no one can state. Sometimes a defective enunciation; in others a lack of unction; with large sense, but lacking in certain almost indefinable elements which secure success, Churches do not want them. They are conscious of certain abilities, but unconscious of their defects. The elections always awaken interest. As the business progressed, much was said of men for the high office of Bishop. It is high, in that more power centers in that office than in the office of a Roman Catholic Bishop. Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald was discussed; he having served the Church on the Pacific coast, filling public positions there, editing our organ there, and editing the General Conference organ in Nashville, for several years, a prominent figure. Then Dr. Haygood, of Georgia, president of Emory College, author, and one of the Commissioners of the Peabody fund, who had once declined the office of Bishop, found favor in the eyes of the brethren. When the day arrived these brethren were elected. The latter did not live long, and the former's health failed after a few years of service. Perhaps, no man in the Church was more universally beloved than Bishop Fitzgerald. A spirit anointed of God and a heart full of the milk of human kindness, he is a splendid type of Christian manhood. Bishop Haygood was a man of strong convictions, and acted upon them. His sermon preached in Centenary on the Sunday morning after his election was one of marked individuality and won all hearts. It was great in its Christliness and made a profound impression. The session did not last long. The night of its adjournment I was summoned by telegram to take the night train for Kansas City.

I anticipated the demand for my presence. My son, Wm. T. Mathews, engaged there in the mercantile business, was compelled to make an assignment which involved me as well, as I was his endorser. The liabilities were placed at one hundred thousand dollars, and the assets at double that amount. We failed empty-handed. Everything we had was assigned. That night I returned to St. Louis a penniless man, but with a triumphant faith, believing that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Reporters and friends interrogated me; my standing statement was, "Coming West, physically was my salvation; financially it was my ruin." We had the sympathy of the press in Kansas City and St. Louis. I even made arrangements for part of my salary to go to the liquidation of our indebtedness; this continued through several years. I felt poor, but was trying to make many rich.

A periodical was issued in St. Louis styled, *The City For Christ*. The request was made that I furnish a sermon, which I did, from the text, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto the merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it." The theme was, "Spiritual Investment." I thought this a good topic after my financial collapse. I began by saying: "In the old Cathedral at Canterbury, England, you can still see a tomb, carved about five hundred years ago, where a prince was buried who died when only forty-seven, but who had made a name of which England is proud to-day. It is the tomb of Edward, the Black Prince. The most valuable of all his great qualities was that he did not know how to give up and say he was beaten; no matter how great the odds. Jesus desired to show men that the one most valuable quality in securing salvation is persistence in a spirit that will sacrifice all other values to this one essential thing."

On the 31st day of July, in company with Mrs. Mathews, Camp Marvin was visited. That afternoon the Auditorium was surrendered to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the St. Louis Conference. The missionary work of Centenary Church was presented and emphasized by Mrs. Mathews; that of St. John's by Mrs. Avis, the St. Louis apostle of women's missionary work. The presiding officer, Mrs. C. L. Smith, called on me for a speech. The reporter represented me as saying: "Christianity opens great visions to man. It proposes universal empire. The missionary movement of this age has for its deep purpose the success of the vast plan of Jesus Christ. When He gave His last command, He bade His disciples go into all the world and subdue it to God. The plan of human life is mapped out for us in the life of the great Son of Man. Take His benevolence, His expenditure of love in behalf of others. God's method for the conquest of the world is not to force, but to induce men. He is never impatient. He can afford to wait. By taking hold of the moral forces of God, the world is to be transformed. The work they perform is not because they are forced to

do it by statute. Law is for children, grace for men; law is for those who can not be trusted; grace is for those who can. What we do in this great missionary cause must be prompted by the heart." By appointment of the Presiding Elder, it fell to my lot to occupy the pulpit at 8 p. m. The text was, "Therefore shall ye lay up these words in your heart and in your soul." I began thus: "God emphasizes the culture of the heart. No man is moved to action only in one way. Instruction is imparted; the mind takes it in; still, the man does not act. The intellect sends word down to the heart, knocking and saying, 'I have truth; will you open and receive it?' If the heart answers, 'No,' then the truth does no good. If it says, 'Yes,' then it enters and assumes control."

I never preached to as many persons on leaving a pastorate as thronged to hear me on the Sabbath before the meeting of our Annual Conference at Poplar Bluff. The night audience was a jam. Every available space in the house was occupied. Many stood in the aisles, both men and women. I had labored faithfully with them for four years; had ministered to their spiritual wants; saw many converted at the altar; had married a large number; buried their dead and cheered the living to press on to final triumph. The sermon of the evening was appropriate to the occasion. When the regular exercises closed, one of the officers stepped forward and asked the privilege to speak as a representative of the Church. After recapitulating the labors of the past four years, he called me up and in the name of Centenary Church presented me with a handsome gold watch. I was very much surprised, and, of course, gratified. Then calling for Mrs Mathews, as she stood before him, he recited the great interest she had taken in the work of the Church, her devotion, her inspiring influence, her visits to the homes of the people, giving special emphasis to the love of the people, and especially the poor. He honored her part, and in the name of the Church presented to her, also, as token of the love of the people, a handsome gold watch. It was to pastor and people an exciting night! Many pressed to the front to give a parting word and receive an official benediction. I was overwhelmed with the words of kindness poured into my ear. I was delighted at the recognition given to the work of my wife, whose interest never flagged. Not often do our Churches honor the work performed by the minister's wife. No woman could have been more helpful; her tact, her words of counsel, all aided me in leading the Church on.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Appointed to St. John's Church.

The Annual Conference met at Poplar Bluff, September 17th, 1890, Bishop J. C. Keener presiding, who waved his wand with vigor and dignity. He gave us wise and valuable counsel. He did not lecture us into impatience. Rev. A. P. Parker of the China Mission, being at home on furlough, was present. His addresses were instructive, and sometimes thrilling. No man is more fully imbued with the missionary spirit. His consecration is worthy of imitation; China's millions lie upon his heart. He is a high example of love for his fellow man. We had of our own number, Dr. D. R. McAnally, editor of the St. Louis *Advocate*, a man of breadth and depth. For many years, perhaps the most influential minister in all Missouri Southern Methodism. Years have thickened upon him, but he labors right on with a commendable persistence. Amongst preachers and laymen there was a considerable degree of gossip as to some of the leading appointments of our Conference. According to "Madam Rumor" the Bishop was uncertain as to Centenary charge until after he arose to read the appointments. A telegram was handed him, as he stood there, which decided him, and in a few minutes, B. Carradine was announced. When the St. John's Church was called, my name was given as pastor.

My new charge was accepted as providential. The membership of this Church was mostly of families of influence. It was thought by some of the ministers that my style would hardly take with this people. They did not reflect that I always adapt my style to the conditions and people to whom I minister. The Board gave me a cordial greeting and proposed to reinforce me in every way. Mr. Samuel Cupples, on account of ill health, rarely ventured out at night, but the next morning he drove by the church, and called at the office to see me, and assure me of his personal coöperation, saying to me, "I can not, on account of my poor health, get out at night; but anything you want, let me know and I will cheerfully assist in your plans."

My first service was the mid-week prayer-meeting. About forty persons in attendance. One of the most active ladies could not attend that service, but anxiously inquired the next day about the attendance and conduct of the meeting, saying, "I am sorry for the Doctor, coming from a Church where several hundred attended, to one with only a handful present." Then inquired, "Did he scold?" "Not at all. He talked hopefully, and one would think we were all

saints!" When I learned of this, in meeting this lady afterwards, I remarked, "Scold the little company? never! The absent ones, like yourself, ought to be scolded!"

Sunday services, a daily paper on Monday reported as follows: "At St. John's Church, Dr. Mathews made a short talk to the children of the Sunday-School in response to the request of Mr. Sam Kennard, the superintendent. He captured the young folks in the first round. Every seat in the church was occupied when he began his sermon. Bishop Hendrix, Dr. Vincil, and Dr. J. W Lewis were on the platform with him; several other Methodist preachers were in the audience. There was great interest in the occasion, as everybody was anxious to know how he would begin his pastorate in that wealthy and fashionable Church, after having such full sway, and pursuing such a simple course at Centenary Church, which is regarded as the Church of the masses, where the Methodists pay very little attention to style. His sermon was on 'The Rod of God in the Hand of Moses.' He was evidently very much embarrassed by the occasion, and did not preach with the freedom and enthusiasm which usually characterized him. Nevertheless he held a large audience in rapt attention, and evidently won their confidence and coöperation. He closed by saying, 'Above everything, I ask a free pulpit. I understand you have had philosophers, but I am simply a matter-of-fact Gospel preacher.' His remarks about philosophers, and his demand for a free pulpit, seemed to strike the audience with great force, as there was the rustling of sudden interest and surprise all over the congregation." Four persons joined the Church. The daily added, "The church was crowded again last night, something unusual at St. John's Church, as the congregation does not usually attend the Sunday evening service."

The members of Centenary having given us a parting testimonial ere we left the charge, much to my surprise I received a notice to be present at the Exposition Hall on the evening of October 17th, 1890. A number of citizens, not of our Church, desired to show their appreciation of my labors in aiding the executive department of the city in contributing my influence in aid of good government. The next day the following appeared in one of the city papers: "The Mayor, the Judge of the Criminal and Police Courts, the Prosecuting Attorneys, the heads of Police Departments, and other citizens, have joined in signing a testimonial to Rev. John Mathews, D. D., lately the pastor of Centenary Methodist Church, attesting their appreciation of his work at that great Church in behalf of public and private morality. The testimonial was presented to him at the Exposition Music Hall last night, by the Mayor in a neat speech, Gilmore's band furnishing appropriate music. Dr. Mathews certainly merits the testimonial." Then followed the official document: "St. Louis, Mo., October 17th, 1890. To Rev. John Mathews, D. D., Reverend and Dear Sir: We, the

undersigned, hereby testify our high appreciation of the valuable service you have rendered the city as a preacher of the Gospel during your four years' pastorate at Centenary Methodist Church. We believe that your faithful preaching and pastoral work have been productive of great good to the community in general, and especially to the eastern portion of the city. Many persons who have heard your eloquent appeals in behalf of religion, morality, and good character, have been induced to abandon vicious habits and surroundings, and have thus been saved from the condemnation of the law. You have been privileged as a minister of the Gospel, to labor in a section of the city where vice and crime are restrained by but few evangelical preachers. We hereby certify to the faithfulness and success of your labors in that field, and extend to you this testimonial as officers and citizens charged with the enforcement of law and prosecution of crime. E. A. Noonan, Mayor of the City of St. Louis; J. C. Normile, Judge of the Criminal Court; R. A. Campbell, Judge of the Criminal Correction; Jas. R. Claiborne, Prosecuting Attorney, Court of Criminal Correction; B. Dierkes, Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, Court of Criminal Correction; Charles F. Cady, Police Justice, First District; James J. Butler, City Prosecuting Attorney; John H. Rohlman, Sheriff; L. Harrington, Chief of Police; John Young, Captain of Police; Eliza Harris, Police Matron." I was, and am to this day, ignorant of the promotors of this honor. I prized it the more, when I learned that nearly all the signers are Roman Catholics. It is said that fully six thousand persons were witnesses of the presentation at the Exposition Hall. Affixed to the document, is the official seal of the city.

My predecessor, Dr. B. M. Messick, was not only a fine preacher, but a good pastor. Like a good shepherd, he rounded up his flock regularly. I at once began to look after my people in their homes, desiring to win their love, that my influence might be for the best interests of their inner lives. Having through many years realized the benefit of the class-meeting, I proposed to organize one in my new charge. I needed it in keeping my own heart aflame. My first announcement of organization brought out very few. One brother and his wife from Union Methodist Episcopal Church stood by me, and two or three from Centenary aided us until we could stand alone. On the 14th of November we had all told seventeen present, and I felt encouraged. Brother Avery and his wife had rich experiences and some others whose talks gave tone to the meetings. I called the class "my pet," in announcing it Sunday by Sunday. This kept it before our people.

Dr. W B. Palmore dropped in on Sunday morning as a visitor at Sunday-School. There was a class of youths whose teacher was absent, and the Superintendent invited Dr. Palmore to teach the class. He so taught as to influence two members to decide for Christ, and at the 11 o'clock service they applied for membership. The Doctor referred to this in the *Advocate*, and added, "Dr.

Mathews gave his flock a strong sermon on the Church at Rome in its original purity and power. Some of his sentences linger with us yet. 'Life is existence saturated with force. Philosophy thinks, science analyzes, law restrains, business calculates, but religion loves. This edge of the nineteenth century is a paradise of moral possibilities. Song-birds and bees flee before a pestilence.'"

The Church has for several years rented the pews, and has had no difficulty in meeting expenses. When the day for renting pews arrived, the reporters wrote extensively on the subject, saying amongst other things, "When Dr. John Mathews was transferred from Centenary to St. John's Church, the Southern Methodists who knew his hold upon the masses, and upon non-church going people, began at once to speculate about what he would do as to the renting custom, which had obtained in that Church for many years. The congregation there has never been very large, a fact that is attributed by some members of the congregation to the pew-renting system. Since Dr. Mathews took charge, the congregation has been large enough at each service to completely fill the church." My views are against the pew system; yet I believe in family sittings. My theory has been in going to a new charge to find out their methods, then fall into line with them and work them for all they are worth, thus avoiding friction. My announcement in the congregation was, "Strangers will be welcome in St. John's Church, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding; and they will be comfortably seated whenever they come." While discussing pew renting in the official meeting, some of the leading members of the Church said, "We will give up our pews and sit on the floor or altar rail rather than see any strangers who come to the church deprived of seats." Messrs. Samuel Cupples and Sam Kennard, who are leading members, have expressed similar sentiments.

I concluded to renew the Watch-Night service, emphasizing its value in the past to Methodism. I felt a degree of doubt as to the audience. Though the weather was disagreeable, by count we had one hundred and seventeen present, and those present entered upon the service with enthusiasm. It was a profitable night. The covenant was entered into with deep solemnity and a holy purpose. Several had never attended a like service.

The new calendar year opened auspiciously. Views have changed on some lines, the superficial for the deeper. My purposes root themselves more satisfactorily in the promises of God. In one of my sermons, in tender tones, I urged, "Let us make this a thorough Methodist Church. If we do not work on the old lines, there is no use for us as a Church. To use a figure of speech, within a stone's throw there are about a dozen other Churches; therefore ours is not a necessity." I proposed altar exercises, and the employment of some of our Methodist terms, "Let us call for *mourners*." This term has dropped out of use in most of our city Churches. On Sunday night after an earnest discourse, I called for

"mourners," and about ten persons kneeled at the altar; they were requested to remain. Only one member came forward to aid me in the instruction of those desiring salvation. That member was Mr. Jesse Boogher, one of the officials, and a man whose life honored the doctrines of Jesus. He was always prompt to aid the pastor on the old lines, as well as on every other. At the close, two professed conversion. After the benediction, a lady who belonged to this Church from its organization, as she passed by remarked, "No one can say they have never seen a mourner at St. John's altar!"

The young ladies of our Church have an organization for the purpose of aiding the poor of the city. Year by year they raise handsome amounts by annual entertainments. Not dreaming of any trouble this year they proposed to have a "Fantasmia" in the Sunday-School room, not thinking of drawing upon themselves or their Church a storm of criticisms. They published a flaming poster, not feeling it necessary to consult the pastor or the Official Board. One of these fell into the hands of Dr. Carradine, of Centenary Church, who took that poster for a text in his prayer-meeting and gave St. John's a severe castigation. Some parties called to see me about it. Amongst others, there was a reporter to interview me on the speech of Dr. Carradine. Said he had just come from the latter's office, and would publish the interview. My reply was, "I have nothing to say about the doctor's criticism—we belong to the same Church; while I have strong convictions, it is not always necessary to state them. He has a perfect right to his opinions and is at liberty to criticise. I can not afford to get into a conflict with him." In company with Dr. Palmore and members of my family I attended what the critics called, "The Show." It was harmless. They presented "Rock of Ages" in three forms, changed almost instantly from one form into another. As these presentations were made, in a low, sweet voice some one sung that hymn. First the Cross, then the Cross on the rock, then the woman clinging to the Cross. It was simply beautiful. In like manner the "Goddess of Liberty" was presented. The next day Dr. Carradine's interview was published; my reply was considered just enough—and satisfied our people. The Doctor was hasty. Much ado over a Christian tableau!

I found two local preachers members of St. John's. One of them, was Rev. Abram Slater, a native of England, now aged, and was hardly ever able to get to the house of worship. It was a rich treat, not only to hear his experience, but to listen to his public prayers. All felt the old saint was talking with God. His life deeply impressed me, for I saw how God can enrich a soul open to His Spirit's operations. The other was Rev T R. Vickroy, in many respects a very remarkable man. For twenty-five years he was a principal in the St. Louis public schools. Before locating in St. Louis he was president of the Lebanon Valley College in Pennsylvania. He was the author of a number of text-books of value. He

was modest and unassuming, and a man who was true to the teachings of God's Holy Book. As a preacher he was thoughtful and clear, and was highly esteemed by the people in and out of the Church.

The Official Board was composed of fourteen members. W. H. Avis, a man of quiet but sterling qualities, devoted and true, reliable on all questions involving Christian action. Mr. Jesse L. Boogher, a man of unusual devotion to Methodist usages and doctrine; every one knew where to find him on all moral questions; a princely giver, and a man of God. T. W Carter; a man more devoted to his Church could not be found amongst us; conservative, firm and loyal on all lines; for years a prominent teacher in the Sunday-School and always in his place; a man of large business ability, and true as steel; always warmly supporting his pastor; his value to the Church hardly to be estimated; ready to contribute to every good cause. Samuel Cupples, known throughout our communion as a princely giver; his love for his fellow men is seen in his very large gifts to the Washington University of St. Louis; his gifts in other directions have been on a large scale; his love for his Church has never abated and his interest in other institutions attest the depth and force of his Christian principles; he erected that splendid home for orphans in our city in memory of his noble wife—Martha K. Cupples; he has ever sustained his pastors, and shown them kindness; his example and spirit have been an inspiration to others. James H. Gibson, while less conspicuous than some others, was not less worthy of the official position he occupied; a devoted Christian, leading a life of quiet trust in God, his example was worth a great deal to the cause he loved so well; he was a liberal contributor to every good cause, and was a warm supporter of his pastor; loyalty to God was his watchword. B. F Hammett was another member highly esteemed for large-heartedness; he was very quiet, but always found side by side with his brethren in every good cause. A man deserving a high tribute was S. T. Jamison; perhaps St. John's Church never had a more loyal member; his work in and for the Church was invaluable; he was at every service, and the pastor always felt assured of his presence; he was a free worker, never shirking any responsibility; he was like the symbol of the ox, ready for work or sacrifice; not noisy in his profession, but a truer man in action I have rarely ever met; in my effort to inaugurate class-meeting he was always on hand; wind and weather did not deter him; noble spirit he was! Mr. Sam M. Kennard was another member of the Official Board, and as ready to help in every good enterprise as any man I have ever met in my long ministry. He was always ready to second every legitimate request of his pastor. For years he had been Superintendent of the Sunday-School, which reached in attendence as high as five hundred. He is one of the busiest men in the city, and a leader in nearly every public enterprise; honored in many ways by his fellow citizens, yet

never neglecting his official duties in the Church when he could control his action. Liberality characterized him on every line. He always shrank from public praying but never shrank from paying. Another member of the Board was Edward Nanstiel, one of the most spiritual men in our city. How deeply he loved the Church is known only to God. He was a favorite of the pastors and people, and his influence over his brethren was marked and valuable. He lived a godly life, contributing of his means to every worthy enterprise. Mr. John J. O'Fallon was another man who in a quiet way wielded his influence for the best good of his Church. He belonged to the class who wanted some one else to do the public praying while he did their paying. A man of large means, he aided in the advancement of Christ's Kingdom. He was ready and wise in counsel; rather conservative but standing up for the great enterprises of the Church. His love for the Church has never faltered. He is social, cheerful and useful. No wonder, when one recalls his good old mother and his great-hearted wife! Another member of our Board was that bachelor, C. Otis Scruggs, affable, courteous and accommodating. He soon called for his Church certificate to go and aid the Cook Avenue Church, which his brother, R. M. Scruggs, was instrumental in erecting. Otis is a general favorite. The next name on the list is A. A. Wallace, one of our most valuable officials. He was one of our reliables, never absent from our meetings when in the city. He was a careful, shrewd and honored business man; just such as every Church needs. He always evinced the greatest interest in St. John's prosperity, and constantly looked after her financial interests. He was not demonstrative in his religious life but was faithful in all his ways. His home influences were exceptional. Next follows John C. Wilkinson, a man of fine qualities. He was younger than most of the Board, but was considered valuable in judgment and energetic in action. He worked well whereever you placed him. His presence always cheered his pastor, because he was in sympathy with all high truths. Last on the list, though not least, was J. H. Wyeth, a Christian gentleman. He was the Secretary of the Board, and his book was a model of neatness. Rarely was he out of place as an officer. He was as conservative as any one of his fellow officials. He watched appropriations with an eagle's eye, and desired to know the why's and wherefore's. These were the officers when I took charge.

I was vexed over the statement of a young man who attended our Church for four weeks in succession, and saying, he did not receive a single look of recognition. Another disturbing person was constantly annoying the women, at their praying circle, by complaining; she said at this week's meeting, "Her friends told her if she staid in St. John's Church she would backslide!" This is a good woman with a peculiar moral make-up; not large in thought or culture, but meaning well. In an after interview, I told her, in talking about a Church certificate, that it would afford me a great

deal of pleasure to give her a letter of dismissal. Her reply was, "I thought you wanted to get rid of me!" "No," I replied; "you mistake me. I have faith in your piety, but you are out of harmony with us; you had better go where you can harmonize with others." She went, and we were relieved of one complainant.

On March 16th, I took the car for Kirkwood, to see a young man named Emil Hoffman. His brother came to the church to inform me of Emil's condition and that he wanted to see me. During my pastorate in Kansas City, a bright lad came to our services, was converted, and joined the Church. He proved a model youth, and I made a pet of him. He was so manly, so attentive to business, we all liked him. His relations were clever, but cared nothing for religion. I had in a measure lost track of him until he came to St. Louis with his young wife; but living in Kirkwood I did not see him often. Now he lies upon his dying bed. He was glad to see me, and as the past flitted before his mind, he said to me, "Three times I have been informed I must die; I do not worry about it; Doctor I want to tell you about it. I am trusting in God. You brought me where I am—resting in Him. All is right." How my heart quivered to look upon this splendid young fellow passing into death! But the end found him harnessed for the Eternal Life.

The press reporters called to have me furnish the Easter programme. I was somewhat ashamed to acknowledge I had no knowledge of it. It seems it has not been the custom to consult the pastor on such lines. A small group of ladies takes these things in hand. Easter opened cloudy, then a light rain. As per special invitation, Bishop Hendrix came to the city to occupy my pulpit and represent the new "Training School." The church was decorated just enough—simple, but in fine taste. The Bishop had a good audience. He gave us a sermon on "The Resurrection." It was good, but he was not at his best. The Bishop's face and manner help him. He is dignified, but easy. He did not emphasize the collection for the Training School, and we did not secure what was hoped for. The Bishop remained over to preside at the Union meeting of the two Districts, the purpose of which is to consider the enlargement of our work in the city. All the pastors and official members were on hand. The attendance was even larger than the noted gathering which met to consider the propriety of building a house of worship at Lafayette Park. Bishop Duncan dropped in on his way home from some District Conference. Bishop Hendrix, after the banquet, made a speech of value and impressiveness. He was followed by Dr. Finney, then by W R. Mays, in whose District Marvin Chapel is located. He urged the demand for a building. He was followed by Samuel Cupples, who endorsed the speech of W R. Mays. Then Dr. Carradine spoke, then Judge Valliant took high ground in favor of a new structure. He was followed bv Dr. Werlein; then R. M. Scruggs, who was followed by myself, when I pledged St. John's Church for one-third of seventeen thousand

dollars. Mr. Cupples added, "Promise eighty-five hundred." Dr. Werlein pledged Lafayette Park for five hundred. I then urged Dr. Carradine to pledge for Centenary. He said, "You know their ability." My reply was, "They gave nine thousand to Lafayette Park." He finally pledged five thousand. Dr. Messick pledged Cook Avenue for twenty-five hundred. Benton promised five hundred. St. Paul's was pledged for two hundred and fifty. Bishop Hendrix gave one hundred. All told, seventeen thousand, three hundred and fifty dollars. The meeting was overflowing with enthusiasm, cheering and hand-shaking. Dr. J. D. Vincil, who was preaching at Taylor Avenue, which enterprise I started and maintained while at Centenary, spoke of the wonderful opportunity at that point. That was my pet; I organized every department of work; yet in a written history my action was never alluded to. The meeting adjourned at a white heat.

Dr. Lambuth called, on Saturday, to ask me to suggest to our Sunday-School to pledge to support Brother Davis as our missionary to Japan. On Sunday morning I suggested the subject to Superintendent Kennard, who promptly agreed to do so. Four hundred and sixteen scholars present. I had organized the school into a Missionary Society. The Society undertook, for a term of years, to support this worthy brother in Japan.

On Monday, Mr. Yost of the *Republic,* called to see me requesting the use of my name to be voted for to secure a trip to Europe. I positively declined. Then he urged me to play neutral; that is, not decline publicly. I did not want a trip to Europe, nor did I wish to place my people in a position where they would feel obliged to support me. The voting went on day by day and week by week. The matter was kept in the paper. Many were voted for. One of St. John's officials called and said, "If you wish to go to Europe, St. John's Church will send you." I assured him, I never expected to visit Europe unless I went by on my way to Heaven after my death. A business man, one of the foremost in the city, calculated and said, the *Republic* made about eleven thousand dollars. In the face of my declination, I was third on the list.

On Tuesday morning, Rev. Josephus Stephan, the pastor at Marvin, called to see me. He is all aglow over the proposal to erect a new church. I furnished him with our directory, as he wished to send circulars to our people. His zeal is admirable and according to knowledge. He is one of our most zealous young pastors and is rapidly coming to the front as a worker. All love him.

On the 16th of April, just after breakfast, our door-bell rang and we found our friend, Mrs. Rainwater, the wife of one of our most prominent citizens. She came to bring a copy of a legal document, of the transfer of eighty thousand dollars in Tennessee bonds, to trustees, forty thousand of which is for the endowment fund of our Orphans' Home, and forty thousand for the

Women's Christian Home, on Washington Avenue. The copy was brought by Mrs. Rainwater to have my wife present it to the Board of Managers on Saturday. Dr. Bradford is the donor. The gift was made through the influence of a Miss Johnson, now dead. Her quiet and steady zeal in behalf of the Orphans' Home, so impressed the doctor that he decided to make the donation. I went up to call on the President of the Women's Board of Managers of our Orphans' Home, Mrs. John O'Fallon, and inform her of this unexpected gift. She wept tears of gratitude. At Mrs. Rainwater's request, the name of the donor was withheld until a meeting of the Board was called. One afternoon I met one of our elect ladies and pleasantly suggested that she contribute to the endowment of "The Orphans' Home." In making her will some time after, she gave five thousand dollars to the institution. This generous donor was that devout lady Mrs. Esther Collins, esteemed by all who knew her. She passed through death to find a home in the palace of God.

A lady called one morning, and sat until my patience nearly eked out. She said she was sent by the Holy Spirit to see me, to influence me to attend Dr. Carradine's holiness protracted meeting now in progress at Centenary Church. She is a good woman, but of narrow views; a woman not able to distinguish between a desire and a voice from God. She talked long, and I appreciated her desire for my sanctification, and treated her with marked politeness. I assured her I believed in a higher form of holiness than they taught. That I did not believe in the way they were teaching holiness. I informed her of the notes, postals, and letters written me. I told her of a lad whom I had taken into the Church, who stated I was ignorant of these higher things. I showed her a sample of the cards and notes sent me. One charging me with threatening the Davenport boys, if they did not go with me to St. John's Church. This card I enclosed in an envelope to Dr. Carradine. Told her of a man for whom I paid his fine to take him off the workhouse rock-pile. These are the sort sending me notes, doubting my religion. They even, in a kind of committee, went so far as to discuss whether or not I was a Christian, but gave me the benefit of the doubt! That was generous! She had scarcely retired when a young man just sanctified the past week called, and I was in for another sitting. The prospect made me nervous. I did not desire to discourage him; told him I did not doubt he had got a second blessing, hoped he would get a thousand! The morning was lost, so far as work was concerned. These persons were sent out to do a certain thing.

I wrote a note to that remarkable woman, the mother of John J. O'Fallon, soliciting a subscription for Marvin Church. She sent a check for one thousand dollars. Mrs. Caroline O'Fallon is generous to every worthy cause. She is very old, and unable to leave her room. Rarely ever sees her pastor, but expects him to call. She belongs to that school, the social power of which was of the highest type of womanhood. She loved her Lord and His Church, and con-

tributed to every Christian enterprise. She is waiting for her transfer to the bosom of God!

St. John's people, in the past, used almost entirely the solid hymns contained in our hymnal. They seldom attend where the popular songs were used. At our prayer-meetings we introduced some of them. Several of our lady members invited their influential lady friends to attend these meetings, and then sent up to the platform for me to sing, "Palms of Victory." Mrs. Valliant, wife of our Supreme Judge, was the first to send request. Other of our Christian women invited persons who rarely attended where songs of a like character were sung. Mrs. John J. O'Fallon often sent word to the platform, that certain noted women were in attendance to hear certain songs; sometimes the old chorus was called for, "Oh, the Lamb, the loving Lamb!" Then, again, "Is my name written there?" These requests gave added interest to our midweek services. Sometimes I took advantage of the presence of these visitors, to have some person of rich experience talk of that experience; some of these visitors had no knowledge of a real Christian work of grace.

On Monday, arranged for a visit to Independence, to baptize my little granddaughter—Phala Menefee Hawkins. Arrived safely, and lectured for a missionary society at 8 p. m., and preached the next night. My visit was enjoyed. Found Rev. C. M. Hawkins, the pastor, was having large prosperity; has had many conversions in his Church. To-day is the thirty-fourth anniversary of our marriage. They have been eventful years, full of labor, with many disappointments, some drops of bitterness in the cup of life; these are allowed, to teach us to lean less on earth and more on Heaven. Yet, God has graciously guided us, He has led us up and on until we are in a position of the highest possible usefulness. I am growing old with much heart happiness.

Our Superintendent and teachers make a great deal of "Children's Day." In the infant school I found some chairs draped in mourning for members of the class. Mrs. Wyeth had a short memorial service. The audience room of the main school was beautifully decorated. Bishop Wilson sent a letter praising the school for its action in sending and supporting a missionary to Japan. After the reading Brother Davis was introduced and spoke fifteen minutes; all wanted to see him as he is our representative in that distant land. After responsive readings and a few recitations, I gave them a discourse of twenty minutes, on "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord."

Our denomination is very much excited on the subject of "the second blessing." Dr. Carradine sent out invitations to the preachers of the Conference to come in and secure the blessing. He is conducting an exciting meeting. His Church has divided into two parties, one for, the other against his course. Some of his Stewards visited me to secure my advice. I asked them not to involve me,

as I was running St. John's Church. The papers teem with accounts of the meeting and rumors fly over the city. One statement given was, "The Doctor invited all his Stewards not in sympathy with him, to resign!" At one service, breastpins, finger-rings, artifical flowers and jewelry of other kinds, were given up amid great excitement. At the preacher's meeting Dr. Carradine claimed that seven preachers had received the second blessing. Brother Stephan introduced the subject into the preachers' meeting. He talked sweetly on the subject. Brother Henry Hanesworth took a positive attitude against the doctrine of the second blessing, asserting, "It is not taught in the Bible." One thing is certain, Centenary Church is committed. A number of the most influential people are much grieved over the methods and teachings of the Doctor.

Rev. J. W. Cunningham called to request me to take part in the funeral service of Brother Babcock, who for thirty-four years has been superannuated. He had been very active, filling some of the best appointments in the denomination. His hearing became so defective as to necessitate his retirement. He never got out to Church and was unintentionally lost sight of by the people. The old soldier has gone at last. Brother Cunningham read a sketch of his life; Dr. Carradine read the lessons; I led in prayer.

On the 3d of June, took the train for Clarence, to attend the closing exercises of the Macon District High School, Professor Shultz in charge. They have an excellent building and a prosperous school. At night a very heavy storm set in just as the people were gathering, and the exercises were postponed to the next morning. As many could not get away during the storm, and being near by, I was sent for to go over and give the people a speech, which I did, talking for thirty minutes. In the morning, delivered the address and medals, and we had a delightful time notwithstanding the heavy rain. As I had to remain over night, the pastor called, in the afternoon, requesting me to preach at night. I consented and we had a crowded house. Very early the next morning was on a train to Sedalia, reaching there at 5.30 p. m. Was royally entertained by that eminent physician, Dr. Small. At the appointed hour, went over to the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was loaned us for the occasion, as lights had not been put into our new church. A large audience present. Our ladies wrought like beavers and sold many tickets. The next morning early I was at the train for Lexington. I hung my umbrella on a hook, then purchased a morning paper. A man entered, took a seat in front of me, asked a question or two while I was reading, then toyed with my umbrella while I read on, then as the train started I looked up in time to see the man disappear with my umbrella. A bold thief! Reaching Lexington at 8:30 p. m., President Jones met me at the depot, and drove me over to Brother Morrison's, where I was to be entertained. Brother Morrison is President of the Board of Trustees, and one of the noted Methodists of the land. This is a town of colleges—

four in all. Ours is a large and prosperous institution, beautiful for situation. On Sunday morning I preached for one hour and a half. We had smiles, tears and shouts. On Monday met the Board of Curators; they did a good deal of work. On Tuesday Dr. G. C. Rankin of Kansas City, delivered the literary address. It was clear, bright, instructive and opportune. It was highly appreciated by young and old. The Doctor is a many-sided man, and bold as a lion.

Having learned that Mrs. Samuel Cupples was ill, I called to see her. To my surprise learned she was paralyzed on both sides, and quite ill. This affliction was the beginning of the end of this remarkable woman—remarkable for the good deeds which marked her life. Her charities constituted a flowing stream. It was indeed a sad household. Passed from this mansion to an humble home where I found a young man named Watts on his death-bed. How delighted he was to see me. He was just twenty-one years of age and wasting away. In praying with him, one could but realize, "what a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer." From this quiet but humble home, I passed up several blocks to visit Judge Valliant, who was said to be ill. He was reported better. The Judge is a character to be admired—talented, prudent and self-poised, possessing the elements which render a man popular.

I went down to the missionary meeting to hear Dr. Carradine's address. Not many of the delegates in attendance, the evening being warm. It was twenty minutes after eight when the doctor appeared. After the opening exercises he arose and remarked, "I will talk for only a few minutes, as our first licensed Japanese preacher is present, and I will give him my time." The Doctor, always a good talker, kept on, and on, for fifty minutes by the clock. Then he introduced the Japanese, giving this man his time! The brother talked one hour. The talks were good, and under other circumstances would have been highly appreciated. On the street car, going home, I took off my stove-pipe hat and handed it to Dr. Carradine. In surprise he said, "For what?" "For long windedness!" I replied. He was somewhat teased, but in his happy way, parried it off.

It is not all sunshine in ministerial life. It is generally known that an unkind criticism rarely passes my lips. A preacher of one of the Conferences treated his wife so badly that my indignation knew no bounds, and I said to Brother Lowrance that such a man should not be allowed to preach in our Churches, as he had knocked his wife down. This statement was communicated to this preacher. Hence an insolent letter which I received. This man has attended Dr. Carradine's meetings and professed to have received the second blessing. I had objected to his being put forward in our Churches in the city. He soon wound up his career, and passed out of sight.

All through the month of June I kept up my usual pace, visiting from house to house, looking after several sick persons, attending several funerals, and marrying several couples. A lady attended

our Church, and after the sermon passed up to the pulpit and inquired, "Are you the Mathews stationed years ago in Decatur, Alabama?" "Yes," was my answer. "Well, well!" she exclaimed, "You are the one who took me into the Church forty years ago!" Now and then I met one of my spiritual children. It rejoices my soul to feel that my labors have not been in vain.

Being invited to take charge of the Columbia Assembly for two days in August, when the day arrived I was on hand. They had already been visited by able speakers. Dr. J. J. Tigert preceded me. I arrived the evening he finished his engagement. Learning where I was domiciled, he came over to spend the night with me. We had never met before, though I had known him from reputation for a long time. He was now pastor in Kansas City, where I had spent five years. The Doctor played the Yankee with me, that night, by plying me with questions about my methods of work, and manner of reaching the people. His interrogations were of a kindly nature, and I formed a liking for him that no subsequent meetings have ever changed. In after times he impressed me as a man of great ability and fine temperament: a very cyclopedia of knowledge. Brave, true and loyal, he has been a blessing to our denomination.

At the invitation of the Board of Managers I ran up to the Piasa Bluffs Assembly of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to deliver a lecture. I could go and return the same day. It was the 15th of August. The large audience gave me undivided attention, and I enjoyed the hour very much. Ate dinner and then was away to the train to return to the city to be on hand for my work. When the train backed up there was a rush for the car first unlocked; I was in the rear. That car was soon filled and the crowd turned with a rush to the other car placing me in front. The jam was great, and as I reached the platform, I felt some one pulling at my pocket book in my hip pocket, and I exclaimed, "Some one is picking my pocket!" but I was so crowded I could not turn. A moment more and I found my pocket book gone; it contained eighty-three dollars. It was a costly trip!

The year closed well. The financial condition perfect. The attendance on the means of grace encouraging, and many souls saved through the grace of God. Attended thirty-five funerals, only six of them our members. Called on different persons at different times, two thousand, eight hundred and fifty. Raised for all purposes $27,057.50.

CHAPTER XXXV

Second Year at St. John's.

The Annual Conference at Sikeston, met September 23d, 1891, Bishop A. W Wilson presiding. On the morning of the 28th, the Bishop announced the thirty-fifth question, "Where are the preachers stationed this year?" and I was returned to St. John's. Year by year, as I enter upon a new pastorate, my conviction deepens as to God's purposes. These purposes run through the ages, and as time passes they find their fulfilment. As open the June roses, so open these purposes. Feeling that my business is to help in the plan of our God, I adopt what some one says: "The verb of life has many tenses, and he who has but one, wrongs history." Some think only of the present, and disregard both the past and future. The urgent plea of my soul is for more power to work for the betterment of humanity!

Bishop Wilson removed Dr. Carradine from Centenary and appointed him to First Church. The Doctor made a hobby of the second blessing. The Church divided, some ardently supporting him, others as ardently demanding a change. The Bishop was deeply concerned over the case, then made the change. Dr. S. H. Werlein was appointed to Centenary. Dr. Carradine's supporters became excited, and an exodus began; thirty called for Church letters to follow him, and many others, it is said, will follow. The Doctor went to his new work at once. It pained me to learn of the division in my old charge. I kept aloof, not wishing to be involved.

A young man came to me pleading for help to reach Texas. He showed me a letter from a firm telling him a position was awaiting him. He had no money to make the trip. I had been cheated so often I hesitated, but finally consented to furnish the funds. At the appointed hour he was on hand. He seemed very much elated when handed the money, and started to prepare to leave at once. He started for Texas, but stopped at a town on the route, and ran off with a young woman whom he married! That closed his trip to Texas! Eight times out of every ten my benevolence has been misplaced.

On Saturday afternoon, was sent for to see a dying man, whom I had frequently visited. He was speechless; but brightened up when I referred to his trust in Christ, nodding assent as I spoke. He died within an hour. What a happy soul! He passed the gate of death in a glorious assurance of the presence of our Lord. Alexander Watts, farewell!

At the Educational Convention, which met in Fayette, the three

Conferences had delegates present. Bishop Hendrix was elected president; Rev. C. M. Hawkins, secretary. At the opening, Bishop Hendrix gave the body a clear and succinct statement as to the conventions held, this being the fourth. His address was instructive and valuable. At the second session, Dr. C. C. Woods, discoursed, in his happy style on "The Articulation of Our School Work." It was a suggestive essay and worth the best thought of the Church. A general and very interesting discussion followed, participated in by some of the strongest minds in the State. At the fourth session held Wednesday evening I read a paper on "How to Awaken an Interest on the Part of the Ministry in Christian Education." Dr. J. J. Tigert followed, in a valuable address on "How the Pastor May Serve the Cause of Education."

On the 5th of November, Bishop Wilson arrived, and according to appointment preached for my people in behalf of our schools in China. Such is the financial depression, the Board of Missions declined to appropriate funds for their continuance. He is canvassing the strong Churches, seeking aid. Has need of six thousand dollars; has already raised four thousand. Sunday morning, it was raining; still we had a fair audience. The Bishop gave us an uplifting sermon—one to stimulate the faith of the believer. At the close, he made only a few remarks about China. He did not ask for a collection, but I did; and we contributed three hundred and thirty-six dollars. He appeared to be much pleased.

On November 21st, 1891, I was sent for to administer the communion to that remarkable woman, Mrs. Martha Cupples, supposed to be dying. The physician, being a Christian, advised this action. At the appointed hour, I was in the quiet chamber where, in the triumph of a living faith, lay this devout woman, who in early years had laid her young heart, with its beautiful affections, on the altar of God. She was surrounded by her immediate family. It was a touching scene. An angel could not have exhibited a sweeter repose of spirit than she displayed. The dear ones gathered about her bed as the pastor repeated the service, and kneeling there in tearful mood, partook with her of the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of her Divine Lord; after which each one took formal leave of her with a farewell kiss. It was a hallowed hour. From that paralytic stroke she rallied, and lingered with her loved ones many months. Her character was based on the noblest utterances of the Man of Galilee. She was the sun of her husband's life, and her companionship had cheered his soul when burdens rested upon brain and heart. With large means at command, when in her vigor she displayed a benevolence for others worthy of a heart imbued with the teaching of Christ. Her interest in others never flagged, and as a memorial of the depth and extent of that interest is that noble structure to her memory, "The Methodist Orphans' Home," costing over ninety thousand dollars.

Edward J. Gay died in New Orleans, November 22d. A mes-

senger called to arrange for his funeral from Centenary Church. In 1843 he joined Centenary Church, and though living South for several years, never changed his membership. He was possessed of large means and was a man of extraordinary business capacity. On the eve of my leaving New Orleans, when building the chapel of Rayne Memorial Church, he gave me not only advice but a contribution. He is to be buried on Friday. He belonged to a prominent family in this city, one which wielded a large influence. One by one, the old families are disintegrating, and new ones advance to the places of power.

At night of Thanksgiving Day, I went down to Centenary Church to hear Dr. A. Coke Smith, the invited guest of the Union Epworth Leagues. He was to deliver the annual address. He had a vast audience. The programme was lengthy, but lively. Dr. Werlein gave the address of welcome, a speech worthy of the Doctor. Mr. A. E. Whitaker gave the response in a brief talk well conceived and appropriate. After fine music, Dr. Smith was introduced, and entertained both old and young with his address, which is saying much. Sometimes on such occasions, the intellectual element merely is addressed; the crowd, not accustomed to processes of thought, tire of such. Others ignore the intellectual, and give an audience a good deal of fun without any instruction. Dr. Smith speaks for both classes. His intellect, spirit and character elected him Bishop, in later years.

Was sent for the next day, to see a sick young man who wanted instruction and comfort. His father, a physician, was present, and I found that physicians may become cranks. This man began and continued to pick flaws in Churches until it became unpleasant, not only for me, but for the sick young man, who insisted not to discuss such subjects; but the doctor kept right on. It was a very unsatisfactory call. Because I would not discuss or try to refute his assertions, he felt he was master of the occasion, and pressed his assaults. No one was in a mood for prayer, or for conversation on a line with the needs of the young man.

A lady called to consult the pastor about a divorce from the son of a prominent man. I urged that the matter be deferred, as they were both young, and might make up again. The divorce laws are very loose in Missouri. It is alarming to know the number securing divorces on trivial grounds. The public mind is educated by these divorces to place a low estimate upon the marriage vows.

Went into my private study on Saturday to finish preparation for to-morrow. The standing order in my home for Saturday is, "Can not be seen unless absolutely necessary." But every caller says his mission is imperative. A gentleman called to give me his experience; was once a backslider, now reclaimed; wanted me to aid him in securing work. Another called, imploring my assistance in securing a position. And still another, earnestly urging me to get employment for his brother. My response, was, "How can I

recommend a person whom I have never even seen!" I was hardly down at my desk, when before my nerves were quieted, another called to engage me to attend a funeral to-morrow afternoon. One may imagine how a pastor must feel under such interruptions. What a task to keep sweet-spirited, and treat the visitors tenderly!

The Ladies' Aid Society have their all-day meetings. These gatherings are really enjoyable. The ladies do a good deal of sewing, and have a social time. The pastor is expected to lunch with them, and other ministers drop in, to the delight of the members. The ladies had secured my photograph, and secured artist McConnell to give them a large picture. Without my knowledge, to-day it was to be hung in place, in their parlor. It has been their custom to have a portrait of their pastors hung on the parlor walls. There was a very fine attendance. The picture was unveiled, to my surprise. A number of pleasantries passed between us. I told them playfully, that St. John's Church reminded me of Swift's dancing-master—"Had every good quality but one—he was *lame.*" "You are cheerful, charitable, kind in action, helpful," I continued "but in spirituality defective;" then I added, "there is only one person at this table who will *attend Watch-Meeting!*"

At our prayer-meeting this week, we had ninety-five present. I urged upon them personal religion. Amongst other things in my exhortation, I said, "My fear is that many of the young people of our Church have not been converted. They have joined the Church, and are moral, elegant, and cultured; but these qualities do not constitute regeneration." I pressed prayer for their conversion. Brother Vickroy, principal of one of our public schools, spoke out and said, "You are right!" My talk was not in a captious spirit, but out of a full heart, desiring they pass into something beyond their best.

The last day of the year, at 9 p. m., was at church to hold our Watch-Meeting. Some already on hand, and they continued to come until we had more than four hundred. The pastor was very much encouraged over the attendance. A remarkable fact was, that after counting, we had only *eleven present* who belonged to St. John's when I took charge. One official member, Mr. Jesse Boogher. We had a remarkable meeting. Five forward for prayers, and three professed conversion. When the time to make a new covenant arrived, we sang the covenant hymn, all gathering as near the platform as possible, and all standing. The last three minutes of the year were spent in silent prayer, and when the New Year opened we arose and all joined in singing, while shaking hands,

"Oh, happy day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior, and my God."

The first Sunday in January, was our quarterly meeting occasion. Dr. Thomas M. Finney, our Presiding Elder, occupied the pulpit. A large congregation heard his strong sermon; and as the

invitation was given for the ministers to come forward to the communion, some one shouted out, "*The house is on fire!*" For a few moments all seemed stunned. The smoke rolled up through the register on the west side of the house. The Presiding Elder and myself said, "There is no danger; retire quietly!" There was no panic, no screaming; the people passed out with remarkable composure. In the meantime, the janitor had gone to the cellar and found the joists of the floor on fire. The register had been closed, and the tin nailed to the joists had become red-hot; the wood was just beginning to burn. Water was poured on the fire and it was soon extinguished. When the fire engines arrived, the danger was over. At night service, the house was crowded, and I made one of the strongest appeals of my life. When I called for penitents, nine young men, and four young ladies come forward. It was an enthusing sight, and created quite an interest. Possibly we had present, at this service, forty of the members turned over to me; the others were new members and visitors.

I had quite an experience with an Italian portrait-painter. He had annoyed me over painting my portrait. I assured him I did not desire a painting of myself. The young men of Kansas City had paid one hundred and fifty dollars for one—and the portrait was never satisfactory. This so-called artist called again. I insisted it was unnecessary to discuss the matter—that my means would not justify the outlay. He insisted he wanted no money—would do the work simply for an advertisement. I refused, but he returned again and worried me for a photograph. At last I borrowed one from a lady. He left, and next day returned to appoint a sitting, but requested me to advance him money to purchase material—three dollars. I gave him five dollars, as I had no change. He came again and wanted more money. I positively refused. He got angry, and placed my photograph on the mantel, and left and I have never seen him since! When friends called me "green" to be duped, I fell back upon the old saying, "You can persuade me, but can not drive me!"

A very worthy young minister of our Conference called. With evident embarrassment he disclosed his financial condition; out of shoes, clothes and money. He is pastor on a very hard circuit. To my knowledge he had resigned a paying position to go into the ministry. My heart was touched and I let him have the amount desired. A colored preacher called, whom I knew, who said he had succeeded in raising funds to finish his little frame church, but had no income to purchase clothes. He looked seedy. I requested him to call about noon at my home. On reaching home I hunted up a good suit of my clothes, coat, pants and vest, and had them ready. He was on time, and manifested pleasure over my gift. Not many days pass without special pleas for help.

By request of the Preachers' Meeting, I read a paper on "The New Theology, or Higher Criticism." I spent several weeks in its

preparation. The ministers gave me profound attention, and assured me light had been thrown on the subject. Some one informed me that the St. Louis *Illustrated Life* contained an article about Archbishop Kenrick and myself meeting on the street, in the recent bad weather, and my wondering how the aged prelate could be out at such a season. That I was well equipped for such a season, and started off to show him; when just then my feet flew up, and down I went! The aged Archbishop had to help me up! When I read the article I could but smile, as there was not a word of truth in it; it was a made-up story.

Mr. John Hogan called the third time to see me about assisting at the funeral of his father, to-morrow afternoon. Rev. John Hogan was eighty-seven years old. A man of rare qualities and fine spirit. Joyous to the last. I was his pastor four years, and knew him well. At the oppointed hour I was there. He was born in Ireland. Began his ministerial career in Baltimore, traveled with Bishop Roberts for a time. Became a famous preacher in Illinois. On one occasion I met an elderly deacon of the Baptist Church who told me that in his boyhood more persons went to hear young John Hogan than any other minister. Why he located, I never learned. He at once took a high stand. Was elected to the Illinois Legislature. Removed to St. Louis. Was city postmaster, and was at one time a member of Congress. He was commonly called "Honest John Hogan." How he loved Centenary Church! He was a faithful attendant until enfeebled by age. He was mighty in prayer. His voice was rich in tones which were very effective with the listener. There was a large attendance at the funeral. The pastor was in charge. Dr. McAnnally, senior editor of the *Christian Advocate* was to have preached; he started, but was so feeble he gave out. He had known Brother Hogan for forty years, and paid a high tribute to his memory When he sat down, the pastor requested me to speak.

Ingersol's lectures and statements being published throughout the nation, I found it necessary to defend the Old Book before my people. Many young minds were poisoned by his quibblings and as many young people heard me on Sunday evenings, I prepared a discourse on a line that would affect those not accustomed to logical processes. Ingersol had made some bold assertions in the *Republic* recently, that were calculated to do harm. A reporter gave a rather poorer representation of my sermon than usual. He said in part, "Dr. Mathews designated the attacks on the Bible and religion as quibbling, and said, 'It was in this quibbling that infidelity thrived. The great principles of the Bible were overlooked in these unseemly wrangles over insignificant things. In dissecting and analyzing the story of Jonah and the whale, the quibblers forgot all about the great principles of love and truth found in the Bible, and which have made civilized man the noble creature he is, and influenced him to love his neighbor as himself.'" The reporter

adds, "The sermon was delivered in the style peculiarly Dr. Mathews' own. He gave many facts in its course to illustrate the points he made. He said: 'For three thousand years men have been writing books, but scarcely five hundred have survived the forgetfulness of man, and scarcely fifty of the five hundred are known to the masses. Here is the Bible handed down from the ages past and is the greatest force on earth; on it is founded the laws of the civilized nations, and it has created more revolutions than all other forces, and at the end of each, has left the nations involved, freer. It has corrected more errors, and better inculcated the ideal of liberty than any other known agent, and yet there are men who deride this Book, and scoff at its teachings! Men who prate about reason, who are ignorant of the term reason. Some people are ever challenging all things but themselves. Suppose I challenge such an one, asking "Who are you?" You reply, "I am a thinking animal." How do you know you think? Such as these stand puttering over the punctuation marks of the Old Book. They remind me of the story of the man who stopped the plow, and wasted the time of a man, a boy, and four horses—to catch a mouse! There are pretentious men who quibble over things not as important as a mouse!'"

A sick lady who knew nothing of me, only as she read reports of my sermons, sent for me. I found her far up town, surrounded with comforts, but sick not only in body, but sick at heart. She was deeply exercised over her state of soul. This woman was a Roman Catholic. She had an idea that to be baptized was one of the essential things, stressing it with great earnestness. Seeing her desire to meet God's demands, I opened to her mind the plan of salvation; that Christ is the Savior and not baptism; that repentance and faith were conditions. As simply as was possible, I presented fact upon fact that her mental eyes might see and her mind might take in the true conception. The Holy Spirit took the Scriptural truths and so impressed them that she accepted Christ as her Savior. She wept much. I then baptized her and took her into the Church.

To-day I learned of the death of one of the finest specimens of Christian manhood ever known to me: The Hon. David Clopton, ex-Congressman, and Judge of the Supreme Court of his State. He was a prominent Christian. He removed to Montgomery, Alabama, during my pastorate of Court Street Church in that city. I nominated him as Sunday-School Superintendent, and for more than twenty years he filled that position. He was a representative of our Church to the Cape May Commission which met to adjust difficulties between the two leading Methodisms. Quiet, thoughtful, consecrated and true, he gave forth a light as a city set on a hill. Earth is poorer for his loss.

By invitation, Rev. C. M. Hawkins came to conduct a protracted meeting in Lafayette Park Church, Dr. E. B. Chappell, pastor. Brother Hawkins is my son-in-law, and a remarkably effi-

cient pastor. I accompanied him over to the Lafayette Park Church, and heard a strong sermon. It proved a profitable service; there were several forward for prayers, and some professed conversion. The preacher is gifted in speech, is clear in his statements, enunciates with distinctness, and holds the attention of the people from beginning to end. The meeting starts off well. He has the art of seizing truths which affect men, and understands how to impress them with sledge-hammer blows. He is called to assist pastors all over Missouri. The following night they had nine conversions. The preacher knows how to get into the heart.

On Sunday evening our regular League service was held. Miss Mary Lewis led; she is the daughter of Dr. J. W. Lewis, former pastor of St. John's. Miss Mary had taken a most active part in this organization, as well as a decided interest in the "Young Ladies' Mission." She led finely—a little frightened for a moment, but talked well. Her growth in personal piety has been marked by all those who attended our meetings. Her realization of responsibility seems intensified, and she is taking hold of Church work with increased zeal. How experience has ripened and she is not ashamed to show it. There was no sudden leap into action; it was almost imperceptible at the time. She was ripening for Heaven.

We all know that water may be dammed up, but no engineering skill can make it run backward in its own channel. It takes Divine power to turn a heart to God. Received a letter from a mother imploring help for her son who has been under the power of the liquor habit; he sees his danger and is trying to break away from the demon, but can not. Vain is the help of man. God alone can furnish the needed aid. The same day in March, a gentleman awakened by attending revival meetings at Union Methodist Episcopal Church, called to seek advice as to how to secure God's aid. In as clear a light as possible, I gave him what I conceived to be the Scriptural plan of reaching God through Jesus Christ. What a thrill of pleasure stirs one's soul in portraying God's mercy and forgiveness. It is one of my delights in life to be able to help a penitent soul into the life of goodness! The same evening, I attended a "Social" at a church of another denomination; and was comforted in going. A lady was present who told me her son attended my ministry and had become a new man. I felt cheered to think one may do good and not know it.

On March 11th, as stated in the *Epworth Herald*, more than two thousand eager Methodists crowded the auditorium of the Centenary Church. It was a gathering of the Leagues of the Methodisms of the city. A more blessed Epworth gathering has never been held. Miss Bertha Arnold sang the stanzas of "What shall the Harvest be?" and every one joined in the chorus. What a chorus! The organ thundered, the cornets shouted: the choir lifted up voices like trumpets, and from the throats of two thousand young Methodists there went out a stream of joyful praise. Then fol-

lowed the address of Dr. Berry, of Chicago. Said the editor of the *Methodist,* "That address will never be forgotten by many of us. It fairly bristled with good points and held the closest attention of all to the end. The Doctor captured not only the young, but all ages present." Dr. Berry in his periodical says: "Rev. Dr. Mathews, pastor of St. John's Church, was introduced. He made a characteristic speech, clear-cut, witty, pungent, and overflowing with practical counsel to young Christians. Generous applause greeted every paragraph of the stirring address."

For some time, as pastor, I talked up an interest in behalf of a revival meeting. In my visiting I found my people generally more than willing for such a meeting. One lady told her husband about it, and at family prayers he asked God to be with us. It was a member I did not know had family worship. I discussed the meeting at all our services, and had others talk it up until the interest became encouraging. Rev. C. M. Hawkins wrote he could be with us the Monday after Easter. I was somewhat perplexed over who should lead the singing. In my perplexity I called on Mr. Samuel Kennard to help me out. Would he not assume responsibility? While he did not know a note in the scale, he readily consented. We had two brethren who could lead. If I selected either, the other might decline to take part. Brother Kennard was friend to both and they could not afford to charge him with partiality. I wrote him a note of request. He read it in the prayer-meeting, and told the people that the pastor had so much to do, that he would relieve him and arrange about the music, and called a meeting for that purpose. In due time Brother Hawkins arrived. The day was raining and cold; he had a chill, but met his first appointment, and captured the people with his first sermon. Several forward for prayers, and two professed conversion. The meeting moved on with accelerating momentum. The second night God was with us. The third night ten professed conversion; the chapel was crowded, and the people mightily moved under a stirring discourse. The meeting continued for ten days and was a great blessing to our people. The editor of the *Methodist,* wrote thus about the meeting: "St. John's has a revival! Yes! A truly good old-fashioned Methodist one at that. Dr. Mathews and several of the brethren, having had the subject of a revival in their minds for several months past, decided to call Rev. C. M. Hawkins, of Independence, to assist Dr. Mathews, which proved to be a very wise choice, as evidenced by the glorious result that followed each succeeding meeting. Brother Hawkins is a young man, and an earnest worker; although not claiming to be an evangelist, still he possesses qualities which place him in the front rank as one capable of presenting truth in a convincing manner to the hearts of the people. We are gratified to say that about one hundred penitents were at the altar during the series of meetings." Through the week the interest deepened. A local preacher said, "I have not heard such a revival sermon in

twenty years!" This was said of the Friday night sermon. Fifteen were at the altar. One lady sixty-five years old was reclaimed; had not been to Church in several years. Brother R. O. Bolt with his chorus choir leads the singing and it is spiritedly and impressively done. The preaching is to the unsaved. Thirty-two professed conversion during the week. Sunday was the crowning day. If one accepts the statement of some of the original members, "It has been the most remarkable in the history of St. John's Church." The Sunday-School session was turned into an evangelical service. Brother Hawkins preached to the young people, and held their attention from the start, and for twenty-five minutes led them on to see their need of Christ. When he called for penitents over fifty came forward, and many of them professed conversion and applied for membership. It was a glorious hour! At 11 o'clock, the congregation packed the main audience room. The preacher was at his best, preaching with great clearness and power, and moved the whole audience. Crowded as it was, nine pressed to the altar, some praying aloud, and there were four who professed conversion. At night the preacher had a great hearing; and his appeals were effective; twenty-five penitents at the altar and nine were converted. After the benediction one young man remained on his knees. We tried to have him rise, but he would not leave until he was saved. On Monday night another crowd, and eighteen forward for prayers, of whom twelve professed religion. On Tuesday night twelve were at the altar and seven were converted. The Lord was in His holy temple. The service closed with a regular hand-shaking. It was a precious hour. The meeting lasted through Friday—each night several converts. Victory followed the work of God's people, and our meeting closed with a farewell hand-shaking.

At our Steward's meeting, the first Monday in May, we were going through our routine duties when Mr. Samuel Kennard came in. He stirred things up by proposing to have the church's exterior repainted; he suggested a committee, which was to secure funds. Then the subject of removing St. John's to a new location came up. Owing to the financial depression the matter had been held in abeyance. We have about two men on the board who throw cold water upon every proposition that takes money. Brother Kennard holds to the lot he selected on King's Highway. where finally they erected a fine church.

At class-meeting we had thirty-two present, though inclement weather. A young convert, all in tears, said, "They told me I must go to First Church to get good religion." One can not help feeling indignant over insinuations such as this, that the religion gotten at St. John's is not good!

Civilization has been defined as "The study of welfare." There is no nobler work than that of giving a soul an impulse towards high spiritual things. The people of God are trying to solve the problem: What can be made of the seventy million human souls

on our soil? The present generation of workers has done well, but we have not yet got the best the brain and heart can give. There is a finer wine in the heart than has yet been crushed out. Threescore and ten years ago our fathers longed to see what we see, but died without the sight; nor do we see the results which will follow the next seventy years. Anticipating mighty things—great victories in the future, therefore we propose to organize our young forces and hie them on to the conquest of the world for Christ. Bringing together our young people required much work, but the committee felt amply repaid in the result. As a magnet conveys to other bits of metal the peculiar power which itself possesses, so there is in human lives the same power in a higher sense. It was a scene worthy the pencil of the painter as one looked into the faces of over two hundred and fifty young men and women, Tuesday morning, June 21st, at 9 o'clock, in the hall of the House of Representatives, in the State Epworth League Convention. Rev. John A. Munpower, of the Missouri Conference, led in the devotional exercises. Then followed the address of welcome and the response by the chairman. A committee on nominations for the officers of the Convention was appointed, who brought in the following report, which was unanimously adopted: President, Dr. John Mathews; vice-presidents, Rev. W F McMurray, Rev. Charles R. McCluer, and Rev. Ben. V Alton; secretaries, Rev. E. P Ryland, A. B. Smith, and Howard Gambrill. The meeting moved on enthusiastically. The convention lasted three days, closing Thursday night with a "Consecration Service" of a most remarkable character. It was an hour of sublime realizations. A long-time resident of Jefferson City said he had seen many conventions assembled in the Capital City, but had never looked upon a convention so full of interest as this. "There was" said a writer, "just a sufficient number of older men to give it dignity and force." My home during the Convention, was with my friend, that noble Methodist layman, Hon. Lon V Stephens, State Treasurer. In his delightful home, presided over by one of the most charming of women, was everything necessary to add to one's comfort. The pair were truly loyal to the Church. He was afterwards elected Governor, and through his influence was built that beautiful house of worship named in honor of his wife. Mrs. Stephens was as fair of face as an apple blossom—white and pink and red blended from cheek to brow.

The second day of July, who should pay me a visit but my long ago Alabama friend, now a pastor in Kentucky, Rev. J. B. Cottrell, D. D. He had a great big heart and an intellect keen as a razor. He had hobbies, and rode them in the pulpit. One was that children could be so trained as not to need conversion. This he pressed on all occasions. He did not remain in his charges the legal time. He chafed under his removals, never saw the reason, and friends who knew feared to tell him. Like a number of our intellectual but unsuccessful men to-day, his preaching was *objective*. He

dwelt almost entirely on outward things. He was fierce in his attacks on the liquor traffic, and he assailed with vim everything condemned by the Word of God, but *there he halted.* He was right as far as he went. The successful preacher is also *subjective.* If I understand the adjective, it describes a preaching which has much to do with inner experiences. The most effective preachers are those who deal with the experiences of human souls. One delighted to hear Dr. Cottrell occasionally; he made things spin, and kept the hearer awake. But a soul hungry for food was not fed. The Doctor preached in my pulpit, on Sunday night, an objective discourse; it was wise and witty. The next day, the Fourth of July, he accompanied me to Forest Park, where picnics abounded and to one friend I said privately, "Ask him for a speech." He gave them a delightful talk. Noble spirit, he has long been in Heaven!

In reviewing the year's work, I have not reached God's best, but faith says, "My great prayer shall be answered;" the prayer that forced my heart into passionate entreaty for our young people. I have given this class special attention, studying how to develop in them the life of God. The pastor was greatly reinforced by the accession of a number of young persons, amongst them was A. E. Whitaker, that indefatigable worker as a Leaguer, and a Sunday-School officer. There, too, was young Mr. A. L. Shalkop, who came from Pennsylvania. He developed into a spiritual force of large moral worth, and finally decided he was called to preach. He saved his salary, and went back to Pennsylvania, entered college, and finally was put in charge of a Church in that State. Two other of my young men entered the ministry. My pity has often gone out toward some honest young people who adopt some error and cling to it feeling it is vital. They remind me of a vine that in the month of May comes up and winds around only a weed; the vine desires to live a half century, whereas, the weed will die by the smiting of the first frost. One allies himself to an error and soon disappears.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THIRD YEAR AT ST. JOHN'S.

On the 28th of September, 1892, the session of the St. Louis Annual Conference was opened at Kirkwood, Bishop Charles B. Galloway in the chair. To the ministers these gatherings are serious epochs in life. Not much is said, but feeling runs deep like the undertow in the sea. What a need the soul feels on these occasions. We all know there comes a silent power upon the trees which no man sees, which breathes its mighty influence on the forests till they bloom and brighten along our hills. So a power like that, as silent, as irresistible, is needed by us; that power is the Holy Spirit. That power so sustains that we accept our work, not knowing but we are going to our death. This session was noted for the number of visitors from other Conferences. Rev. H. C. Morrison, D. D., Missionary Secretary, was on hand. He was touring the Conferences, trying to raise the missionary debt. After a powerful and eloquent address he took a collection. He pursued this course day and night until the burden was lifted—a burden that depressed the Church and crippled her energies. Dr. E. E. Hoss, editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate*, gave one of his short but delightful talks in regard to the paper. Dr. Wm. M. Leftwich was present, representing the Church Extension Society. The older members greeted him with an extra cordiality, as he was once a member of our Conference and a long time connected with Missouri Methodism. He has been a wheel-horse in the Church; fearless, faithful, and finished as a workman. Dr. J. E. Godbey, once of us, now of Kansas City, and editor of the *Southwestern Methodist*, quiet, stern, a man of large ability, without passions. Then we had that gifted man, Rev. Dr. Tigert, able to work anywhere from a circuit pastor on to the place of a Bishop. Dr. Hammond was on hand, modest as a maiden, but in appearance an intellectual autocrat. The intrepid and giant-like Dr. Palmore was on hand, and handed over to the Conference two hundred dollars as coming from the profits on the *Christian Advocate*. He is conspicuous for his physical height, for his travels, for his intellect, and as one of the editors of a Christian journal famous for its religious news. Not the least amongst the many visitors was the President of the Conference Parsonage and Home Mission Society, Mrs. Mary A. Mathews. She was sent for to present the interests of the society to the Conference. Well did she fill the task assigned her, the Bishop giving her ample time to prod the pastors to a quickened zeal in so worthy a cause. There were no

disturbing forces at work during the session, and the end came when the last question is to be answered. How that question subdues the ministers! "Where are the preachers stationed this year?" A brother who was full of activity, has heard a rumor that he is to be removed this year; his people ask a change; he has slipped to a back seat and looks sober as a judge! Another preacher is expecting one of the best appointments in the Conference. Some old sister had told him she wanted him for her pastor. He is on the front seat, all smiles! Watch him, as his place and name are called! His face becomes as white as a sheet, then turns red by turns! Another preacher, never expecting much, is equally disappointed, when he hears his name announced for one of the strongest Churches in Conference. He is delighted and hurries to the telegraph office to inform his anxious wife of his good fortune, which means better clothes, better food, and better opportunities for usefulness! My appointment was near the top of the list, and I was returned as pastor of St. John's Church. The Official Board had officially requested my return, having learned that a certain Church had put forth effort to secure my services.

My people, generally, were kind enough to give me a warm welcome, which was appreciated by me. We have some noble Christians in St. John's Church. Amongst them, especially, some women of extraordinary spiritual acquisitions: "saints," in the true sense of the word. "What!" says some one, "saints in St. Louis and in St. John's?" Yes saints!—saints of the purest type! To minds governed by prejudice this is a new place to look for saints. As soon as certain names are given, the older members will indorse what is said with great heartiness. The mention of Mrs. Elizabeth Avis, so long a leader in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and reinforcing every enterprise for the good of humanity, is one of these. A lovelier spirit could not be found in Missouri. Whose heart does not respond, "Yes, a saint," as the name of Mrs. Emaline Boyle is given? She was a woman of the rarest spiritual qualities and a Christian worker of the purest type; a woman famous for her power to lead souls into the deep things of God. Another noble and elect lady is Mrs. Caroline O'Fallon, Sr., long connected with St. John's, and a woman of great ability. Her heart and purse were large and open to every worthy enterprise. On the line of work which God called her to do, she was surpassed by none. Those who knew her in her active days delighted to recount her benevolence. There too, was that devout woman, mother of Mrs. John J. O'Fallon, a life-long Methodist and a woman of strong intellectual grasp, and of social power, in her prime. Her heart was always longing for Heaven's best spiritual gifts. Unassuming, meek, and self-distrustful, she served her Lord in quiet hope, ever, as I knew her, hungering after righteousness. The very name of Mrs. Martin suggests purity and goodness. She clung to Christ with a marvelous faith. Among

the less conspicuous, was Mrs. Abram Slater, a woman who walks with God. Born and reared in England, she was a typical Wesleyan Methodist, gentle as a fawn in spirit, loving her Divine Master and caring little for social relations. Her presence is a benediction. At the mention of the name of Mrs. Jane Finney, all the older Methodists agree as to her sainthood. She was amongst the few original Methodists of St. Louis, and no one surpassed her in her palmy days in devotion or active service; indeed it is doubtful if any equalled her in active work. She is the mother of Dr. T. M. Finney, Presiding Elder, and a leader of the forces of Southern Methodism. Her life was a Psalm. Now hardly able to attend the house of God, she loves the voices of prayer, and is looking for the angels to take her home. Mrs. Caroline O'Fallon, Jr., possessed certain necessary qualities which fitted her for the responsible position she held. From a small beginning, the Orphans' Home, under her presidency, has grown to large proportions. Her life has been marked by deeds of benevolence which have blessed human hearts by the hundreds. Instead of pouring out her means on social functions, she gave of her wealth to the furtherance of noble enterprises, and the benefit of those in need not only of sympathy, but pecuniary assistance. The name of Mrs. Mary Dillon suggests gifts which have been largely developed by culture, qualifying her for the position so ably filled as principal of a noted female institution, and an authoress who has won renown, having written that entertaining work, "The Rose of Old Saint Louis." This work has been highly commended by the journals of the land. Another name I can not forbear to mention because of her helpfulness to the pastor, is that of Mrs. Hill, who was one of the most efficient helpers belonging to the Church. She did not belong to "the four hundred," but did belong to the one hundred and forty-four thousand! She gave a large share of her time to looking after those who needed special attention. Her tact qualified her to do an indispensable work. She filled a niche which no one else occupied. She mothered a number of the new recruits, and her praises flow from the pen of her pastor.

Mrs. Mathews, under pressure, agreed to act as president of the Protestant Hospital of St. Louis. Having been elected to that position, she entered upon her duties with enthusiasm, and much was accomplished in behalf of the hospital. Part of its work was to train nurses. At the period of graduation of several young ladies, the officers granted the use of our church parlors for this exercise. It was made an occasion of enjoyable addresses, and brought the institution to the attention of a wider influence. The graduates were furnished diplomas, and refreshments were served, adding to the pleasures of the evening. The parlors were thronged. Mrs. Mathews' friends furnished "Mercy Cots," or free beds, for some unable to pay their way.

One Sunday in December, I lifted the missionary collection,

after which a peculiar scene occurred. Rev. A. T. Osborne, a very young preacher, handsome and prudent, had visited the city in order to secure funds to finish his church building. He was in the congregation, and when I had finished the missionary collection, I made a short talk, saying, "We have a young brother present who wants help to finish a church in his charge. He is modest to a fault; if any of you would like to aid him it would gratify the pastor." Then I said to him, "Stand up, so they can see you." How he did blush! Then I added, "Come up here by my side;" but he hesitated. I insisted until he stood on the platform by my side, then added, "Look at him; did I not say what was true!" By this time the congregation was all smiles. "Now," said I, "if any of you want to help him, come up after the benediction." It resulted in his securing one hundred dollars of the two hundred he needed.

On the last night of 1892, a large number met to spend the closing hours in holy worship. Fully half of the audience was from other Churches, who wished to reconsecrate themselves to the service of Christ in a new covenant. It was a service of peculiar blessedness, of deep heart-searchings, confession and repentance; men and women seeking to enter the New Year baptized by the Holy Spirit with new power. The usual routine was followed, and when we closed with a song of gratitude, many souls went home with a new glow in their hearts.

There is an unutterable joy in saving men. As in the past, my heart yearns to be used in bringing men and women to Christ. Yet, good and talented men sometimes fail as soul-winners. Are such workers failures? While they may build nothing themselves, as Phillips Brooks says, "They suggest the need and wish of building to other minds greater than theirs. Think of being the school teacher of Shakespere, or Milton, or Pascal!" Often has my heart taken on new courage as contemplating possibilities; that I could suggest to other souls lines of usefulness upon which I could not enter myself. The ministers of the city banded together in some union meetings to invoke Heaven's help. The interest deepened until it culminated in an all-night gathering at Dr. Brooks' Presbyterian Church. That was a memorable night. What earnest supplications, what agonizing for power—the Spirit's power! The meeting was taken from church to church. Went from Centenary to the Second Baptist, then to Pilgrim Congregational, then to Dr. Brooks' Church. At the latter, it was my time to preach, and I plead with sinners until four persons came forward for prayers.

An article in the *Republic*, of January 30th, I am free to say, comforted me no little. At the time, burdens were pressing me, and my labors were exhausting. A writer, among other things, said: "Probably you have never noticed it, or had the opportunity of noticing it," said a Boston man who occupied a seat in the Southern Hotel rotunda yesterday afternoon; but until recently

there were three men in this country whose photographs so closely resembled each other as to be indistinguishable. These were Bishop Phillips Brooks, of Boston, Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the actor, and Rev. John Mathews, of St. Louis. Bishop Brooks and your Dr. Mathews bear a striking resemblance to each other, in face and head. The Bishop, however, was tall and straight, and walked and preached with his head thrown back. Mr. Jefferson and Dr. Mathews, on the contrary, are slightly below the medium height and walk with a stoop forward, and a thoughtful bending of the head. But there was the same indescribable look of child-like innocence stamped upon the faces of these three men—a kindly, sympathetic look of sublime faith and confidence. Ah, me! If I were to name my three loves, they would be Brooks, Jefferson, and Mathews, and I sorrow to-day over the loss of one of them!"

On the 29th of February, Mrs. Esther Collins was buried. Is that all? No! Her name and memory have been embalmed in many a heart. She was not only a Christian, but a charming woman and a devoted friend. Her children not only loved but revered her; and her friends were linked to her soul as with hooks of steel. She loved the Church and helped on the cause of the Master in many ways. She was a person of means and of large benevolences. Her days closed in sunshine. She left in her will, five thousand dollars to the Orphans' Home. Her private gifts were on a large scale, as her pastor can personally testify. Her hand was ever open to the needy. She longed to be in spirit like her Savior. Her qualities were worthy of imitation.

My son-in-law, Rev. C. M. Hawkins, being in charge of my former pastoral work at Walnut Street Church, Kansas City, insisted on my aiding him for a few days in holding a protracted meeting. Walnut Street Church had been divided—a new house of worship having been erected on Troost Avenue, and a swarm had gone to this new Church, amongst them a large number of the strongest supporters of our cause; Dr. J. J. Tigert the pastor. Dr. Hawkins was placed in charge of Walnut Street to rally the forces there. To aid the pastor I visited Kansas City and spent six days, preaching every night, and at 11 o'clock on Sunday. The Kansas City *Times*, had this to say, amongst other things, "It is safe to say, Kansas City never had a more popular or beloved minister than Dr. Mathews. He was brought to this city from New Orleans in 1881 and stationed at Walnut Street Church. Here he remained four years and from the very first the house was too small to hold the congregations that flocked to hear him. During his four years' pastorate hundreds were converted and added to the Church; several new churches were built in different parts of the city, and the cause generally was much advanced along all lines." If afforded me pleasure to greet so many of my old friends, amongst whom were many of my spiritual children. A large attendance from the first indicated

the interest of the people in the meeting. A great blessing rested upon us all, and souls were saved.

At home and studied in view of dedication of our new Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in Marion, Illinois. On reaching Marion, Illinois, whither I went to dedicate our new church, I found a gem of a house, and the people full of enthusiasm over their success. Our people in Illinois wrought against fierce head winds, but never faltered. A lady, writing of the event said: "Dr. Mathews arrived on Saturday, preceding the day of dedication. When told seven hundred dollars had to be raised before dedication, the Doctor said, he hoped the wind would not blow from the East, as he never took a collection, if he could help it, when the wind came from that quarter! We do not think the Doctor at all superstitious; but when Sunday morning came it was cloudy and misty, and the wind came from the East! After a sermon which held the crowd, the collection was taken, and in a few minutes enough was raised to clear the indebtedness. Then in an impressive and happy way came the dedicatory address. With thankful and happy hearts, was sung, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"

By invitation of Professor Lanius I was honored by delivering the Baccalaureate address of St. Charles College. My subject was, "Physical Religion." The attendance was large and the interest all that a speaker could desire. Among other things, I said: "Many sermons and addresses are given us on the care of the soul; seldom is the body considered in its influence over the soul. The more vigorous the body the more vigorous the soul may become. Delsarté says, 'The mouth has two thousand one hundred and eighty-seven phases of expression;' it is therefore a most powerful instrument of expression, for good or evil. That was a needed prayer of the Psalmist, 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips.'"

One reason why I consent to attend so many Commencement occasions, and League meetings and Sunday-School anniversaries, is, there is access to the young heart. It is said, you can not change a man's convictions after he has reached forty-five years; they are then crystallized. But the young mind is in its formative state; it can be shaped and molded as clay in the hand of the potter. Some one has said, "The whole world is waiting to start into far higher action than anything yet attained, if one could only touch its springs." In touching the young heart, one is touching the sources of action. Said another, "If I wished to raise up a race of statesmen, higher than politicians, animated not by greed or selfishness, by policy or party, I would familiarize the boys of the land with the characters of the Bible!" Take our youths between sixteen and twenty and, frivolous as they seem, they do more deep thinking, than does the man at any later period of equal duration. At that period the greatest of all problems confronts them: "What are we to do with our life?" Take yon lad; he stands face to face

with necessities for action. He can not evade a decision. He must go up or go down. At this stage of existence a minister has few listeners who carry away more of the sermon than these young minds. If I can help to transform them into moral beauty, I am recruiting for Heaven.

Rev. W R. Mays was placed in charge of the St. Louis District at our last Annual Conference. He is, in the parlance of Methodism, "a safe man." Not brilliant, as some express it, but a true and safe leader. Preaches a fine and instructive Gospel sermon, and looks after the work of the District with a keen eye. He is universally esteemed for his personal worth and his zeal in behalf of the Church. His value grows upon one as he becomes known. He is rather too unassuming. He is conservative; we all know the advance of the Church needs the backward grip of conservatism as well as the forward impulse of progress. A locomotive needs a brake as well as a driving-wheel.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society was largely attended. Delegates are alive, and all honor the one woman whose zeal had never fagged—Mrs. Elizabeth Avis. Dr. M. B. Chapman delivered the special address. While the subject has been discussed and threshed over and over again, the Doctor presented the cause of missions in a new garb and thrilling with new facts. His addresses are always finished productions. The reports and speeches of the ladies were of such a nature as to indicate a steady advance.

Many of St. John's people spend their summers on the lake sides, or in Canada, or in other quiet nooks. Upon information, my people carry their religion with them. They mostly honor themselves by honoring their Master. There are Church members who pack up their religion, for the hot months, in camphor, as people pack up their winter clothes! This may be a peculiar statement; nevertheless, it is true. In the winter they rarely miss Church on Sunday morning. It is something remarkable how easily they slip out of the old habit into the new. At the watering-places, to go to Church is a tax, and their light is hid under a bushel. No one dreams they were prominent Church workers in winter!

I attended the Pertle Springs Assembly, this year. Great enthusiasm was manifested over this first meeting. The committee projected quite a programme, assigning special subjects for each day. We met July 11th to consider the subject of "Education." It would be difficult to discriminate in the able discussions on this problem. As the subject unfolds, one is almost ready to say, the Church is yet in her "A B C's" of education. The next day was given to Missions, home and foreign. One day was not enough for these grave subjects. What part are we to play in the conversion of the nations? Two days are given to these societies. Some able papers were read and discussed with much vigor and ability Two days were given to the Epworth League. The young people were on hand from all over Missouri. The interest displayed, and

the activity of these young minds led us to hope great things for the future of our Church. On the programme, provision was made for a pay lecture to aid in defraying the expenses of the Assembly, and by appointment of the committee I was to deliver the lecture. The Tabernacle is large and it was crowded. I went alone from my room, and not being known to the ticket agent, he would not allow me to pass in until I paid! I had to pay to hear myself lecture on "Mental Quackery." I began by saying, "Dr. Tigert is a microcosm!" From that sentence I dashed into my theme with vim. Sunday was a great day. As I was too busy a man at that period to keep a diary, I can not recall the chief actors throughout that meeting; only I remember many took part. At 3 p. m. on Sunday it fell to my lot to preach the sermon. At night was held the most impressive service of all, a consecration meeting. It was conducted by A. E. Whitaker, and was a time of great heart-searching and deep purpose to lay all upon God's altar. Monday was given to Sunday-Schools. We closed at 11 a. m., in time to take the train for home. The forces of the Churches scattered to all points of the State, conveying the holy fire with them.

A timid woman, far advanced in years, sent for me. She had reached the point to openly acknowledge Christ in the act of baptism. The interview was one deeply touching. A fine character, long convinced of the necessity of confessing Christ, now feeling her timidity must be overcome, opened her heart to the conditions of the Master and throwing herself upon His mercy could say from an overflowing penitence, "Take my poor heart and let it be, forever closed to all but Thee." When pastor at Centenary Church, a very aged man applied to be received into the Church. He was one hundred and nine years old. His reception on profession created a sensation, and the press took up the case and discussed it with deep and sympathetic interest. The old gentleman afterwards became an inmate of the Old People's Home on Grand Avenue. He resided there for several years. His interest in Christ increased with his years.

Having been solicited several times to attend Kavanaugh camp-meeting I consented to do so this summer. My soul being continually stirred in behalf of others, I longed to lend a hand to human necessity. The process of perishing is going on day by day, but men do not see it. Sin, like a cinder in the eye, inflames it, and shuts out the vision. Christ was sent to arrest man's perishing condition. Believing that present action will do more to prevent decay and help our fellow men than tomes of speculation; knowing that one's duty is in the present tense, and to contribute what influence I may possess to stay the process of decay, I journeyed to this camp-meeting. From a Louisville paper, I copy part of an editorial: "At the camp-meeting now in progress at the ground, some of the services are conducted by the Rev. Dr. John Mathews, one of the widest known and most beloved Methodist preachers in

the South. He is a man nearing the end of life, but is one of the most vigorous and effective preachers in the Methodist Church. Dr. Mathews is doing much good at Kavanaugh, and at the services he conducts his hearers can not but be impressed at the homeliness of his speech and the great earnestness of the man. He is making converts all the time." I arrived in time to preach at the morning hour of August 11th, and for five days I preached the Gospel of the Grace of God. I not only had in view the conversion of the unsaved, but the building up of believers. This noted spot is well adapted as a "retreat," where souls may replenish wasted energies, and make moral ascents toward God. There are three classes of believers. The first class live by faith; the second class have a Divine afflatus upon them and they speed along as if borne on in a gale; the third class are those whose life is absolutely one of consecration and triumph. In the nine themes discussed by me the object of reenforcing God's people was ever in mind; step by step the aim was to carry the soul into higher realms. Many a soul cried out,

"Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length,
Thine aid, Omnipotent, I seek,
Thou art my strength."

On the 30th of August, I attended the funeral of the wife of our Presiding Elder, Mrs. Mays. It was a sad funeral. She was young, and left two children to be cared for and trained by others. Her preeminence as a Christian I had heard of before I met her. A personal acquaintance confirmed the impression as to her special qualities as a Christian, willing to do what the Master wanted her to do. She has passed up the shining way into glory!

That great-brained and devout man, Dr. Potts, of Canada, occupied St. John's pulpit, September 3d. The Doctor's sermon made a profound impression upon the large audience which gathered to hear. There was but one opinion expressed—that we had a great Gospel sermon. He is a Methodist, and a man famous on several lines of Christian work. He was in St. Louis, in attendance at the International Sunday-School Convention. Much progress has been made in this important work. The Convention is preparing the way of the Lord. This arm of service belongs to the troops of God. Many talented men and women took part in this great Convention. A life devoted to doing business for God, is the great power on earth. I emphasize that word "power" because it carries such a tremendous meaning. The word "influence" is usually emphasized, but it is not a Bible word; it is never found in the New Testament, and but once in the Old. Influence is an icy word. What is needed is, to be endued with "power." These men are thus endued, and go forth to save the new generation.

Our people began to return during September, and religious societies assumed their old proportions and vitality. The last col-

lection was for Conference claimants—superannuated preachers, widows and orphans. It is comparatively little trouble to secure the assessments on St. John's Church. Our last Quarterly Conference convened, and attended to routine work; W W Harris was licensed to preach, and recommended to the Annual Conference to be taken on trial. At one of our Stewards' meetings the question was propounded to me, "Will it be necessary for us to pass resolutions asking your return?" I responded, "No, it is not necessary, as I have heard of no effort being made to have me appointed elsewhere." At the closing up of each year strenuous and open action had been taken to have me appointed elsewhere; this year I had heard of no movement on that line. So I assured the Board. I wanted to fill out my four years with this Church. After what finally occurred, I learned that unusual plans were secretly carried out to influence the Bishops to return me to a former charge. I am closing one of the most useful years of my long ministry. God has blessed the coöperative labors of pastor and people. We had a net increase of fifty-three. We raised all assessments, and on foreign missions we raised seven hundred and eighty dollars over our assessment. For all purpose we raised just about twenty-three thousand dollars. This in a time of financial depression. On the last Sunday night of my pastorate, at about midnight, I was awakened from sleep by a reporter, who informed me that I was to be removed from St. John's, and Dr. J. W Lee, of Georgia, was to take my place. I was surprised, and said, "I reckon not." His reply was, "We have received a telegram from our confidential correspondent in Atlanta, stating that Dr. Lee, on that morning, in his pulpit, had announced his transfer to St. John's Church." I said very little, but thought a good deal. I knew it meant my return to Centenary charge, which I somewhat dreaded. Later on, the entire matter was told me by one of the leading Stewards of Centenary Church.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Second Pastorate at Centenary.

The Conference opened at West Plains, September 27th, 1893, Bishop Duncan presiding. These annual gatherings are epochs in the life of the preacher. He meets his brethren, talks over his victories and his defeats, and has cheerful association with kindred spirits. He listens to the Gospel from lips touched by the finger of God; his heart melts like wax in the sun, and his soul is reinvigorated for the coming campaign. When the appointments are announced what a picture is presented! One brother with eyes filled with tears and his soul wrung with anguish, starts to his work. Another with smiles on his face and a song on his lips, utters his good-bye, feeling that God will open his way. Another with a white face from surprise, says to his friend, "I would not mind it, but for Mary and the children!" But they go, and eight times out of ten it turns out better than was expected. Some even return brimming with joy. Bishop W W Duncan not only preached ably but talked wisely on various topics. His sentences are sometimes crisp and sharp, but helpful. He presides with great ease, and without seeming to be in haste, yet carries through the business on time. In my judgment his administration is unsurpassed in its value. At the close of the Conference, Bishop Duncan returned me to Centenary Church, after an absence of three years. I received the announcement with mingled feelings of hope and fear. Hope for usefulness, and fear that the changed conditions might not be handled successfully. My predecessor, Dr. Werlein, had a most difficult task. Dr. Carradine had been removed at the close of one year. He had won many friends and his removal stirred up a kind of Church panic. Dr. Werlein had his hands and heart full. Quite a number withdrew to follow Dr. Carradine to First Church. Matters were settling down, when I was appointed to Centenary.

As I entered upon my work my soul went out to God in prayer for guidance, help and success. There is a sense in which every one has what he wants. If the heart longs for Christ there is provision for that hunger. Some one says, "In the woods, birds have no hunger for food not to be had." So the very existence of this thirst for Christ is proof of a supply. My feet turned toward my new field where it is white unto the harvest, and where I hope to hear the reaper's sickle ring against the wheat. On October 4th, I was greeted by a large company at the prayer-meeting. The reception was enthusiastic. The coöperation of all parties was implored, and an expression sought. A large number pledged to lend their aid. The work of God lags through indolence. The forces rallied around

the new pastor with a deep-set purpose. This my first service was a "Purpose meeting." Daniel had a purpose not to drink wine; Paul to go to Rome; the prodigal son to return home. Christ's purpose was to save the world. When the meeting was thrown open, after a moment's pause, Brother John P. Boogher arose and told of his purpose to do more than ever for the cause of the Christ. Sister Skinner, in her sweet way, assured the pastor of her purpose to do what she could to help on the Holy Cause. Then Mrs. Jennie Urner, who under my former administration reinforced me, told of her purpose to continue to do what she could to advance the work of Salvation. Brother George A. Baker assured us of an active part in trying to save souls; Murray Carleton arose in his place to assure the pastor that his heart was with him. Then Mrs. Abel followed, and others—men and women—talked until the pastor's hopes were above his fears, and when a general hand-shaking ended, faith sprang up and Divine assurance thrilled the pastor's soul. Dear Brother Lockwood spoke with a fervor which started a wave of holy feeling that swept our hearts of doubt. Being anxious to unify our people, my first sermon was on, "Christ-Life, and its Development." Text, "But speaking the truth in love, may grow up into Him in all things, which is the head, even Christ." At night, the text, Philemon 15-19, "Mercy for the sinful." Three joined the Church. The audiences were all that could be desired. Thus my flag was unfurled to wave until my time expired.

During the week conducted four funerals. One of these was of a child who died of diphtheria. The day was rather cold, and there could be no fire kindled; and for some cause the funeral was delayed an hour. Went to Bellfontaine Cemetery, and stood on the damp ground; all of which resulted in a spell of sickness. An abscess formed in my good ear; the other ear having been dead for thirty-seven years. When I recovered, my hearing was very defective from that on. However, I was in the path of duty, and as all the physical infirmities which affect me were the outcome of devotion to my work, no murmur has escaped my lips.

It took but a few days to become adjusted to my new harness. I was soon in full action. On Sunday morning attended Sunday-School, preached at 10:30, and received fourteen into the Church. Then attended the afternoon Sunday-School. It had in two weeks leaped from forty-two in attendance to six hundred and fifty-five. This advance was due to the action of Dr. C. F. Simmons, who at my instance took charge of the school. He not only sent out workers, but advertised in the papers for scholars. His method secured the attendance. Many stood off and criticised, and others prophesied evil, but the work went on until the attendance reached twelve hundred and sixty. He was lavish with money, but it was out of his own pocket. All aggressive movements excite comment. On the following Sunday evening our Young People's League had an attendance of two hundred and fifty. Some acces-

sions to the Church, and large audiences attended the Word preached. At class fifty-one present. For ten days I was unable to fill my pulpit. With my duties in the Church and the effort to find and visit my people, I overtaxed my physical power and was compelled to take to my bed. Having been sick during the first days of November, on the 12th I was able to attend Church and listen to Dr. Chapman discourse to my people. He is always clear, cogent and efficient in the pulpit.

Unwell as I had been, yet as per appointment, on the 25th of November, I arrived in Fayetteville, Arkansas, to preach the commencement sermon before the State University. Sunday morning opened in gloom, and rain began to pour down in sluices. The carriage sent for me was water-proof, but I was apprehensive of a return of fever. The University buildings were in the suburbs, and many were prevented from attending on account of the storm. However, there was quite an audience, and I discoursed on "For God who caused the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the glory of God in Christ Jesus." My purpose was to tone up the faith in young hearts, and to dispel doubts. In the afternoon the rain ceased, and at night I preached in the Methodist Church to a packed house. The topic was, "God's Method of Salvation." As Spurgeon, the celebrated London preacher said, so say I, "Men may preach the Gospel better than I; but none can preach a better Gospel." So many people allow themselves befogged. The brains of some are too misty to perceive the plain truths of Christ.

On November 30th, Thanksgiving Services were held in Centenary, with a sermon by Dr. James W Lee. The preacher is talented, always fresh, and at times amusing. It is difficult to characterize his preaching. At the end of some of his best points you find an interrogation mark. He is a fine lecturer, and on special occasions is often unequaled. For years the Southern Methodists have held a union Thanksgiving service in response to a Proclamation by the Chief Magistrate of the Nation. Rarely have a full house. Some tell you they see nothing for which to be grateful. There are those who would grumble at the accommodations in Heaven if fortunate enough to get there. Others take their daily blessings so much as a matter of course, that an annual Thanksgiving is more than they feel any need of. There are persons always so despondent they are ever fearing for the worst. Glumness seems to be their native element. What a joy it is to be born with a cheerful spirit; and if not born with this quality what a triumph of grace to be made grateful through a renewed heart! In my experience, thankfulness has been generated by grace. My childhood was not a season of delight, but grace has made me overflow with gratitude for the way God has led and used me.

On Thanksgiving night Dr. Steel was present by invitation to deliver one of his celebrated lectures. There was a great jam to

hear this gifted orator. His subject was "Book-Lore." For an hour, we were entertained and instructed. The secret of his power is often discussed. His language is always chaste, generally eloquent. His voice is not of a superior quality, and his personality is not imposing. What gives Steel his mastery over an audience? No one can sum it up and say, "It is here!" Yet there are qualities which give him the ability every orator possesses. Take his enunciation, which is very fine. Every vowel comes out round and clear. This, coupled with a certain degree of lung power, and his voice keyed to a certain pitch, commands attention. Then, he has studied emphasis. Sometimes he thrills you by the way he uses a single word. Some of the thinkers fail because unheard. There are pulpit men who consume midnight hours and oil in preparation for the pulpit, who in the public reading, appear to the weary hearer to be pouring a confidential communication into the ear of the white-haired man in the first pew! Dr. Steel never talks as if half asleep. He is alive, eloquent, witty, self-poised and a word-painter.

We held our first Quarterly Conference, our Presiding Elder, Dr. Werlein, presiding. We started off well for the year. The Doctor preached on Sunday night to a vast congregation, and gave a very strong sermon, full of thought and delivered with vigor. He is an accomplished pulpiteer. On Thursday, Dr. Simmons held a "Social" for his afternoon Sunday-School, furnishing elaborate refreshments at his own expense. The following Sunday afternoon there were in attendance one thousand two hundred and sixteen. Many of our Churches have croakers to carry. They are persons who only see shadows when the sun shines. Men who in every mole-hill see a mountain. They are always bemoaning the backslidings of the Church and "picking holes in the sleeves of the godly." The aggressive measures of Dr. Simmons, to gather in children and young people who rarely attend Church, were severely censured by persons who never lent their aid to rescue perishing souls. Dr. Simmons paid his own money, by which hundreds were brought under the teachings of Jesus. The pastor stood by and defended him, because it was a great work, sowing for eternity.

Soon after my appointment to this Church some one competent to the task furnished an account of the origin and growth of Centenary Church. "It was founded in 1839, in commemoration of the Centenary anniversary of the founding of Methodism, which was celebrated that year. On November 9th, 1841, a committee was appointed to purchase a site. They selected the southwest corner of Broadway and Pine, and a small frame chapel was erected, and the work organized. This chapel became too small, and a large one of brick was built, costing ten thousand five hundred dollars. The corner-stone was laid May 10th, 1842, conducted by Bishops Roberts and Ames. December 31st, 1843, the basement was occupied, a Watch-Meeting being held. The following spring

the house was completed and dedicated. In 1844, the Methodist Episcopal Church divided, after which the Church flourished. Just before the war a branch Church was established at Sixteenth and Walnut, and was carried on until the location of the main Church was moved to Sixteenth and Pine, when the branch was absorbed. Very little was done during the civil strife. After that great struggle, the work began to flourish. In 1867, under the Presiding Eldership of Dr. Thomas M. Finney, it was decided to move westward. The Board of Stewards had the matter in hand and selected the present site. The old church was sold for one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The corner-stone of the present building was laid on May 10th, 1868, and on May 28th, 1871, the Church was dedicated. Bishop Keener preached the sermon, Bishop Marvin, Dr. McAnnally, Dr. Finney, and the pastor, Rev. C. D. N. Campbell, taking part in the exercises. The building cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Twenty thousand dollars was needed to clear it of debt. After the morning sermon by Bishop Keener he raised about eleven thousand dollars. At night Bishop Marvin electrified the audience with his fiery oratory, and the balance was raised. Late at night the dedication took place. Since getting into the new church, Centenary has grown and wielded a powerful influence for good in St. Louis. Her membership has grown steadily, and some years ago under the first pastorate of Dr. John Mathews, it reached fourteen hundred, and has kept up to and above one thousand ever since. It has two large Sunday-Schools, Murray Carleton being superintendent of the morning school; the afternoon school superintended by Dr. C. F. Simmons, numbering over sixteen hundred in attendance. Centenary's pastors include some of the brightest names in Southern Methodism. Those previous to the war were John H. Linn, E. M. Marvin, Dr. Joseph Boyle, J. A. Morris, Wm. A. Smith, C. D. N. Campbell, J. H. Linn, W. V Tudor, J. W. Lewis, John Mathews, B. Carradine, and S. H. Werlein. For this year, Dr. John Mathews has been returned as pastor. He is one of the best known ministers of any denomination in the city, and is well known all over the South, having preached in several cities during his long career. He has a style peculiarly his own, which attracts people to his Church from all over the city. Dr. Mathews' face is familiar on the streets of St. Louis. He is said to resemble both the late Henry Ward Beecher, and the late Bishop Phillips Brooks. He has an able assistant in Mrs. Mathews, who takes an active interest in all Church work."

One of the most difficult things a pastor has to manage is the mid-week prayer service, to keep out of ruts and to keep the fire of interest aflame. We have a large number who pray in public; some of our best people, like Moses, are slow of speech, and very dull in prayer. Yet their fidelity demands recognition, and they like to be invited to lead. A good many get to the church fifteen minutes ahead of time; often I call the people to prayer, and invite one or two

of our poor pleaders to lead in prayer. Thus I accomplish my purpose without offending any one. These godly souls are heard as readily by our Lord as are others, but they often throw a wet blanket on the meeting. We have three or four classes in our Churches, and in conducting the meeting I watch that each class is fully represented. One obstacle is the length of some prayers. I urge them to abbreviate, that many may lead in the devotions.

John P. Boogher lay sick for some time, and I visited him frequently. He has been one of Centenary's most useful men. Active, ready to work anywhere, a teacher in the Sunday-School, a Steward, ready to coöperate with the pastor, no member exhibited a deeper interest in our Church work. For some time he lived in a suburb of the city, but, far as it was, he was regular at our mid-week services and delighted in leading or singing in these social gatherings. When his symptoms indicated that they might terminate in death, pastor and people were alarmed. We felt he could not well be spared. When his pastor witnessed his triumphant state of mind, he felt he could be reconciled to so great a loss. The end came at last. The last interview I had with him was at the very Gate of Heaven! It was joy, expressing itself in exclamations of triumph. Then he drew my face down to his own, and with arms enfolding me, he whispered "Peace, peace!" God honored his fidelity. He was buried on the 28th of December, 1893. I felt his death to be a personal loss. But we will meet again at the ponderous Golden Gate of Heaven.

The year ended on Sunday, and I closed the regular service in time to begin our Watch-Meeting. There was hardly standing room for those who attended. The meeting was varied; singing, praying and experiences were glowing with interest. Now and then a "Hallelujah," or an "Amen," or a shout of "Glory!" Thus, while we worshiped, the fire burned! At the opportune moment penitents were called and many responded. It was a night of power. Twelve professed conversion, making sixteen during the day, and thirty-nine joined the Church. On our knees we prayed the Old Year out and the New Year in, and closed with a song of triumph!

On the threshhold of the New Year, my soul glorified God for His blessings upon my own heart, and His goodness to our Church. Some one has said, "Jesus was the most ambitious man that ever trod the earth. He proposed to revolutionize the human race." The ambition which rises in my soul is, that by coöperating with Him, I may do something more in saving mankind. For this I have studied, prayed and wrought; and now I propose to take a fresh start, depending upon the aid of the Holy Spirit, as I look back over the year just closed. Emerson's advice is good, "Finish every day and be done with it; for wise living it is a vice to remember. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt have crept in; forget them as soon as you can." I propose to forget my mistakes, my omissions

and blunders, and step upward in my work and bless others as far as I may!

By appointment I went to the home of a great-grandmother, to baptize Caroline O'Fallon Miller, in the presence of the relatives, including the parents, the grandparents, John J. O'Fallon and his wife, and this great-grandmother, one of the Lord's "shut-ins;" through physical feebleness unable to go even into the homes of her children.

Our City Church Extension Society met in March, and after examining into the merits of the case voted to erect the present "Waggoner Place Church." A very wise action it proved in the end. We have a handsome house, and a flourishing organization.

On the 6th of April, I was requested to attend the funeral of a Miss Reynolds, from our First Church. At one time she had been a member of Centenary Church; was betrayed and turned aside from a virtuous life. That godly woman, Mrs. Otto, found her in a hospital, took her to the Rescue Home of which she had been the successful manager, and cared for her as any mother would. Miss Reynolds sickened and died. The attendance on the funeral was quite large under the circumstances. A Kansas City paper had this to say, under these head-lines: "An Impressive Scene at the Burial of an Abandoned Woman. The Rev. Dr. John Mathews, former pastor of Walnut Street Church of this city, and present pastor of Centenary Church of St. Louis, figured in a touching conversion in St. Louis Tuesday. The conversion was that of one fallen woman at the grave of another. Ada Rodonisky was the dead girl. She had been an inmate of a house kept by Miss Minnie Wells. The former being seized with consumption, she was taken to a hospital for treatment, and while there became interested in religion and decided to give up her former life. On recovering a measure of strength, Ada became an inmate of the 'Hepzibah Rescue Home.' She was visited often by the Wells woman, and Sunday night, just before she died, Ada prayed for her friends, Miss Wells included. The funeral was held Tuesday at the First Methodist Episcopal Church. The services were conducted by Dr. Mathews, and the Rev. Mr. Gott. Dr. Mathews preached an eloquent sermon and the small procession moved to the cemetery. At the grave the Wells woman broke down and seemed inconsolable. She expressed a desire to be saved, and then followed a strange scene. All present dropped upon their knees and fervent prayers were offered up for the fallen one. The day after the funeral Miss Wells summoned Mrs. Otto, manager of the Rescue Home, to her house and the result was that what had once been a den of vice and sin was turned into a house of rescue."

Notwithstanding my natural disinclination to engage in controversy, sometimes circumstances have forced me into the arena of debate. When publicly assailed, it seemed necessary to defend my statements. On the night of Easter Sunday, while preaching

to men, some of whom were seeking for the lost highway of the soul, I referred to the unrest of that brilliant but vile man's career, the great Voltaire, ending his career in a recantation of his infidelity. His career was like an unmoored vessel tossed by the winds and waves of a surging sea. Infidels denied his recantation, but that celebrated author, James Parton, in a new "Life of Voltaire" gave Voltaire's written statement. Dr. Snyder, pastor of the leading Unitarian Church of the city, in an article published in the *Globe-Democrat,* assailed me as not informed, and wrote of my misleading others. He referred to Robert Ingersol, who that same evening, in our city, delivered a tirade against Christianity. Dr. Snyder said he did not know which discourse did most harm, Ingersol's or my published brief. It was evident Dr. Snyder had not seen Parton's work. In my reply, I quoted the historian's statement. Here is the statement: "I, the undersigned, declare that, having been attacked four days ago by a vomiting of blood, at the age of eighty-four years, and being unable to get to Church, the Cure of St. Sulpice having been willing to add to his good works that of sending to me the Abbe Gauitier, priest, I have confessed to him; and declare further, that if God disposes of me, I die in the Catholic religion, in which I was born, hoping from the Divine mercy that He will deign to pardon all my faults, and if ever I have scandalized the Church I ask pardon of God and it. Signed the 2d, 1778, in the house of the Marquis Voltaire, March de Villotte, in the presence of the Abbe Mignot, my nephew, and of the Marquis de Villevielle, my friend." Dr. Snyder had not seen Parton's new life. In my reply, I handled the Doctor as a self-appointed critic of men and things, putting his *Ipse dixit* over against facts. I did not send it to the editor by mail, but carried it by hand. After reading my article, the editor declined to publish it; but after an appeal to his sense of justice he agreed to let it go into the next issue. The editor, however, came to the Doctor's rescue with an editorial.

Sent for my son-in-law, Rev. Dr. C. M. Hawkins, of Kansas City, to spend a few days in preaching in my church. Things seemed to be ripe for a blessed work. He is peculiarly fitted for this line of work. He preaches to the needs of men, and Dr. Palmore remarked on one occasion, "Dr. Hawkins never failed to secure responses." On Monday night, after a sermon by Dr. Hawkins, we had two conversions. Thus we made a good start. The following evening, after a very strong and impressive sermon, we had a number of penitents at the altar, and eight professions and six applicants for membership. On the next night, after a forceful sermon, there were twelve professed to be saved. The next night, fourteen were converted. The interest deepened day by day, with conversions at every service. On Sunday morning, instead of the usual routine of work, the school was turned into an evangelistic meeting. Dr. Hawkins preached one of the most appropriate sermons to children I ever heard; he talked to their minds first,

then appealed to their hearts, and at the close there were twenty-three applicants for membership. After a very clear presentation of the Gospel at 11 o'clock, he made a very deep impression on a vast audience by an appeal. At 3 o'clock, the afternoon Sunday-School was turned over to Dr. Hawkins by Dr. Simmons, the unequalled superintendent. After a twenty-minutes' discourse, penitents were called and there were so many we could not number them, and when applicants for membership were invited we had fifty-two. At night, another sermon of power, and at its close seventeen professed to be regenerated. What a glorious day in old Centenary! We had showers of blessings, and many believers' faith was toned up, and others ascended to higher peaks of faith. With grateful hearts we closed the day. On Monday night there were nine professions. The next night a fine service and eleven applicants for membership. On the 18th the night was stormy, people could not well get out. We had only two conversions. On the next night we had twelve converts and thirteen applicants for membership, and on the last night of Dr. Hawkins' stay, we had twelve applicants and thirteen professions. It was a glorious meeting in its outcome, as the figures show.

What a great responsibility rests upon a pastor after a large ingathering. The truth is forced upon me, that often, the most painstaking efforts are put forth to get the people converted and in the Church, and then they are dropped. At the very period when they need nursing they are left to themselves. The convert, not aware of the wiles of Satan, needs to be instructed. He needs to be shown that he will be assailed on the best side of his nature. He will guard the weak points; what he thinks the strong points will be left unguarded, and there is where the danger lies. That which he considers the outspoken and confessed *bad* in his nature is not that which he will most need to watch. He must be taught to guard against what he considers his virtues. With views like these and other reflections, I began a campaign of instruction for the development of the new members.

A St. Louis correspondent of *The Kingdom*, says, "The determination of the Second Presbyterian Church to evacuate its down-town location and move twenty-five blocks away will leave but two Protestant Churches of strength in a territory extending twenty blocks each way, embracing the most densely populated wards of that city, and within which are all the colonized strongholds of vice. Centenary Methodist Church, at Sixteenth and Pine, seems content with feeding the throngs of young and old who attend its two Sunday-Schools, and listen three times a week to the venerable Dr. John Mathews, whose powers, instead of waning, seem to grow greater as he nears the inevitable close of his active service. The old church is filled to the doors every Sunday night." To me a sense of gratitude springs up in my heart that I have the privilege

of talking Christ to such crowds. The majority of persons attending our services are men.

A call for a Law and Order League was issued, to put down vice and for the suppression of crime. Now and then our best citizens are seized with an impulse to help on the triumph of goodness. Several hundred of our best people assembled in Chatsworth Hall. While a committee was in session formulating a constitution, speaking was in order. The Hon. Nathan Cole was the first speaker. He is a man of influence and of high character. In his strong address, he said, "Every good man ought to be a politician and join a party, and vote at the primaries." This he emphasized in eloquent terms. It was enthusiastically cheered. By appointment, I followed in a short speech, endorsing his plea for going to the primaries, then turning to Mr. Cole, said, "You talked wisely as to the citizens' duty to vote at the primaries, and nominate worthy men for office. Now, sir, do you go to the primaries? Honor bright!" Mr. Cole acknowledged he did not. Then the audience laughed immoderately. Mr. Cole is a prominent member of the Baptist Church and universally esteemed, and his course is a sample of the very good men who let the hoodlum element run the primaries and nominate men of little ability and less moral stamina.

The St. Louis Annual Conference, at its last session elected me as one of its representatives to the General Conference which met in Memphis, Tennessee, May 3d, 1894. Our delegation was domiciled at the Peabody Hotel, where we were delightfully entertained. As we were nearest the First Methodist Church, a company of us heard Bishop A. G. Haygood, a prince in the pulpit and a many-sided man. The house was crowded. His text was taken from Luke, 17th chapter, 20th verse. His aim ran through his discourse like a thread of gold through a piece of cloth. He sought to impress upon his audience the profoundness of the truth of Christ's teaching. It was full of thought and splendidly illustrated. The Bishop's voice is strong and his enunciation distinct; he held the attention to the last word. At times during his sermon, the congregation was aroused to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The opening exercises of the Conference, next morning, were solemn and impressive. Dr. Andrew Hunter of Little Rock Conference, the senior member of the body, led in the second public prayer. Old and somewhat infirm in body, his soul was aglow with divine power as he invoked God's blessings upon the deliberations of the body He is over eighty years of age. He was a member of the General Conference of 1844, and was a participant in the tremendous conflict which resulted in the division of the Church. On the evening of the 10th, a great concourse assembled in the First Methodist Church, to welcome the fraternal delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was an occasion of deepest interest. The Rev. Dr. John Goucher, from Baltimore, and Wade H. Rogers, LL. D., president of the Northwestern University of Evanston,

were the able representatives of a great Church. Dr. Goucher, upon presentation to the body, read his address. One of the city papers thus characterized it: "The address was a masterful and scholarly treatise upon, and *résumé* of, Methodism, and covered the subject fully. Applause was frequent and generous, the speaker being obliged to suspend the reading many times until quietness was restored. At the close, the church rang with the most vigorous applause, and as the speaker sat down his hand was warmly shaken by the Bishops and others on the platform." It was an address worthy the man and the glorious Church he represented. After the hearty singing of a hymn by the congregation, Dr. Rogers was introduced to the audience. The same daily said, "Dr. Rogers' address was another masterpiece of oratory." He is a great lawyer and has achieved a national reputation. The same rapturous applause which greeted his predecessor was manifested at the termination of his address, and the church was still ringing as he resumed his seat. Bishop Wilson responded to the addresses. The response was evidently an echo of the feeling of the audience, as hand-clapping punctuated almost every sentence. The Bishop's address was a fine oratorical masterpiece. A vast assemblage greeted the fraternal messages from Canada and Great Britain. In a few fitting words Bishop Wilson introduced Dr. Sutherland as fraternal messenger from the Canadian Methodist Church. This gentleman is of commanding appearance, dignified and graceful. He spoke for over an hour, and captivated the grand congregation that heard his noble address. He is a minister of large influence in his Church. Dr. Sutherland is a self-educated man. He rose step by step until he became a front man, and a preacher of very great ability. The response of Bishop Hendrix was a model and scholarly address. It was brief but superb. We have no more graceful and accomplished speaker in the college of Bishops than our Missouri leader. After a verse of a hymn Bishop Wilson introduced ex-President Stevenson of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. The daily *Advocate* said, "Mr. Stevenson's address was brief, but brim-full of humor, religion and sturdy sense." He is one of the strong men of Methodism in England and worthy the high position he occupies in his home-land. It was a treat to hear him. Bishop Galloway responded in his happiest vein. He is always master on the platform and in graceful as well as eloquent terms knows what to say and how to say it. Several fraternal delegates from colored Churches were given a cordial hearing and as warm a greeting as any given to the white messengers. Their names I can not recall, but the impression made upon me at the time, lingers with me to this day. Our denomination did a great work in behalf of the colored people. We still aid and encourage their development. In this General Conference we had a large number of very able men. Some of the finest pulpit ability; men who had little to say on the floor of the Conference. Others talked too much; some injured themselves by spring-

ing up on all occasions. Take it all in all, a more orderly body can not be found. There were in that Conference men who were rapidly moving to the front, destined to be leaders of thought and action. Perhaps the most exciting debate was over the adoption of the report of the Committee on Epworth Leagues. In the committee room on one or two occasions, there were exciting debates, and the chairman grew so confused on one occasion he called on another member to take the chair. It seemed as if a dozen voices were crying out at once; but the chairman rapped and rapped and kept rapping until order was restored. It seemed as if every one of the forty-seven committeemen had a pet idea, and wanted it incorporated in the report. The report was finally agreed upon by the committee, but it had yet to run the gauntlet of the Conference. When the report was read, and a special session appointed to consider it, nearly half the delegates wanted to speak for or against. The young people of the Church wanted legislation, and needed it. They wanted a Board of Control, a paper, an editor and a secretary. Amendment after amendment was proposed. Some were carried; others voted down. After debate, a motion to adjourn was carried. When the report was up for further consideration, the report as amended was adopted. A Board of Control, a paper, an editor and secretary were agreed upon, and now came the selection of a secretary to act as editor. A call had been issued for an "Epworth League Rally," at the First Methodist Church, on Sunday, at 3 p. m. A fair audience was present, but a slight misunderstanding arose as to speakers. Dr. H. M. Du Bose made one of his characteristic speeches, sparkling with beautiful figures, and as beautiful as a flowing cascade. Dr. S. A. Steel was present at the Conference as a visitor and was called to the platform; appeared, declined to deliver a speech, but called for myself, and I responded in a short speech. The presence of Dr. Steel suggested to several delegates a proper person for leadership of the Leagues. When the time came to elect the secretary and editor, Dr. Steel had departed, but his friends urged his claims privately, and he was elected to organize and carry forward the plans of the General Conference in behalf of the oncoming throng of young Methodists. Dr. Steel went to work with a will and put his energies into full play and wrought up a deepening interest. His ability and eloquence stood him in hand in formulating and bringing the young people into perfect accord with all the other organizations of our Church. He deserved high honor for his work. The Committee on Episcopacy reported no need of additional Bishops. Doubtless a few brethren were disappointed. They had a right to feel so, as friends had pressed their claims until they had reason to expect their elevation to this high honor. The usual officers were elected, and only a very few new men were selected for positions of trust and honor.

The term "tunneling for souls," may be employed to represent the method of reaching the mind and heart of a human being.

After all, to get back to my loved employment gave me unusual delight. I can go out into the cold damp places of earth and visit the wretched, and sympathize with a wife broken-hearted over a fallen husband and a mother over a ruined son or daughter, and thus tunnel into the hearts of the stricken ones. Blessed be the matchless name of Him who called me to this work! When I have resolved to get into a human heart, by persistent effort, relying upon the grace of God, I seldom fail. Sometimes Satan asks, "What right have you to claim to do God's work, you are not perfect!" When I look at myself my faith in perfection expires altogether, and Satan gives me trouble, but when I look at Christ I can believe in it with all my heart. He has undertaken to do this work for us; He proposes to "present us faultless" in the great Day of Judgment! My first service on returning was the mid-week prayer-meeting, which was very large. Two joined the Church. On Sunday, seven united with the Church. A variety of services were held through the following week. At the request of the Salvation Army officers, we gave them the church for an evening service, to listen to an address by "Lord Ratna Pola of Ceylon." They came with drum and trombone and clanging cymbal—with almost deafening noise, and with enthusiastic step. The speaker is evidently a man of culture and rather fluent. His experience was impressive and edifying. A collection was taken for the benefit of the cause. This is the third time they were given our church. Twice when their General-in-Chief was here to drill and train his army.

Mrs. Jennie Urner and some other Christian workers called to see a young man dying, named Charles Van Worner. He was stirred to the very core of his being over his salvation. I was sent for to instruct him in the way of life. I was unaware at the time of the presence of the young man's father in the house, who was in a state of excitement over the presence of a minister in his house. The father was an infidel and threatened to pitch me out of the house. But such was the solicitude of the young man that I was allowed to converse with and pray for him. Why the father should be so opposed to prayer for his dying son could only be accounted for on the basis of a Satanic influence. I returned and received the son into the Church. Erelong death claimed him. His triumphant death greatly affected the father; the Holy Spirit so wrought upon his heart that he began attending Church and was converted soon after. In the love feast, in relating his experience, he told of his anger towards me, and his purpose to pitch me out of his house. He related the incident with tears streaming down his cheeks. The old gentleman soon joined the Church and lived a Christian life, and has gone to the Land of the Blest.

Dr. Alonzo Monk, a noted preacher and pastor, spent a Sunday in our city and kindly consented to occupy the pulpit of Centenary Church on Sunday morning. During the first ten minutes he captured our people and held their profound interest to the close.

He meets the people's view of preaching. He is instructive, chaste and impressive. Nothing stale in his presentation. He furnishes fresh bread for hungry souls. He is a growing power in the pulpit.

Our third Quarterly Conference was one of interest, owing to the work wrought by the active men and women of the Church. Reported the baptism of a young lady, a half Indian. She was brought from the West by a family of influence, and through their care came under the power of the Gospel and desired to be consecrated to holy service in the act of baptism. She had learned enough of Christ to desire His aid and strength. Truly has it been said, "Without Him life is a sad eclipse of hope, philosophy a vain search into darkness, and all history an unsolved enigma. There is no Alpine flower blooming on summits cold and lonely that is not a child of the sun as truly as the untarnished water-lily that sprinkles our western ponds."

I have many callers, some on one errand, some on another. A young man called; seemed faint; said it was from hunger; just from Chicago yesterday. His story was a sad one. It is my habit to bring my lunch to the church as I come down every morning. I gave it to the young man, and he ate with a relish, and did not leave a scrap. Gave him twenty-five cents, and directed him to my home. I told him to water my yard, and that he might occupy the stable-boy's room until he could find work. On the next morning, on my arrival at my office, found a lady in waiting. I did not know her. She besought me to give her a letter of recommendation to the Webster Orphans' Home. In a kind spirit I replied, "Madam, what can I say? I have never even seen you before. What confidence would you have in my word were I to recommend you? Go to your pastor and secure his aid." Often I am requested to recommend persons of whom I know nothing! The next day, I received a letter from Mr. Brownell, president of the Car Company, thanking me for information of a woman claiming to belong to my congregation, who was collecting money in the name of a poor soul in distress. He sent me a check; I returned it assuring him I knew no such parties! Some elegant looking persons ply this vocation. It does not take a particle of meanness out of a man or woman to polish them!

A certain young man had attended Drury College, at Springfield, Missouri. He was displaying a commendable degree of energy in working his way through college. Before finishing his education, he had to return to the city to provide for his mother. He was working hard to meet his obligation to her. My interest in him was aroused, assistance was afforded him, and in due time he was licensed to preach and received on trial in the Annual Conference. He was appointed to a nice little charge in September. In the next month he slipped into St. Louis and married, taking his girl-wife to his circuit. She was soon homesick, and her mother persuaded her to return to the city, as she could not live without her. She

yielded to the plea of her mother, and gave up her husband. Through his pleading she returned to him and remained a while; then, listening to her mother, she determined to go back to the city; but wrote a letter to him, stating he had been kind in his treatment, but she had ceased to love him. The young man seemed nearly crazy, and came to me in his perplexity. He left his charge, and damaged his reputation so as to be unacceptable to his people. After studying the facts in the case, he decided to settle down and live a quiet Christian life, and await the developments of Providence. Here are two lives blasted by a premature marriage. Our young preachers sometimes plunge into matrimony without judgment and are handicapped all through life. He has dropped out of sight.

In making calls, I often carry my visiting-book in my hand, which gives me the appearance of a collector. Visiting several persons on the southside, I called at a rooming house, and inquired for a certain lady; the landlady eyed me and my book for a moment, and said, "She does not reside here." From her manner I doubted her statement, and remarked, "Madam, I am pastor of Centenary Church; this lady gave me this number." Judge of my surprise when she said, "Well, she does room here, but has gone over to-day to the female prayer-meeting." The occupant of her room had not paid up, and the landlady thought I was a collector, and that I might secure the money due her. Human nature, unsanctified by Divine grace, is a peculiar thing.

A man stepped into my office, asking me to give him a letter to Brother George A. Baker, who would give him money if I would endorse him. "How can I give you a letter when you are a stranger to me!" I asked. "Why, you gave me two dollars last winter!" he replied. "If so, I did it on your statement; I am unacquainted with you!" The next day, amongst other callers, was a colored man who wanted to get our lecture-room for the use of "Prince Koh-loo-vo-mah," of the Mendi tribe, to raise money. Often it comes to me to exclaim, "What, or who, next?" Bless you, a couple came in to get married! What next? A physician dropped in "for a few minutes"—and talked two solid hours, about nothing!

In my pastoral work, I often meet Roman Catholics who are inquiring into our view of God's plan of saving a soul. I never assail their Church, but simply explain justification by faith as we hold it, and thus deposit the Word in their hearts, leaving the Holy Spirit to apply it. On the last day of August, I met a lady who was in a mental struggle over the condition of her soul. Gave her such facts as I conceived would lead her out of perplexity into a conscious acceptance with God, prayed with her and left, hoping she might come into a sense of acceptance with God through Christ.

Attended the first "Preachers' Meeting" after the summer recess. Nearly all the pastors in place. The Presiding Elder introduced a proposition, from an authorized person, to give us a piece

of ground rent free for ten years, on the edge of the city, on condition that we hold a camp-meeting every year. I had reason to believe that a street car company made the offer. The proposition was discussed. I felt compelled to oppose it. My plea was that such a meeting would demoralize our city Churches for the time being, would encourage Sabbath violation, etc. It was simply a money-making scheme. Those who favored the plan, pointed to the fact that such a meeting had been held for a month, under the auspices of a local preacher. Sam Jones was there; plantation singers, and other attractions. If any one was converted, I was not informed of the fact. The morning papers represented me as the only one opposing the proposition. A committee was appointed to consider and report at the next meeting. If any report was ever made, it has escaped me. I was once caught in one enterprise of a money-making nature, and a "burnt child dreads the fire."

Our fourth Quarterly Conference was on hand. The Board was behind about eight hundred dollars. The Stewards met at 7:30 p. m., and wrestled with this problem of debt. After considerable discussion, Dr. C. F. Simmons proposed that each member take his share; it was carried, and the debt cancelled. On the previous Sunday we raised the balance on our regular Conference assessments. The Board adjourned to go into Quarterly Conference. I had fifteen pages of a report for the body. The Presiding Elder was in place, and opened with devotional exercises. My report was made up mostly of names of persons erased, or received by baptism, letters given out, and deaths. It was sad to read out, that during the year we had to erase five hundred and thirty-six names. We—the pastor and committees—investigated as far as possible every case. If there was doubt we gave the name the benefit of the doubt. During the year we received into the Church three hundred and seven. Infants baptized, forty-six; adults, seventy-eight; marriages, fifty-six. Received for all purposes nineteen thousand one hundred and fifty-one dollars. Made two thousand eight hundred and thirty-one calls.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Second Year of Second Pastorate at Centenary.

The session of the Annual Conference convened in Fredericktown, September 26th, 1894, Bishop E. R. Hendrix in charge. These yearly gatherings furnish themes of deep interest to men of penetrating thought. Here are heroic men who go through trials in carrying the Gospel to remote sections; some of them bronzed, but great-hearted. The very difficulties through which they fought have been their best helpers, by evoking their powers of labor and endurance, and stimulating into life faculties which otherwise might have lain dormant. Some are from colleges, others from workshops, from farmhouses, from the cabins of the poor, and the homes of the wealthy. Some of the men from the poorest homes have taken the highest places. With what cheer they greet each other as they meet and clasp hands as brethren engaged in a holy war! The opening exercises were conducted by the Bishop in his simple but impressive style. The organization being completed, work began at once. At this session, six young men were received on trial; one of these, Claude M. Davenport, of Centenary Church, a young man of valuable qualities, and full of promise. He was a member of my theological class, and studied energetically. Another young man who was continued on trial was C. M. Gray, raised in Centenary Church, and a graduate of Central College. A very fine and pure character, full of promise, and pluck. Another young man in whom I was much interested, coming from Centenary, was W M. Freer, a young man who resigned a lucrative position to enter the itineracy. He is a deacon of one year, and is very intelligent, and of stainless character. And still another young man from Centenary was at this Conference elected to elder's orders—James E. McGee. Having attended college before being received on trial, yet he greatly longed for a broader education and erelong was at college, working with a zeal deserving commendation. These young men from Centenary Church in St. Louis, are worthy of honorable positions in the Church of God. At this session, Rev. Dr. J. W. Lewis, for many years a member of the body, and taking a prominent part in the work of the Church, and filling the principal charges in the city of St. Louis—a man widely known and highly honored—felt that the condition of his health demanded retirement, and with sadness the Committee on Conference Relations recommended that he be placed on the superannuated list, which was granted. His work was done. With very little ceremony, our old and once most efficient men are laid on the shelf! When the appointments were announced, I was returned as pastor of Centenary Church.

Aspirations for future good grow and kindle within my soul. I am convinced that man needs more than one world to attain his proper self and fulfil all his promise. Everything in us except our perishable bodies indicates a longer term than seventy years. To perfect what I have dreamed of here, I must have more space. I long to see the land where my soul will have room! Men called to fill city pulpits need to feel that great tasks are given them. Cities draw to themselves men of the most vital intelligence, as well as the worst elements of society. They are the centers of vice. City ministers are under pressure, but a pressure which should stir one's intellectual activities. In this way, cities become great *stimuli* of life, and though life carries evil with it, the remedy for the evil is not death, but better life, higher life. The occupants of these pulpits must create a "moral sense," or a true conscience. It is a fearful truth that one's conscience is just as capable of falling into bad hands as one's reason. Reflections on such lines lead me to do more than ever to bring on the triumphant reign of Christ.

During October, I attended seven funerals. Some persons look upon addresses on such occasions as almost useless. In St. Louis, in attending funerals one reaches men and women who never hear the Gospel. By presenting in a clear form Christ's work in behalf of sinners, many hear the story for the first time. When a noted Christian dies it funishes an opportunity to impress the attendants with what God will do for a trusting soul. For instance, on the 8th of this month, I attended the funeral of that old saint, Mrs. Jane Finney, whose life was a walk with God. Here was one who, even down to old age had sustainments which gave her joy under physical infirmities. Then, on the 11th, I assisted at the funeral of Mrs. Martha Cupples, who led a life of active Christian service; loving God, the Church, and orphans in a special sense, yet unostentatious in her charities. After many weary months, lingering on a bed of affliction, she finally went to sleep in Christ as sweetly as a babe going to sleep on its mother's bosom. A large concourse of influential people could hear how God honors the rich as well as the poor with His presence. On the next day, a funeral occurred which interested me as few ever did. It was of a man whose experience was one of wonderful vividness. Seldom does one ever hear an experience richer, or expressed in clearer terms. Brother Monehan was born and reared in Ireland; reared a Romanist, but converted in London. His conversion attracted wide-spread attention and created a tempest. It was announced that he was to relate his experience, but a mob interfered. However, he kept on, never faltering in his Christian life. All kinds of rumors were set in motion against him; he was assailed and ostracized, but he prayed on through opposition and tears. He reminded me of the small boy who, barely old enough to attend school, was asked if he ever cried over his lessons. "Sometimes" was his answer. "Why do you cry? Do you feel it helps you?" "No," he replied, "but it brings

somebody else to help me." Brother Monehan had lessons to learn in the book of life. Crying did not help him, but it brought the Holy Spirit to help him! He was peculiar in some of his incidental opinions, but in great Christian principles as transparent as a crystal.

We keep up the Methodist "Love Feast." During the progress of the service, an ex-Roman Catholic gave a thrilling account of his conversion. This was not surprising, but what followed was. One after another arose, and stated they were raised Romanists but had found Christ to the joy of their souls. Two-thirds of those who testified had belonged to that Church, some of whom I had never heard mention the fact. The statement is often heard, that Roman Catholics never leave that Church. There never was a greater misstatement. In my long ministry many of these have been converted and entered upon the new life as we hold it.

Quite a group of the ladies of Centenary Church take hold of missionary work with vigorous hands. Mrs. Mathews, with others, have this work on their hearts, and are trying to widen the views of others as to the duty of Christians to work for the final reign of Jesus our Lord. In attending missionary meetings of the Church, sometimes a feeling of sadness creeps over the heart. People meet and talk and pray, "Thy Kingdom come;" instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel and coworking with God, they turn the entire business over into the hands of the Lord, with a spirit of pious resignation, not contributing of their means, or offering an insignificant sum as their share towards the enterprise. They ask the Master to do the work committed to their hands; to do what they are too penurious to do.

On the 4th and 5th of December, our church was turned over to General Booth and his officers. In the lecture-room was held his secret drill. The night of the 4th, the meeting was held in Music Hall. A mighty host gathered to hear the General. It is difficult to characterize him. He is tall and rather slender. Modest in his appearing, but demands the most ceremonious obedience from officers and other followers. He is inaccessible during the intervals of service, owing to the necessity of husbanding his vital force. Though he occupied the room next to my office, I hardly saw him, receiving a very formal introduction. His public addresses merely recounted the achievements of the Salvation Army. He is a man of talent, and of remarkable organizing power, or he could never have secured such a following.

Brother P. M. Lockwood was buried from the church on the 24th of December. For fifty-two years he had been an official member; all these years having a character unsullied by even a single stain. He grew old gracefully, honored and respected by saint and sinner. He was truly as a city set on a hill. His experience was rich and ripe. In our last Love Feast, he stepped to the front, and inquired, "Doctor, may I say a few words?" Assent being given,

he gave us a testimony of remarkable sweetness, as to the work of Christ in his soul. The audience was melted into tears, and all felt that the Spirit of power rested upon him. His devotion to the Master and Centenary Church was worthy of imitation. His closing scene was like the beaming of the morning star—

> "Which goes not down behind the darkened west,
> Nor hides obscured among the tempests of the sky,
> But melts away into the light of heaven."

The business man, at the end of the year, wants to know the outcome. So the Christian man. We take up, too often, all kinds of things to help us reach a conclusion, and get a grand total. There is an old and somewhat amusing story of a blind beggar who used to stand outside of a church, and on whose breast there was a great placard with hieroglyphical words and figures: "Battles, 6; wounds, 4; children, 5; total 15." We are apt to reach a grand total by adding up things which are not legitimate. Financial results are valuable, but what about the great imperative of Christ—"Ye must be born again!" We dare not ignore or even subordinate this great need. As usual, we closed the year with a "Watch-Night" service. This service draws a large throng to our church. Therefore, my aim is to reach men and women by pressing the great imperative of Christ. We rarely ever have a sermon. We have earnest and hearty praying, rich experience, lusty singing, and from two to five minutes' exhortations between the songs. Then apply the truth of the need of salvation. On this occasion the interest grew to the last minute. A number came to the altar. We had six conversions, and nine joined the Church. The old year was nearly gone, when the covenant was about to be made. This is always an exciting moment. It never fails to arrest the attention of all classes. The proposition was simple: "All who desire to lead better lives and propose to do so, come to the altar." The "Covenant Hymn" is sung standing, then all falling upon our knees, we spend the few remaining minutes in confession to God, and imploring Divine aid to be ever faithful. An appropriate stanza is sung; then silence, as the Old Year opens into the New. In a moment we are on our feet, with a song of joy upon our lips, and greeting one another with "Happy New Year," we pass to our homes. Sometimes, religiously-disposed persons criticise us. A man coming from the outside world, where the temperature is below zero, will always be struck by the thermometer standing at blood-heat inside the church. That man is apt to say. "This people is fanatical!"

On January 29th, I went to the Exposition Hall, to hear that notable evangelist, Mr. Moody. In these later days the people still flock to hear him. He now gives attention to the development of Christian forces. He seems to have lost the power to move unsaved men to action, but retains the power to influence Church members to secure the baptism of the Holy Spirit. It seems the great evan-

gelists of our day, as in the case of Sam Jones, lose the power to move unconverted men to action, as in days gone by. Both mighty men retain wonderful power for good, but not on the former lines. Both still do great things for God.

Finding time for an occasional letter to one of our Church periodicals, these lines among others, were penned: "Our city is all astir, and has been since early fall. Talk about evolution—if that means out of one thing into another, we are evoluting with a momentum which almost takes one's breath. Even ignoring politics and certain social questions, the air is filled with jangling voices demanding attention as the voice of God. So great is the *furore* the ordinary Christian is sometimes bewildered. The other day I was reading about fads. Some one sent me a copy of the *Ram's Horn.* That unique periodical said, 'The latest theological fad—the evolution of Christianity, has taken hold of the scholarly imagination.' What is meant, it is difficult for me to determine; but one thing is certain—I have heard so much about structural forms; about biogen and isogogic researches, that when I hear these and like terms from ministerial lips, I feel an almost irrepressible impulse to cry out, 'Oh, for a draught of water from a mountain spring—*in a gourd!*'"

The ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at their last session, discussed the propriety of inviting the ministers of our denomination to coöperate with them in their weekly meetings. It was considered premature at this time, according to the *Globe-Democrat.* In an interview with a reporter on the subject of "Organic Union," my views were solicited. I frankly expressed my fears of such a union. The two bodies are millions strong, and the power conferred upon certain officials is almost too great for human nature to exercise without damage. These great positions appeal to the ambitions of men, and the temptation to seek this power is manifest in certain directions. My view is to make every office in the Church correspond. A pastor may stay four years, so a Presiding Elder—why not a Bishop's term be made the same? So far, pure men have filled these offices, but there is danger ahead. The old sectional feeling is dying out, but the possibility of securing power remains and appeals to human nature. The old philosopher expressed a truth when he said, "It is sweet to command, though it be but a flock of sheep!"

Our second quarterly meeting passed off quietly. Dr. B. M. Messick, the Presiding Elder, gave us one of his best discourses on Sunday morning. His mental ability all recognized and admired. He held our Love Feast, and not understanding his motive in disallowing singing, he intimidated our people; so much so, comparatively few took part. At the close of an unusually tame service, I solicited a reason for his course in eliminating the singing. He replied, that on his round of meetings he found a disposition to sing prevalent, but found it difficult to get the people to speak, and he

desired to train our people to do more talking. My reply was, "My dear brother, the trouble at Centenary is too much talk; no trouble to get members to relate their experiences."

During March, I attended forty-seven services, besides the Sabbath sermons. Visited a large number of individuals, comforting the bereaved, seeking to inspire laggards, aiding others under various trials, assuring them we all have what the Latins call our *Crux;* urging each one to take up the cross. The inquiry is made, "What is a cross?" In the language of one capable of formulating an answer, "It is one set of ideas, or one set of facts, crossing another." Here is a man with his meaner self—his passions—crossing with his high moral motives and principles. He has a cross. A woman has desires to enjoy fashionable society; she would gladly go out and join its whirl, but she has duties to perform at home that cross her desires. Within each breast passion says, "I will;" principle says, "I will not." The result is a cross. I assure my people that to be a Christian means more than a mumbling of moldy and moth-eaten shibboleths; and that one must not turn the back upon the upward path because far up the slopes, or near at hand, the dreadful outline of a cross is seen.

That wonderfully attractive man, Sam Jones, opened his batteries on sin in all its forms at the Exposition Hall. Great crowds flock to hear him. They gather from every section of the city. Many hear him who never enter a place of worship, and his castigations of their sins helps in the formation of a purpose to abandon them. His teachings aid the spiritual civilization of society. He held forth day by day, and diminished the attendance on all my services. He was only two blocks from my church. He, no doubt, accomplished a vast amount of good. His sermons are like grape and canister. His tonic way of stating his plan of attack is, to "shoot in the hole!"

Mrs. Amanda Williams did not belong to the "upper crust" of society. She moved as an old-style woman. Plain in her attire, neat in appearance, she made religion the chief thing in her life. She did not flirt with religion, but was out and out for Christ. She passed her three-score and ten years living for, and loving God. Her life was not without its storms, but like the sailing ship, though carried by fierce winds far to one side, yet heads toward the port. so she never retreated. During the war with Mexico, a brother officer urged General Taylor to retire, as the enemy's fire was fearful. "No," was his answer, "we won't go back; but let us ride a little forward, *where the balls will fall behind us.*" This blessed woman moved up closer to God in time of trial and took shelter under the wings of the Almighty. Her love for her Master was exhibited in her devotion, and Centenary was her chief joy. She lived far up town, but wended her way to the house of God even through snow-storms, and against the protest of her children. Death found her watching for the descending angel and she exclaimed, "I have been looking for you!" One of the remarkable

things about our religion is the confidence it imparts, as the soul passes out into Eternity. Yes, "our people die well."

The Texas State League Conference was held in Houston, beginning, April 16th, 1895. Three thousand delegates were present from the five Texas Conferences. A number of invited guests, myself among them, were present. There were Dr. S. A. Steel, bright, sparkling, eloquent and happy; Dr. H. C. Morrison (afterward Bishop), elegant, oratorical, strong and powerful in speech; Bishop C. B. Galloway, full of wisdom and silver-tongued. Perhaps there never was held a State League that made as profound and lasting an impression. Many of the choice young men of that great State were in attendance. The versatile editor of the Texas *Christian Advocate,* Dr. Rankin, made an address of welcome which was an admirable production. It had teeth and snap. President Jackson, young and vigorous, responded in an address of much beauty. The *Epworth Era* had this to say about it: "It was the universal testimony that Houston never had such a gathering. There was a triumphant note from the first. The great events of the occasion were the speeches of Bishop Galloway and Dr. John Mathews. Bishop Galloway was at his best. His address on, 'The Epworth League and Missions,' was a memorable speech; broad, Scriptural and beautiful, and it sprung every heart in the great audience who heard it to a loftier conception of our mission. Dr. Mathews—what words are capable of expressing to one who never heard him the indescribable Mathews? Comical, intellectual, unique, powerful, magnetic, electric," etc., etc. A jubilee service was held the last night of the Conference. "It culminated," says the *Era,* "in such a Pentecostal scene as is seldom witnessed in this world. The opera house was jammed, and ninety per cent. were young people. Glory bursted from every tongue. They shouted on the platform, on the main floor, in the boxes, in the galleries! There was a shout in the upper gallery, and Bolton's clear voice rang: 'We are in the third Heaven up here.'" We never saw anything comparable to it. Bishop Galloway said he had never seen anything equal to it. There were no excesses, no fanaticism, no wild religious extravagance; but the marvelous power of the Holy Ghost. Who can ever forget the wonderful influence of that song from three thousand voices when the pastor of Centenary led off, "Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, Palms of victory I shall wear!"

Week by week there has been a growing interest in the work of soul saving. At every Sunday gathering we find persons who are seeking to rid their souls of sin. Both Sunday-Schools are prosperous. The morning school is famous for the large number of classes of young men and women, and also for the character of the teaching. In the afternoon school, the singing is stirring, believing that much truth is conveyed in song. A young girl who had attended for months and had learned some of the hymns used by Dr. Simmons, was taken sick unto death. The family was godless. As

she lay upon her dying pillow, she felt too feeble to sing, and turning to those around her asked for a special hymn. No one knew it; then mustering her remaining strength she struck up,

"I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest,
I'll sail the wide seas no more."

She had learned enough to link her heart to Jesus our Lord, and breathed her soul into His bosom!

I was absent from my charge two Sundays during the month of June. The faculty of the Southern University, at Greensboro, Alabama, invited me to attend their commencement exercises, and preach the sermon. The president of the institution, Dr. John O. Keener was my son-in-law. Spent a few days delightfully, mingling with some friends of the past, for I was a member of the Alabama Conference for about thirteen years. It was happiness to talk of the old days of battle and of victory. On Sunday morning, I preached the Baccalaureate sermon to a magnificent congregation gathered from all directions. At night I preached for the Young Men's Christian Association. In the early spring, one of the faculty of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, Virginia, sent me an invitation to preach the commencement sermon. This institution is dear to the Southern heart, owing to the heroes whose names are cherished by the people of the South. Here the immortal "Stonewall" Jackson, taught, prayed and wrought. Here General Robert E. Lee presided over its destinies; and here lie the remains of all that was mortal of this greatest of all soldiers. The theme of my sermon was, "The Mystery of the Gospel." The Lexington *News* had this to say amongst other things: "Dr. Mathews said that his message was for the young. The professors, and the mature, are crystallized, set in their convictions. The young were in the formative period. With an irrepressible fund of anecdote, humor, and argument he attacked and routed those who could not believe because they demanded that the Gospel be demonstrated by human reason. Neither the song nor the singer Sunday morning will soon be forgotten by those who heard. It was a novelty among Baccalaureate sermons in Lexington."

On the 13th of July, I rode out to Carondelet to attend the funeral of that Nestor of our religious press, Rev. D. R. McAnnally, D. D. No public man in Missouri wielded a wider influence than he. He stood by the doctrines and usages of the Church, feeling he was set as a watchman to sound the danger signal, and to lead the men of God in building up our Zion. He wielded a ready pen and stood for what was best, in all the long years of his connection with the St. Louis *Christian Advocate*. The little church which he had fostered for so many years, was filled with admirers to pay tribute to his memory. He passed away in peace. He realized what a poet said in dying, "God has love, and I have faith!"

On the 16th of July, I attended the funeral of that remarkable man, Valentine Burke. On a previous page, I have told the story of his conversion. Many doubted the genuineness of his conversion; but a few took interest in his case, and encouraged him in his efforts to be a man. For nearly twenty years his life and conduct honored their confidence. After his transformation, he lived such a true life that no stain ever marred his career. Thus we see, the Gospel knows of no hopeless or irreconcilable classes. It leads us to despair of no one. It can kindle a fire under the very ribs of death. None are beyond its power. The most hopeless case, rotting in our back slums, can be saved.

The first four days in August, spent at the State Epworth League Assembly held at the famous resort, "Pertle Springs" near Warrensburg. Why should I follow these gatherings in the interest of our young people? Long years ago I learned that every human being has influence; every one is somebody's hero, influencing his life. Even the wooden Indian in front of a cigar store has influence; that is what he is there for! I participate in these gatherings to inspire any heart confiding in me. Having spent years in studying the nature of many of the temptations to which the young are exposed, have found that for want of some wise and luminous utterance they are driven either into the demoralizing abysses of superstition or into the seas of death or the sunless gulfs of doubt. Hence, my active interest in the young of our communion. This assembly was attended by many young men and women of culture and influence; therefore in accepting a place on the programme, my purpose is to help them climb to much greater heights. I prepared a discourse on "We then as workers together with him, beseech you also, that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." A correspondent, in a lengthy description of the occasion in the St. Louis *Advocate* says, "I noticed the hand-shaking, the spontaneous singing, the warm greetings, the cheery words to strangers, the ready tears of sympathy, the joy in the eyes. There was religion—old-fashioned religion there, and the sight of it, so loving and fervent, was as the water-brooks to the thirsty soul! There are two or three pictures that shall remain with me many a day. A summer night, with moonlight sifting through the interlacing branches of many great trees, the soft splash of falling water in the valley below, a height on which clung a wide hotel, lit by electricity and alive with the moving forms of many hundred young people engaged in social chat. All at once a song is started on the broad veranda:

"Oh, happy day that fixed my choice,
On Thee my Savior and my God."

A man with white hair stands on a chair in order that the surging mass of young people around him may be led in song. As the singing progresses the crowd grows larger, a multitude of beautiful girls, in light summer dresses, and of earnest youths, with always

the same lovelight of Jesus in every eye. As song after song swells out in the moonlight, the picture becomes more thrilling. I shall never forget Dr. Mathews as he stood there, singing with eyes closed, and all about him, beautiful, innocent, rapt, young girls, looking up at him in veneration, through eyes wet with tears, yet smiling in exaltation and singing hallelujahs! Oh, I 've seen the most famous paintings of the world—saints with glowing halos about them; but no Raphael or Correggio ever painted a better saint with a purer halo of angels about him than Nature grouped in unstudied grace on that porch at Pertle Springs that midsummer night!" A number of these young men have become front men in the Church of God. If I named them it would fill a chapter; God and the Church know who they are.

Being profoundly interested in the friendless and forsaken, I have coöperated most heartily with Mrs. Leta Flint in the establishment of the Emergency Home and Hospital. Perhaps in searching through the city, a more suitable person to develop this charity, could not be found than Sister Flint. Her peculiar characteristics fit her for inaugurating and carrying forward this enterprise. Her faith in God, her love for humanity, her humility, and her willingness to perform menial service when necessary (and it is often necessary), qualify her for the position. In this home may be found abandoned children, forsaken wives, and some elderly women turned out of other institutions because of no self-control. No salaries are paid employes; they only get their board and lodging.

Closing up the year's work is always attended with much labor and anxiety. To describe one's work would be but a repetition of other closing scenes. All my duties were conducted with zeal. Lectures at the suburban town of Ferguson, to aid the pastor in raising his assessments. Attendance on class-meetings from fifty-six to seventy-four. Took collection for the wornout preachers, widows and orphans. The report to the Annual Conference may be summed up as follows: Accessions, two hundred and seventy-five; financial claims all met; raised for all purposes, fourteen thousand nine hundred and fifty-three dollars and nineteen cents. Had access to more people than ever. God sustained me through the increased demands made upon me.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Third Year of Second Pastorate at Centenary.

Our Annual Conference was held at Jackson, September 25th, 1895, Bishop Galloway presiding. Many of our preachers have difficult fields of labor. Some of them do not receive enough to meet family expenses and purchase sufficient clothing to protect them from winter's blasts. One of our Presiding Elders traveled his District without an overcoat; had to resort to two frock coats. Now and then one bewails his lack of fruit in numbering converts, but the friends of such can recall their influence on lines of virtue; how they stood for what was ennobling, and how they employed their talents for the best interest of society; these men of toil set in motion influences which are passing like a health-giving breeze over the minds they reached. They aided some organizations which will transform human beings into the likeness of their Lord. They have ministered largely to the world's progress.

The Conference Minutes has a notice of a resolution passed by the body, as follows: "Dr. John Mathews having announced in his report this year the completion of his fiftieth year in the ministry, was requested by the Conference to preach a Semi-Centennial Sermon at our next Conference." The *Arkansas Methodist* says, "Is there an example in all our Church history of one who has completed his fiftieth year in a pastorate so prominent and responsible as that which Dr. Mathews now holds?" Dr. Palmore, in his personal notes of the Conference has this pleasant paragraph: "The Conference, by resolution, requested Dr. John Mathews to preach at its next session a Semi-Centennial Sermon. We would like to live to hear that sermon. No man since the days of the Apostles has preached through a more important half century of the world's history, and few American ministers have preached to more people with such acceptability as Dr. Mathews. He permits us to say in this notice, that if he lives to deliver this sermon, he will at that time tell exactly how old he is! This will be news to many of his most intimate friends."

Two of our oldest and most faithful ministers passed down into death, during the past year, in a high and mighty faith in Christ Jesus. Rev. David R. McAnnally, D. D., was eighty-five years old. Rev. David F Marquis was eighty-three. Dr. McAnnally was a master amongst men, a born leader, capable of broad and deep planning, and possessing energies capable of moving others by dint of his powers. He loved the Church of God with a love surpassing the love of women, and expended his lordly faculties in extending

her influence. Few men amongst us wielded a wider influence or was esteemed by a larger circle. David J. Marquis in his narrow sphere wrought wisely and well.

Bishop Galloway returned me for the third year to Centenary Church. In reflecting upon my past and gazing into the future I am conscious that I am drawn along by an unknown force to an unknown destiny; that an incomprehensible Power, hidden from the view of man, is impelling me forward. Such a fact sometimes makes the heart quiver! It remains true that no form of riches, therefore, could be thrown upon the world that would equal in value *just two ideas*—that we are the children of a Personal God, and that He has provided for the soul as it nears the terminus of its earthly journey! Oh, how I bless Him for Christ as an atoning Savior! I began the year's work in meeting four hundred and fifty at our mid-week prayer-meeting. My welcome was warm and cheering. How delightful the sense when one feels he is wanted!

The *Post-Dispatch* gave an entire page to the history of the Church and its different pastors in issue of October 15th; presenting at the same time three views of its present pastor in pulpit attitudes. It begins thus: "Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, South, located at Sixteenth and Pine, is known and regarded with affectionate interest far beyond the boundaries of its immediate work and influence. It is not only deemed the largest and finest Methodist Church in Missouri, with the largest congregation of any Protestant Church in the city, but it marks an epoch in Methodism. Centenary Church was so called because it was organized in commemoration of the first centennial of Methodism. Dr. Mathews is now filling the third year of his second term. He preaches uniformly to large congregations; his audience numbering from twelve to fifteen hundred. It is contrary to the experience of most other Churches that his evening congregations are even larger than those of the morning. And, while in most congregations the ladies predominate, in Dr Mathews' Church two-thirds of the audience are men."

One of the best antidotes to suggestions of doubt is work. One can not keep suggestions from the mind. "The human mind," as some say, "is always haunted by thoughts of its origin, and guesses at its destiny. It is always asking to know what is its relation to the mysterious universe in which it finds itself. Above all, it is ever asking for the solution of certain contradictions or paradoxes in its own existence. It seeks, and can not help seeking, for the Being, let that Being be what it will, to which it owes its own existence. Our modern science has reached the conclusion that it is not able to furnish the reply to these questions the mind of man is ever asking." But how consoling when one can turn to Revelation! It aids us here; it lifts the curtain and we find solid ground on which to plant one's feet.

Being invited to address the congregation of the Central Presbyterian Church at the memorial service of their former pastor,

Dr. Brank, I readily consented, as he was not only a brother minister, but my personal friend. The attendance was large, and several ministers took part in paying tribute to one who had long served this people. He was not only religious, but a very godly man. He was not brilliant, but solid. He preached a pure Gospel and was not only esteemed by his people and friends, but loved by them. His life was with Christ in God. It was a solemn occasion and must have been profitable to all.

The first Sunday in December, Dr. Simmons, Superintendent of our afternoon Sunday-School, was very anxious for me to have revival effort exercises in the school. Instead of teaching the lessons, several hymns were sung, a short discourse by the pastor, an appeal to the school to seek Christ's favor. Many scholars came forward for prayers and many of these were converted. At the close of that memorable hour, sixty-nine applied for membership. The Superintendent was stirred to the core of his being, feeling that the large expenditure of money from his own pocket was amply repaid. My own heart was all aglow at the result, and a sense of gratitude overflowed every acting faculty of my nature.

The Watch-Night service, this year, was a jam; every available space was occupied, and people stood around the walls. Our people were in a praying mood, and the pastor, weary from excessive labor, felt the need of supernatural aid, and poured out his plea into the ear of God. From the very first prayer the interest was deep. When penitents were invited, many responded—so many, we could not count them. When the request was made for the converts to stand up twenty-six responded. Then the opportunity was given for persons to join the Church—all told forty-six were received. This was one of the most remarkable meetings I ever attended. Many joined in the covenant, and as the New Year broke in upon us, there were shoutings and hand-shakings, to the delight of the children of the King!

The burden of souls I have carried for many, many years. Sometimes it has almost crushed me with its weight. I once heard an eminent German preacher say that their word for pastor, meant "One who sorrows for souls." God knows how much I have sorrowed for the souls of my people. Over and over has our Lord given me the desire of my heart. Sometimes the burden has been so great I dreaded its pressure, but relief came. The people of the Church still desire Church expansion, but we hear little of the cry, "O Lord, give me souls!" I joined with the city ministers in their prayer-meetings for a revivial. Every year these meetings are held. To my mind they are too formal and too cold. I have inquired, "When you pray do you stop and listen for an answer?" Expectancy honors God. Do not begin to question as to how God answers. This recalls what Sir Isaac Newton said of gravitation: "We only know results."

During January, I held several meetings for children. The

object was to instruct the applicants and discover the Christian status of those who had professed conversion. These children could not be reached in their homes, therefore, I gave them some time each week after school hours. They were catechised, instructed, and prayed with. The ones who gave satisfactory evidence as to their conversion were notified they could be received into the Church only with the consent of their parents. Feeling that the future defenders of the faith are now children, how stupendous the responsibility of the pastors and parents!

Took an evening, in March, from my own work to make a flying trip to Lafayette Park Church to hear Brother J. H. Jackson, of the Missouri Conference, who is aiding the pastor in a protracted meeting. Brother Jackson is a pastor who "does things;" a preacher of ability and a moving force. He eats no idle bread. I was pleased and profited with his sermon, which bore fruit. During this same month, Dr. Carradine filled my pulpit, giving us a discourse of much interest, advocating with great vigor the "second blessing" theory. A number who believed in his teaching were present, and shouted and responded as the preacher warmed to his theme.

A young minister, visiting in our city, in considering the work of soul saving, remarked, "I once inquired of one of our Bishops, 'What is the secret of Dr. Mathews' success?'" He gave me the Bishop's answer, about as follows: "One thing that largely explains Dr. Mathews' success, is this: Nearly all preachers will sacrifice their congregations to their sermons; Dr. Mathews, more than any preacher I have ever known, will always sacrifice his sermon to his congregation. His one purpose, every time he preaches, is to reach the hearts of his hearers; and he cares not what becomes of the laws of sermon-building and literary finish, when he can do this."

On the 27th of May, I attended the funeral of Miss Mary Lewis, a daughter of Rev. Dr. J. W Lewis, long a resident of the city, and pastor of our leading Churches. During my pastorate at St. John's, Miss Mary's growth in Christian life attracted my special attention. In the Young People's League meetings she was active, and shrinking as she was, she reached the point where she would lead in their devotions. In the Young Ladies' Mission of St. John's, she was one of the most active workers, and gave much time to looking after the poor. Her growth took on such a form as to lead me to think God was preparing her for somthing extra, but did not think it was for death. So it proved, and she has gone to meet a mother of unusual activity in Church life, and a father who led the forces of Christ against evil in this city. My tears mingled with those of her family over her loss.

During the latter part of May occurred the devastating cyclone which visited St. Louis this year. It swept across the eastern part of the city in great fury, unroofing houses, blowing others down,

until one could hardly recognize the former points of interest. Much damage was done all over the city. Wires all down; cars stopped; lights extinguished. I was in the southern part of the city, visiting a dying man; as I emerged from his house, I saw that a storm was brewing, and I leaped into my surry and was driven rapidly home, quite a distance. Reached home just as the storm broke out in tremendous sweep. We ran from room to room, closing windows. In a few moments a great crash was heard overhead, and in a second more the window was broken in with such force that the glass was shattered into ten thousand particles. Bricks were flying, trees falling, and people screaming!, It was soon over, and we were grateful to God that we were only on the borders of the tornado. When messengers came from down town we learned of the worst. I had three marriages for that night, at different hours and different places. Had my surry out and rode down in the darkness and rain until the police stopped me within two squares of the first couple; then I waded the water in the street, reached the place and found all in confusion. Hurried up the marriage, walked back to where I had left my vehicle, went to the church and requested the janitor to ask Rev. J. W. Cunningham to go to the church at 9 o'clock, and marry a couple. I then went in search of the third couple. Had the street and number but it was so dark I could not see, and groped from door to door. At last some one called my name and conveyed me to the right house. The entire population was in a state of excitement over the rumors of the results of the cyclone. Reports of ruined houses and deaths flew fast and thick. In the morning the dailies showed the awful results, and that the worst was in East St. Louis. I buried two whose death was caused by the storm. One of these was a quiet, unostentatious but worthy Steward of our Church, Mr. P B. De Silva. The cyclone overturned a car in which he was riding, breaking his leg. He was taken to the hospital, but medical skill proved unavailing, and as he looked into the open Gate to Eternity, he feared no evil, for he rested on Christ his Lord.

In the *Methodist Protestant,* published in Baltimore, in its issue of June 10th, was a brief editorial giving an account of a visit to St. Louis of several representative men on their way home from the Protestant Methodist General Conference. The writer says, "Eight of the Maryland delegation spent the Sabbath in St. Louis on their way home. They went in a body to the Centenary Methdist Episcopal Church, South. It is a large stately building, and the tone of the audience room is of that grave, subdued character that impresses you with the fact that you are in God's house to engage in His holy worship. We went early and the sexton seated us together in two pews. When the pastor, Rev. Dr. John Mathews, came in, he by some means ascertained who we were, and insisted that one of us should preach for him, but we declined, as we desired to hear him. He gave us a splendid sermon, full of New

Testament theology—the clear-cut Gospel! One of his members informed us that he had taken in one thousand members during his present pastorate." In this and other quotations I realize that the *ego* is apparent. Paul and others used it freely. If biography is, as stated by a thinker, only a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles, then am I not excusable? Those who have known my manner of life and spirit will acquit me of seeking the praise of men. What I have written, has been in the hope of leading some young ministers to see how God can use an humble instrument as he used the rod of Moses! Having led an exceedingly active life from youth until threescore years are upon me, two things give me a sense of satisfaction. First, the blessing with which my ministry has been crowned; and second, the blamelessness of my life in the eyes of the world; no charge has ever been brought against me. While I attach no merit to these two things, yet, in retrospecting the past, sometimes a feeling of satisfaction rises in my heart. But, while meditating on God in my silent moods, I had, what might be named, a vision of God; of His dazzling and flawless purity, that so flooded my soul I joined with Daniel, who when he had a vision of the Almighty, exclaimed, "My comeliness is turned to corruption, and there remaineth in me no strength!" His self-satisfaction melted away. And thus, in supreme moments, my soul has felt the best deeds of my life are as filthy rags in God's sight! I have cried out, with one of old, "Alas! I am undone, for I have seen the King in His beauty." I dare not trust the sweetest frame! Christ is my refuge, as I sing, "Let me hide myself in Thee!"

By invitation, I found myself in Jackson, Mississippi, the guest of the president of Millsaps College, Dr. Murrah. On Sunday morning, June 14th, I preached the commencement sermon. The daily *Clarion-Ledger*, printed the sermon in its Monday issue. The editor said: "For one hour and twenty minutes Dr. Mathews held the undivided attention of the vast audience by his most wonderful magnetism, his plain, earnest, original manner." This institution is doing a large work, and is destined to be a vast force in the future. Bishop Galloway resides in Jackson. At night I discoursed in the Methodist Church to a packed house. Brother Watkins is pastor, and is a coming man in Mississippi, a worthy son of a noble sire.

Our Sunday-School work compensates the self-denying teachers. A lad who attended the afternoon school sickened unto death. The Superintendent visited him and looked after his physical as well as spiritual comfort. He had learned one of the favorite hymns sung often by the school. It so entwined itself around his heart that when the death-damp was on his brow, he struck out in animated tone, "I am the Lily of the Valley," etc. Now and then one reads an article in our *Advocate* assailing the use of what the writers call doggerel, and yet thousands have pillowed their heads

on these ditties as smilingly they passed the gate of death. Harry Brown was one of them.

On the night of July 2d, I rode over to St. Paul's Church, on St. Louis Avenue, to deliver a lecture to help raise a special fund. The audience was large and attentive. After the lecture refreshments were served, and sociability reigned. From time to time I hesitate to enter the lecture field, but when the brethren plead for help, I can not always resist their importunity.

While the warm season is relaxing, prayer and purpose counterworked this tendency and twenty-eight joined; eighteen of this number on profession, being converted in our after-meetings. The attendance even the hottest night on class-meeting reached eighty-six. During the month, lifted a collection for the benefit of Lafayette Park Church, thus aiding that promising organization to start alone. The only outing I had was a day at "Montesano," with the afternoon Sunday-School at their picnic. The boat taking us there was crowded from stem to stern, with the scholars, their parents and friends. The outlay chiefly from the pocket of the Superintendent.

The Nashville *Christian Advocate* of July 2d, 1896, in "Tidings from the Field," has this to say: "For fifty years Dr. John Mathews has been a preacher of the Gospel in Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, and Missouri. He has spent a long, useful, and eminently successful ministry. Thousands of souls have been converted under his ministry, and he is more popular to-day than ever before. He uses manuscript in delivering his sermon, but does it in a most skilful manner." In my early ministry a want of confidence in myself led me to the use of briefs, and the habit crystallized.

Rummaging amongst some old daily papers, I found a report of one of my discourses on "An Inspired Warning," founded upon the text: "Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples; and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come." A large per cent. of my discourses were on themes along similar lines. While I magnified God's love, until anonymous letters were written me, charging me with "encouraging people too much;" on the other hand I magnified *law*. Perhaps one cause of the indifference to sacred things now obtaining, grows out of the loose notions extant about "forgiveness." The trend of pulpit teaching is to magnify love, at the expense of belittling law. The call and welcome of Christ are stressed in every pulpit while the conditions of salvation are hardly more than alluded to. Law stands in front of the sinner and must be vindicated; on the other hand, law has claims which must vindicate God. One rarely hears a sermon on repentance, upon the awful nature of sin, or upon future punishment. The early preacher made the people quail under the demands of law, and men were led to cry out, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

During the "heated term," sometimes the flesh trembled under the iron hand of obligation; but grace was given, until like the missionary of long ago, who separating from her children, as she held a hand of each one, raised her eyes heavenward and said, "O Jesus, I do this for Thee!" So I said, "O Christ, I do this for Thee." That was a meaning prayer, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." The Psalmist desired perfection of sight. There is a word not often employed which means "two eyes employed at once," the word "binocular." In the spiritual needs we have two faculties to be used in the apprehension of truth—reason and faith. One is intellectual, the other is intuitive and springs from the heart—it comes by accepting testimony. With open eyes I see that away beyond the horizon of our earthly view, there stretches a broader and fuller life towards which our feet are moving in eager haste. Therefore my strivings are to make my life worthy of immortality. My seeking is not merely a continuance of life but a better quality of life.

My fiftieth anniversary as a member of an Annual Conference is made the occasion of an interesting retrospect. Reporters seized upon a rumor that I am to preach a Semi-Centennial Sermon at the next session of our Conference. They have plied me with all sorts of questions. On March 25th, 1845, I was sent out as an authorized minister; therefore that date marks the beginning of my career in the holy and responsible calling as a laborer in God's vineyard. I have acted a part in the most wonderful half century in the history of the world, thus far. It may have been an insignificant part, but like the grass tuft at the foot of the giant oak I have filled a providential place and have sought the good of my fellow creatures and the best quality of life. Men have applauded me, but my great interest centers in the thought, *what does God think of me?* In anticipation of the coming celebration of what they call my "Golden Jubilee," one of the city journals had this to say, after quoting a sentence which a reporter caught from my lips as follows, "The one controlling purpose of my life has been to help my fellow men." "Perhaps it was the benevolent spirit which prompted this utterance that has made the Rev. Dr. John Mathews, the beloved pastor of the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, so universally respected and admired. There is, perhaps, no finer specimen of hale, hearty old manhood in St. Louis than Dr. Mathews. Above all things, he is a man of the people. He preaches the doctrine of Jesus Christ and allows no outside issue to interfere with his earnest and persistent efforts to spread the tidings of salvation as embraced in the creed of his Church."

At one of our class-meetings a crank gave us some trouble. He had much of the Bible at his tongue's end, and wanted to read passages altogether out of harmony with the experiences of the members who had talked. We had a member, very poor and uneducated but with an enviable experience. In ecstatic moments, in relating

her hopes and aims, she sometimes employed wrong words, but we knew what she meant. This crank would get up and contradict the old soul, and mortify her. I first tried to sing him down; that did not stop him. The next time he began his criticism, I ordered him to stop; but he kept on until I said, "Take your hat and instantly leave the room!" and I waited until at last he obeyed. He left, to the relief of some of our best people. Now and then some one introduced things out of harmony with the service. Sometimes severe remedies had to be employed.

During this month there gathered in the "Auditorium" an immense throng to hear Mr. Bryan, one of the Presidential candidates. The land was full of rumors as to his wonderful oratorical ability. I went to hear him and found his mastery of a crowd even more complete than stated. His enunciation was perfect. The next morning was Sunday, and a gentleman passing through the vestibule overheard some one in a group of Church officers severely criticising me for going to hear the great orator. They were opposed to his election. After service, I was informed of the criticisms, and my indignation was stirred. Nothing was said to any one of my purpose, but during the sermon at night, standing in my place and buttoning my coat around me, with some feeling I said, "Some of you would ostracize me, for the exercise of a freeman's right!" One of the daily journals had this description of the occurrence: "It was an intensely interesting scene, such as was probably never witnessed in a great city church. Dr. Mathews spoke with flashing eyes, of criticisms passed upon him for attending with his wife the Bryan meeting at the Auditorium. After declaring his right to exercise his freedom as an American citizen, and referring to the great popular demonstration of Saturday night, the grand old patriarch stepped to the edge of the platform, folding his coat about him, white-crowned with fifty years of labor in the pulpit, looking imperial in his sturdy though aged manhood, and exclaimed, 'It might as well be known where I stand. I have been criticised for going to hear Mr. Bryan. I will not be misunderstood. I am with the people. I have never interfered with any one else's opinions, and I do not want any one to interfere with mine. This is my right, and everybody else's right, as patriots and citizens of America. I am a free-born citizen of the Union!' Eighteen hundred people witnessed the dramatic incident. During his address they had listened spellbound. Suddenly, just as the preacher closed the utterances quoted, the great congregation, spontaneously and impulsively burst into applause. Dr. Mathews lifted his hand and shook his head, but it was several moments before the applause ceased. It was general, and came from floor, choir and galleries. Both men and women joined in their demonstration of the minister's words." Much was said, pro and con, by the party press. I did not announce that I would vote for Mr. Bryan. I announced my indignation at an attempt to ostracize for opinion's sake. In its

issue of September 24th, the New Orleans *Advocate*, in its first article on the editorial page, had this heading. "Politics in the Pulpit." Dr. Black said, "A short time since, a prominent St. Louis divine stated from the pulpit on Sunday that he was going to vote for so and so for President of the United States. The announcement was greeted with a storm of applause which lasted several minutes. This is the first instance of this sort we have known in Southern Methodism." Dr. Black indirectly castigated the guilty man. He ought to have been sure of what the preacher did say!

My service as a minister is contemporaneous with the existence of the Southern Methodist Church, being licensed March 25th, 1845. The Convention met in May of that year and organized the Church. In closing up my last sermon before Conference, the *Globe-Democrat* reports me as adding some reminiscences: "Sometimes I think of what I have gone through in these fifty years. I have gone hungry for the Master's sake. I have been where I lived on crackers, sardines, and water for two weeks for the Savior's sake. I was a young man then, preaching out in California. My income was small, and I had been a sufferer in His service. In the last twenty or thirty years I have never taken a week's vacation. I have been true to my people. Many a time I have prayed alone, and no one but God could see the sorrow and anguish of my heart. No one ever knew this, for I have always carried a cheerful face and made no one unhappy by my sadness. I have never stopped to contradict any falsehood as to my preaching. I have not been a philosophical preacher; I never felt that I was called to give you astronomy, or biology, or physiology; I was called to propagate the story of Jesus and His love. I have told it on the Atlantic and on the Pacific coasts, and in many States which lie between; and let me say, I will have a great throng to greet me on the farther shore. [Several voices cry 'Amen!'] 'But what are my sorrows and clouds,' he continued: 'Why, they are nothing! I have had seasons of happiness, twenty to one to my sorrows. There are clouds in the sky, but the blue of heaven is larger than the cloud; there are nettles everywhere but the smooth green grasses are more common still.' The Doctor spoke in touching words of a trunk full of letters and little tokens of affection which he had received in his life from persons who felt they were led into a religious life by him. Some of these messages had been the last words of those who sent them, and were the record of the peaceful deaths of those converted under his ministry. The remembrance filled the venerable pastor with emotion, and he said, brokenly, 'I have always studied the happiness of my people—always!' His congregation was much affected, and many sobbed aloud." Thus closed the third year of my second pastorate. The report of the year's work is as follows: Additions, three hundred and fifty-six; assessments in full. Amount raised for all purposes over seventeen thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XL.

Fourth Year of Second Pastorate at Centenary.

The Annual Conference met September 30th, 1896, in Charleston, Bishop Wilson presiding. Mrs. Mathews accompanied me to this session, and we were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Moore in royal style. We remember their kindness with delight. As chairman of a special committee, I presented a report on behalf of the commission appointed by the Conference, to consider a proposition from the citizens of Fredericktown, offering to deed to the Conference, on certain specified conditions, school property, known as "Marvin Collegiate Institute," and located at Fredericktown. The report declared the conditions fulfilled and recommended that the property be accepted. The recommendation was adopted. On motion, Friday evening was set apart for my Semi-Centennial Sermon, according to the previous invitation of the Conference. The discourse was delivered, and the next day, the following resolutions, signed by John A. Beagle, James W Lee, and B. M. Messick, were adopted by the Conference: "*Resolved*, That the St. Louis Conference has heard with great pleasure the Semi-Centennial Sermon of Rev. John Mathews, D. D., pastor of Centenary Church St. Louis, delivered in the Methodist Church in Charleston, before the Conference and a vast audience that filled the great building from pulpit to gallery; that we thank God for having called him into our ministry, preserved him so long and blessing his labors to the salvation of thousands; and that the Conference earnestly requests its publication." When the 41st Question was answered, "Where are the preachers stationed this year?" I was reappointed for the fourth time pastor of Centenary Church.

My appointment was accepted as Providential. Must one's faith accept F. B. Myer's theory? He says, "God seeks to mold us by circumstances, and you must believe that God has put you down just where you are because your present position is the very best place in the universe to make you what He wants you to become." Hurrying back to the city, I was on time to attend our prayer-meeting, a place that has been to me and many others as precious a spot as where Jacob pillowed his head. My greeting was all any pastor could wish. That prayer-meeting was an evening spent with Jesus. A great thinker has laid it down as law, "That a great friendship is a great happiness." The best and richest definition of God that has ever passed under my eye is, "God is a mighty friendship."

The ministers' meeting of our Church in Nashville, Tennessee, gave me a formal invitation to attend their Annual Conference in

that city, and repeat my Semi-Centennial address, as I was received on trial in 1846 in the old McKendree Church. This is one of the oldest Conferences in the denomination; by way of pre-eminence it is called the "Jerusalem Conference." This body furnished a quartet of the greatest preachers of American Methodism: Bishop Robert Paine, noble and learned, famous for pulpit ability; Dr. John W Hanner, in the estimation of many, a man without a peer in the pulpit; Dr. A. L. P Green, an Apollo in appearance, a very wise man and as prudent as wise, a master of men in the pulpit and out of it; Dr. John B. McFerrin, unsurpassed in executive ability, on the platform, or in the power to move men; he was the pride of his Conference. The Conference gave an afternoon and night to the veterans who had served for half a century. In the evening the building was packed. Dr. Wm. C. Johnson delivered an address which delighted the audience. The Memphis *Christian Advocate* said: "Dr. John. Mathews, of St. Louis, lifted his auditors to a very high pitch of excitement, and even enthusiasm." The writer characterized the speaker thus: "Dr. Mathews is unique, fugitive, versatile, humorous, witty, hilarious, pathetic, fertile, attractive, impressive, eloquent, powerful, successful, and so forth!" My intercourse with the brethren was refreshing and uplifting. The next afternoon I delivered another discourse and many of the preachers were shouting happy, praising God aloud! It was evident the fire had not died out in the old "Jerusalem Conference."

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union held a great convention in Exposition Hall in St. Louis. Many women of influence and culture were present; indeed some whose fame has spread throughout civilization. These ladies show wonderful persistence in the face of the fearful whisky power of the nation. Now and then one may be disposed to show the white feather, but they are pressing the battle against the mightiest force in the world—the rum power. I do what I can to encourage this cause. Sometimes workers forget that it takes more than five hundred years to guide some principles into the life of the times. The leaven is working, and the watchman on the summit of the mountain announces, "The morning cometh."

On November 23d, I was called to attend the funeral of Mrs. Leonidas Polk, who in late years spent most of her time with her daughter in Florida. Her husband was once Governor of Missouri, and for many years United States Senator. Husband and wife were devoted Methodists. When the present Centenary building was being erected, it is said that Governor Polk saw every stone put in place. Mrs. Polk never removed her membership, and died deeply attached to the organization she loved when in the hey-day of her influence. Her spirit was Christ-like, and molded by His teachings. Her influence was on the side of a spiritual religion. She passed into Heaven quietly, to human eyes, but no doubt was heartily greeted by friends and loved ones who had preceded her.

"A Laudable Ambition," was the heading of an article in a journal called *The Democrat,* published in King City. The writer quoted this sentiment which dropped from my lips: "I have tried," said Dr. John Mathews of St. Louis, "never to add a drop of bitterness to any one's cup." The writer continued, "There are homes all over our land where sorrow sits with darkened brow upon the chimneypiece. The glad sound of laughter is never heard and a pleasant word is never spoken. Why? Because the inmates do not withhold the drop of bitterness from each other's cup." Says another writer, "Make the place where God has put you beautiful. If it be but a tent in the desert, or only a cottage in a lonely street, or an attic-room or a bench in a workshop, the darker the place, be the more eager to make it beautiful!"

The Jews of the city give considerable attention to the education of the children of their humblest members. At their new Jefferson School they make it as interesting as possible for the children. On the night of the 15th of December, by invitation I went down to Ninth and Washington to deliver an address. The *Republic* said: "Rev. Dr. John Mathews was given an ovation last night at the new Jefferson School, where he made one of his characteristic addresses before the evening classes of the Jewish Alliance." The occasion was enjoyable by me, and I sought by the embodiment of certain principles to create aspirations after the best qualities of life. The next Sunday night Rabbi Harrison, with the president of the Alliance, attended Centenary Church, and after service thanked me for my address to their school. The Rabbi frequently attended my ministry when I was pastor at St. John's.

The Epworth League Union of St. Louis, through a committee, invited me to repeat my Semi-Centennial address, that the Leagues and friends in the city might hear it. The leading journals of the city published full accounts of the meeting. One said, "A great concourse gathered to do Dr. Mathews honor for his fifty years of labor in the Southern Methodist ministry. Rich and poor, young and old, ministers and laymen, came from the four corners of the city, and put standing room at a premium. The body of the auditorium, the galleries, and the platform were crowded, and chairs were placed in the aisles for ladies who could not find seats. The services were under the auspices of the St. Louis Epworth League Union. The decorations of the church were appropriate. Resting against the organ was a floral decoration with '1846-1896.' Mr A. E. Whitaker paid a high tribute to the pastor of Centenary. He said, 'When the League was struggling for recognition and standing, Dr. Mathews encouraged the members and became their first State President.'" A reporter writes: "Dr. Mathews spoke for an hour and a quarter, and toward the close, when he apologized for taking so much time, he was answered by requests to 'go on.' The Doctor's address was a studied and serious effort, interspersed with anecdotes that threw the audience into convulsions of laughter. At

the close of his address, Dr. Mathews paid a splendid tribute to his wife. After telling in a humorous way how he wooed and won her, he spoke of her devotion during epidemics and afflictions. 'I owe much to my wife,' he said in conclusion, 'for she has been a great help to me. I believe if I receive any Heavenly reward for my labors she will share it.'" A vase of fifty roses was presented to Mrs. Mathews by Mr. Whitaker on behalf of the Union. The editor of the St. Louis *Advocate* said, "The celebration of Dr. John Mathews' service of fifty years in the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Centenary, on December 10th, was a wonderful demonstration of the love which St. Louis bears toward this honored pastor. An address, expressing the good-will of the Methodist young people of St. Louis was presented to the Doctor by F. L. Bronaugh, who, while so doing, paid him an elegant tribute. The address was handsomely mounted and framed." Much was written and said in reference to my work, which is largely over-estimated. Some one said, on one occasion, "Doctor, you are receiving your flowers before you die." "Yes, yes," was my reply; "but what does it all amount to?" When Henry Kirk White received certain honors, he wrote, "What are ye now but thorns about my bleeding brow?" What my soul absolutely pines for is the approval of Heaven. This desire sweeps through my soul, almost daily, like a tidal-wave. As I near the border of that Great Sea I soon must sail, will I be recognized as a sinner saved by grace? I am comforted as I think that a child crying for his father has a peculiar tone by which it is recognized; I wonder if God ever says of me, "That is the cry of my child?" He knows what I crave. All my anticipations center in Jesus Christ.

The year is winding to a close and will soon bear its report to God! It has been a year of toil, of burden-bearing, not so much for myself as for others. As Cowper says, "What is a friend good for, if he sees one carrying a sack of sand, if he does not take hold and help him carry it?" A crowded house greeted me at Watch-Night service. The meeting was on a line with my conception of the needs of the congregation. God was with us. Nineteen were forward to be prayed for and twelve professed to find the mighty pearl of matchless price. We closed by singing the "Covenant Hymn," and upon our knees reconsecrated ourselves to God. We had made general confession, and in doing so found a comfort surpassing knowledge. There was great joy as we entered upon a New Year in holy worship.

A number of active Methodists concluded to honor me with a banquet, as a compliment to my fifty years of service in the Methodist ministry. It was appointed for January 19th. The gentlemen in charge were Mr. Murray Carleton, Mr. Samuel Kennard, city postmaster James Carlisle, and Judge Woods. The other names I can not recall. Every one of our Churches in the city was represented and the great dining-hall of the Planter's Hotel was filled.

Mr. Samuel Kennard presided; Bishop Hendrix was present and delivered the first address. He was very entertaining and complimented the guest of honor. I was seated upon the right of the chairman. He, as master of ceremonies, gave tone to the events and speeches of the evening. Several gentlemen responded eloquently; my response was brief and I stated I was greatly surprised at the statements of the work accomplished by me as spoken of in the addresses. The time passed rapidly and the pleasure was contagious. It was a representative body, and the occasion was highly appreciated by me.

Mrs. Marie Gray, reached her seventy-fourth year ere she sickened and died. She was a woman of clear intellect and deep experience. Her conversation always turned to the best and highest forms of Christian living. In her earlier Christian experience she was an active worker in behalf of others. She was the mother of W. E. Gray, so many years Treasurer of Centenary Church.

During the month of March, I gave myself faithfully to the usual routine of commonplace duties. These duties are the ones which tell for good in a minister's life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning, is the true symbol of a useful life. By husbanding every spare minute, one can accomplish much. During this month, had the pleasure of hearing that saintly man, Bishop Key, preach at Cook Avenue Church; he is aiding the pastor in a protracted meeting. The Bishop is a soul-feeder, and one who knows how to handle the Word of God for the development of the spiritual faculties. It is a treat to hear him.

Some of the most active workers of the various city Churches proposed a great public evangelical meeting in the Century Theater, on Sunday nights during the warm season, hoping to reach the masses. I was opposed to the meeting as the theater is only a few blocks down from Centenary, our church being filled night after night. I believed my work would, in a measure, be estopped. I was waited on by a committee, and requested to give the opening sermon. After reflection and consultation I reluctantly consented to preach the first sermon, which I did on May 2d. The house was filled with representatives from all the Churches. I aimed to do good to those who heard. A brother filled my pulpit, having about half the usual audience.

Wishing to add my testimony to the great value of Mrs. Martha K. Cupples' work in behalf of our Orphans' Home, by request of Dr. Thomas M. Finney, I prepared an address and delivered it at the memorial service. This beautiful structure is due to her love for the orphan, and will speak her praise when our heads will lie under the sod.

On June 25th, Dr. J. W Lewis was buried from St. John's Church, which he served for several years. He also served Centenary, and held other positions in our Church in connection with our city work. For a few years past he gave evident signs of decline.

Steadily the tabernacle was being taken down, until the last eventful day dawned, when his soul passed out to be with God. In his prime he wielded a great influence over his brethren; few, if any, exerted a greater. Many friends gathered to attend his funeral and the occasion was deeply impressive. One by one the workmen fall, but the work goes on.

Our efforts to save men did not abate even through a blazing August. Dr. C. M. Hawkins gave a short but remarkably appropriate sermon to the children of the afternoon Sunday-School the first Sunday of this month. We had a large number forward for prayers, and at the close seventeen gave their names as applicants for membership. Thus we continue to reach down amongst the youths hoping to start them on a career of right living. At night Bishop Hargrove gave our people a clear and strong discourse, edifying as well as instructive. The Bishop was delighted to see such an audience on an August Sunday night. Three were received into the Church. Bishop Hargrove is not demonstrative, in the pulpit or out of it, but is a man amongst men, and of great will-power. He has a judicial mind and can not be swerved from his convictions. He is every inch a gentleman in manner, and courtly in bearing. He was on his way West to hold some Conferences, and was accompanied by his talented wife, a lady noted for her zeal in propagating the Gospel. During this month my son-in-law, Dr. John O. Keener, made us a visit and gave us a very fine discourse, after the vigorous style of his father, the Bishop. Dr. Keener is president of the Southern University, Greensboro, Alabama. He is highly esteemed by his Alabama brethren. He is a charming spirit.

This week the State Sunday-School Convention convened at the Pilgrim Congregational Church. Delegates were in attendance from all over the State and much enthusiasm was evinced. This organization is doing a thorough work in out-of-the-way places. Here I heard for the first time the celebrated Sunday-School worker, Dr. H. M. Hamill, of whom I had read much, and I wondered if he was the son of my old Alabama friend, Rev. E. J. Hamill. In his address he spoke of my presence; stated that, when he was a lad, I had received him into the Church in the town of Auburn, Alabama. I was pastor there at the breaking out of the Civil War. One may imagine what a thrill of joy swept over my soul, as he referred to my being an instrument in his salvation. My eyes filled with tears and my gratitude to God was great. Dr. Hamill's fame is as wide as our Christian civilization. I had not met him, as he lived in what was called the East. From the very beginning of my ministry I made it an object to get hold of youths and young men. Having made a persistent effort to win against the temptations of young manhood, I studied the vital questions facing the young, and in every charge the young men rallied around me. As a rule more men attended my ministry than females. On one occasion Bishop Key was preaching in Centenary, when turning to me he asked, "Is it not true,

Doctor, that more females attend Church than males?" I answered instantly, "No, sir!" In some of my charges, I have, in closing, directed attention to the presence of three "black heads"—men—to one woman. In a pleasant way, in a notable Church, just before the benediction, I called the name of a Steward, saying, "Look around, brother, and see four to one!" Young people want a message from the heart. All along, with a considerable class of ministers, I have been discounted for the use of the very means which won so many young hearts to Christ's cause.

A Church Conference was held and name by name gone over until we reached the end of the list, and a number erased by order of the Conference. Another perplexity confronted the pastor: how to secure reports from the different societies that a right report might be made up to answer disciplinary questions. To do so, eight reports were necessary. The last day arrived and one or two reports not in! One hour before starting for the annual gathering a messenger appeared with a report. As I was about to step into the car I laid down my burden of responsibility, feeling "What next?" This closed my fourth year of my second pastorate at Centenary—years of wear and tear; years of some trials, but rich in joy! As usual, gossip abounded as to the pastor for the next year. The city papers caught on to rumors and made a number of glaring guesses.

This month attended thirty-eight services. Delivered three lectures to aid brethren to secure collections. In reflections on the work of the year one had a right to recall the fifth verse of the 24th Psalm. The Revised Version is meaningful: "They looked unto Him, and were radiant." My soul was radiant to think I had passed beyond my threescore and ten years, and was closing one of the most successful pastorates of my long career, and my bow still abiding in strength.

CHAPTER XLI.

Fifth Year of Second Pastorate at Centenary.

This year, the body met at the thriving town of Doniphan, Bishop Wilson presiding. Mrs. Mathews, as representative of missionary work, accompanied me. We were domiciled near the church with an elegant family. Rev. W S. Woodard of the Southwest Missouri Conference was a visitor. He is a veteran and honored by his brethren. His devotion to the Church is as earnest as in his prime he stood shoulded to shoulder with the brave warriors in Christ's army. As the session neared the close, report No. 2 of the Sunday-School Board recommended the appointment of John Mathews as Sunday-School agent, and the report was adopted. When the Bishop arose in his place to announce the appointments, everything was as still as death. It is a supreme moment to each minister. His destiny may hinge upon the utterance of a single individual. When Centenary Church was called, Bishop Wilson announced "To be supplied by Abram E. Nelson!" Thus the Minutes read. This young man had agreed, through the Official Board of that Church, to accept the position as supply, with the understanding that I was to hold the reins and fill the pulpit. I was announced as Sunday-School Agent.

In accepting this work, God knows but one motive actuated me —to do His providential will. The congregation received me back joyfully. I had acted upon Dr. Chalmers' idea, who said, "The only popularity worth aspiring after, is the popularity won in the bosom of families and at the side of death-beds." In the homes of both rich and poor I had gone around seeking to scatter sunshine, as children scatter flowers they have gathered in the fields. In preaching, my aim was to have men accept Christ's view of what human life should be. The world has accepted many of His views but not this one. In my teaching, the purpose was to show that the Divine One deals with personality, deals with each soul as if the only individual on earth. Gœthe believed this, and in one of his touching lines says, "The universe is simply God and I."

During this month, I buried one of our oldest Stewards, and for many years a class-leader. He was aged seventy-six years, and lived from youth on up to his death wearing God's harness. A good man, strong in faith, and glorifying God until the end came, Wesley Nichols held the esteem of all. He was a Christian in every sense of the term. One by one the older brethren are dropping out of the ranks. Few remain; of these we name Anderson, Dr. Scott, and Deems. Nobly have they stood by old Centenary!

Made a flying trip to Kansas City, at the urgent solicitation of

my son-in-law, Rev. Dr. Hawkins, pastor of Troost Avenue. I delivered five sermons to the people. Many of my old parishioners attended the meeting. We had a profitable time.

On the 25th, was held our annual Thanksgiving service. All our Churches gathered at Centenary to hear the preacher for the day, Rev. J. M. Moore, pastor of Marvin Church. He gave us an excellent sermon, bristling with good thoughts. The demands upon me, for this month, were many and heavy; but Grace enabled me to meet them all. Inward support was given, and I might add, unseen hands brought leaves from the Tree of Life for my nourishment. Matthew Arnold said, "The distinguishing feature of the Christian religion is its inwardness." Hence, I emphasize experimental religion.

December came in with its gusts, rain and snow, but our people do not fear to face the elements to obtain special blessings. Each first Sunday is our communion service. All seem anxious to be present. It has been remarked over and over again the large number of communicants, particularly young men. We are training an army for future battles with sin. Now and then some saint bubbles over and in suppressed breath, "Glory to God" is heard! These peeps into our Church life may show that spiritual religion is not extinct. At the after-meeting on the next Sunday, seven were received into the Church. Have we not a right to sing praises to our Lord and Savior for the power of the Holy Spirit! Man possesses power to make a spark of electricity obey him; why not God a bolt of electricity? In other words God can control spiritual forces and help men into His Kingdom.

On the last night of the year we met in class at 7:30, and at 9 o'clock met to hold our Watch-Meeting. The leading evening journal gave the public a full account of the meeting. Here are some extracts: "A thousand city people sat in solemn silence in the great auditorium of Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church, South, New Year's eve. Rev. Dr. Mathews, the venerable pastor, looked smilingly over his congregation as his mind went back nearly half a century to the time when 'Watch-Meetings,' were the sword and buckler of Methodism, the glory of a fast-disappearing custom. In the left-hand corner of the church were a bunch of brethren who had attended Watch-Meetings when most men now in active life were small boys, and who knew well how the fervent 'Amens' and the unctious 'Lord, bless us,' had turned many hearts to God with fear and trembling. In the right-hand corner were famous bankers, business men and lawyers—notable men of a big city, humble, devout and observant. It was just 9 o'clock when Dr. Mathews arose and stood for a moment under the electric light, the white flame reflecting upon his bald head and snow-white hair. 'There has been some misunderstanding to-night,' he said, 'our organist is not here and our music—.' An old brother in the corner could not wait for the remainder of the announcement. In a high tremulous key he

broke forth: 'Come, Thou Fount of every blessing.' Before the first line was finished the congregation joined in, and in a few moments an immense volume of song poured from the audience. Brother Charles Lanham acted as chorister. With loud and well-rounded voice, he led the people's voices into swelling notes of praise, and at the close of every verse Dr. Mathews started the next verse without giving anybody a chance to renew their breath. Then was sung, 'Jesus, Lover of my soul.' This was followed by a tender and heartfelt prayer by a young brother. There were those in the audience who felt themselves receding into the misty past, and saying to themselves: 'Glorious old days, weren't they!' It seemed odd to see the time-honored 'Amen corner' occupied by such modern people as President Baker of the Continental National Bank, Murray Carleton, wholesale merchant, and ex-Insurance Commissioner Waddill. At the close of this young brother's prayer, up jumped Dr. Mathews, and with that soul-stirring voice of his, he began to sing, 'Lord I care not for riches, neither silver nor gold!' And how they did sing! Everybody warmed up, and those who had forgotten the words 'la-la-d' and hummed through it, as though they couldn't keep still. Then when they came to the chorus a great shout went up:

'Is my name written there? on the page white and fair,
In the book of Thy kingdom, is my name written there?'

A few words from the pastor, then he requested Brother Smith, pastor of Kirkwood Church, to lead in prayer. It was a remarkable prayer and when the amen was uttered, 'Nothing but the blood of Jesus,' shouted Dr. Mathews as he rose from his knees, 'Everybody sing.' You never heard such music since you were a boy. It fairly got under your sin-scarred soul and made the blood tingle like an electric shock! It was catching. Even the policeman who had dropped in to warm his feet, hummed away at the beautiful refrain and forgot to return at once to his cheerless and desolate round. 'Blessed words!—sing them again!' said the pastor, as he walked up and down the main aisle, clapping his hands and singing like the very spirit of music inspired. Then City Chaplain Hagerty talked. It was a very useful talk. After another spirited song, Brother Smith talked appropriately and impressively. Then the Doctor struck up his favorite hymn,

'Oh, do not be discouraged, for Jesus is your freind,
And if you lack for knowledge, He'll not refuse to lead.'

How the congregation did shout when the chorus came on 'Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, I shall wear!' This was followed by another prayer by Chaplain Hagerty. It was a touching and eloquent prayer, perhaps the best of the evening, and when it ended the congregation sang, 'Come, ye that love the Lord, and let your joys be known!' When they reached the chorus, 'Marching to Zion,' the walls reëchoed with the fervent sounds. Dr. Mathews

made a short talk in his characteristic way. It was a fervent appeal and produced thrilling effects. A call was made, as the brethren broke out in the ancient hymn,

'I hear Thy welcome voice, that calls me Lord to Thee,
For cleansing in Thy precious blood, that flowed on Calvary.'

What a rousing time it was! Several approached to join the Church. The occasion was becoming dramatic. Once more the congregation sang; this time, a weird and fascinating melody that had come down to them from tradition. This is the way it ran:

'Oh, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, the Lamb of Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain, but lives again to intercede for me.'

Over and over again they sang it, amid shouts of joy and a religious fervor that seemed to chain them to the tune, and it was with apparent regret that they finally paused. It was now past 11 o'clock. By and by a hush fell upon the great congregation. Dr. Mathews looked at the clock. There were only five minutes more of the passing year, and they spent it in profound silence, as though an Angel of the Lord were passing over the city and marking the lintels. When midnight came, they arose and sang, with glad and joyous hearts, the oldest and best song of them all,

'Come, let us anew, our journey pursue,
Roll 'round with the year,
And never stand still 'till the Master appear!
His adorable will, let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.' "

Such, in part, is a reporter's view of the closing exercises of the year 1897.

First of January, 1898. The new calendar year opened encouragingly. Our Sunday service was delightful. A very large communion, then received five into the Church. At night, in our after-meeting, five professed conversion and five others united with the Church. At the following prayer-meeting we had one conversion. These facts reveal a working force behind the preacher. If a Church sits down, it is lost. Some Churches are like certain individuals, who sit behind the window pane and ruminate, and coddle their disappointments. Others love repose and serenity, and are self-inspectors; they fail to coöperate with the pastor, and little is accomplished. The editor of the St. Louis *Christian Advocate* visited our prayer-meeting, and wrote an article headed, "A Thrilling Conversion." In the article, he said: "It was 9 o'clock last Wednesday night when the venerable pastor was about to dismiss the several hundred who had braved the rain, the mud and melting ice to attend the mid-week prayer-meeting of old Centenary. The usual invitation was given: 'If any one wishes the prayers of the Church, or to apply for membership, by letter, or on profession, let them now come forward while we sing.' A tastily dressed, modest,

earnest-looking lady walked quietly forward and knelt at a chair. Several prayers were offered in her behalf. The pastor dismissed the audience, but at least one hundred were so intensely interested in the penitent woman whose partially suppressed sobs and groans indicated a depth of conviction and earnestness so extraordinary, that they had no inclination to leave. Possibly there were one hundred and twenty of one accord, one desire, and of one faith, and all evidently feeling that they were nigh unto a sudden rejoicing in the presence of the angels. The scene is doubtless indelibly impressed on the memories of many who witnessed it. It was nigh unto 10 o'clock. The president of a great metropolitan bank, an extensive manufacturer, and the president of a wholesale dry-goods company, were all on their knees around the penitent. All, with tears in their eyes and voices, had offered prayers, childlike in tenderness and faith. Two ladies from humbler spheres in life, poor in gold, but rich in faith, powerful in prayer and living very near to the Lord, were also kneeling near to the penitent, who was a stranger to all. The young man leading the music, who was raised a Presbyterian, and somewhat dazed by such an environment, was at a loss to select hymns exactly suited to the occasion. After many of the modern hymns, there was a sudden silence, which was broken by some one starting without book or organ accompaniment:

'Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Savior and my God.'

The entire audience chimed in with a soft, sweet unity in time and tone and heart. When we reached the third stanza,

' 'Tis done, the great transaction 's done!
I am my Lord's and He is mine'—

The penitent, still on her knees, threw up her hands, and with a face as radiant as if an electric search-light had been turned on from the throne of God, began to shout in such a way as to overwhelm herself with astonishment. The face of Dr. Mathews was as radiant as a full moon, and the audience was instantly on foot, praising the Lord! Such a sight was worth all the books ever written on the evidences of Christianity!"

That man, famous on account of his peculiar view of holiness and his consecrated life, Rev. F. B. Myer, of London, visited St. Louis, and preached at the Pilgrim Congregational Church several times early in February. One of the daily journals thus characterizes this man: "Dr. Myer is preeminently a man of God. Like John, the beloved disciple, he seems to stand within the inner circle of his Divine Master. He deals more with the subjective than the objective; more with the fountain of spiritual life, than the stream that flows therefrom. He is therefore, preeminently adapted to be a 'teacher of teachers.' He is a veritable spiritual dynamo, communicating power to all with whom he comes in contact. The sermon on Sunday afternoon, on 'The Work of the Holy Spirit,' was

an awe-inspiring discourse; a solemn hush rested upon the multitude, and one could but realize God was in the place in impressive power." He is the leader of that school of theology which urges holiness, not in the sense that sin is eradicated, but suppressed. Dr. Chapman, the evangelist, accepts this view, and many of the most eminent workers in England and America.

One of our most faithful attendants on our class-meetings, is John Langhauser, a man gifted in speech and full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The Jewish Synagogue on the corner of Seventeenth and Pine Streets, in the rear of Centenary, was sold, and to our amazement reconstructed and turned into a second-class theater. We were helpless. The owners built their engine-house against our church. We consulted lawyers, but met with no encouragement. Are we to be run out of our nest? In our extremity all hands were urged to pray God to make the theater a failure. The daily papers wrote much about Dr. Mathews "praying down the theater." This Brother Langhauser, at every meeting, would talk to God about this nuisance, and pray with an ardor sometimes startling. He pressed, as did others, the matter before God, and never ceased until the theater closed for want of patronage. In a short time the house was torn down and the materials carted away. Who dare say, God does not answer true prayer! That corner is vacant to this day. There was a high time in that meeeting when the Lord stopped our enemies!

The work was extending, week by week people were being converted. This fact only whetted the appetite of the best of our members and they proposed a special revival service. For weeks the Stewards' prayer-meeting had been going on with cheering results. A messenger was sent to Chicago to hear an East Indian evangelist who was creating quite a furore there. This man was a specialist in religion. I did not want him, but was willing for the laymen to have their desire. Providence did not favor his coming to St. Louis. Some were sorely disappointed when the messenger reported unfavorably. At one of our prayer-meetings, a Brother Connelly dropped in upon us and gave us a stirring talk. Two or three of our leaders said to me, "Let us try him." I assented, and we began a meeting which lasted through many nights. This brother preached in the old way, making war upon sin and urging repentance upon all. Sometimes his words were like thunder, and every night for sometime we had from four to eight conversions. For over two weeks the meeting went on, and God blessed many souls. Fully fifty professed conversion. Brother Connelly did a fine work, and went into the field fully endorsed by our Church as an evangelist.

Near the close of March, Rev. C. P Masden, D. D., after an absence of four years, returned on a visit. For three years he was the energetic pastor of Union Methodist Episcopal Church. In the St. Louis *Christian Advocate* he gives an account of how he spent the Sabbath. In the morning he attended the Unitarian Church to

hear a noted man, a sociologist, George B. Herron. He then adds: "In the evening I went to the Centenary Methodist Church, South, Rev. John Mathews, pastor. Here I found a down town church, yet filled with more than one thousand five hundred people, every available seat being occupied with earnest listeners to the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ. Dr. Mathews is the only Methodist pastor who has remained longer than myself. We were neighbors and friends for eight years. I was delighted to see his growing influence in this great city. No pastor has preached to so many people and for so long a time here as Dr. Mathews. He is a practical example of how to reach the masses in a great city. He is a study for evangelical Churches, as to methods, preaching, personal influence and organization. Age does not diminish his power, nor time weaken his influence. He is stronger in the public esteem of the city and has a firmer hold on the hearts of the people than ever before."

During the month of April, "A Layman's Club," was organized, for augmenting the social life of our Methodism. The *Globe-Democrat* said: "A celebration unique in its design, will take place next Thursday evening at the Planters' Hotel. This club, which was first thought of about a year ago, and which is now well organized, with one hundred members, will be a sort of monument to the venerable Dr. John Mathews, for it was the good cheer incident to the Semi-Centennial Banquet given Dr. Mathews in January, 1897, that led the laymen to think about forming a club."

The organization known as the "Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers," held their annual meeting in our city. By request, I delivered the annual sermon in Centenary Church on the 15th of May. A Monday morning journal had a lengthy synopsis of the discourse. The reporter said, "There was something impressive about the services at the Centenary Methodist Church, yesterday morning, in honor of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. The preacher said in part: 'It has been taught as a principle that all upward movements have been and still are more or less insurrectionary. What a wonderful disturbance did the setting up of Christ's new Kingdom create! Christianity brought this great truth of the brotherhood of men into the world and set it in the heart of society, where it will remain, working out the unification of humanity. The very keystone of Christianity is, God is no respecter of persons. Will East and West, Latin, English and Oriental fuse? How exhilarating the sensation produced by such a prospect! What rapture it gives to man? Life thrives on expenditure. Pour yourself abroad upon humanity in the spirit of Christ! The best is not obtained by self-suppression, but by letting loose passion on noble ends.'"

In an article published in the Alabama *Christian Advocate*, Dr. Jesse Wood gave a glowing account of a District Conference held in the Montgomery District, Alabama, in 1866. He named eight men, every one of whom has passed into Heaven but myself, and I stand

on the margin of the river listening for the splash of the oarsman—Death. Joseph B. Cottrell, the metaphysician, and bright as a sunbeam; B. B. Ross, the saintly; O. R. Blue, clear and cold as a moonbeam, but true as steel; George W F. Price, gifted with a flow of language never surpassed; and Dr. A. L. P Green, of Nashville, Tennessee, a man amongst men. Dr. Wood says, "Friday evening we had arranged to have a good Sunday-School rally. The speakers on this special occasion were J. B. Cottrell, John Mathews, G. W F Price, and A. L. P Green. I doubt if such a galaxy of talent has ever been surpassed on any similar occasion. During the opening exercises, Brother Price whispered to me, 'Please let me speak before Mathews; I want to say some funny things, and I am afraid to come after Mathews.' The request was granted. First, came J. B. Cottrell, noted then, as afterwards, for his philosophical, or rather metaphysical turn of mind; but on this occasion a funny streak, which often asserted itself, took possession of his mind, and his speech ran entirely to the humorous. The children and their parents were delighted, and thought they surely were getting the best first. Price and Mathews were the sober-looking individuals present. Then came George W F. Price. I verily expected that he would change his avowed purpose to make a humorous speech and give us the philosophy we had expected from Cottrell, or else the eloquent literary and elocutionary exhibit which was as natural to Price as common talk to other people. But no; Price ran direct into the humorous, though he made it exceedingly literary by the marvelous number of quotations from 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' which he wove in. I was sitting by Mathews, and in the midst of the hilarity which Price's speech produced, he whispered to me, 'He is taking all the wind out of my sails,' and I verily thought it was so. After some singing, John Mathews was announced. Instead of the two preceding speeches taking the wind out of his sails they seemed to have produced a gale, a tornado, a cyclone in his mind, and such a speech as he made I have never heard before nor since. Cottrell and Price had all the balance of us laughing and applauding. Only Dr. Green remained sober. He sat as thoughtful as if he were meditating a removal of the Publishing House from Nashville. Finally, when it seemed that every good thing, and especially every funny thing possible on such an occasion had been said, and the audience had rejoiced and laughed until exhausted, it came Dr. Green's turn to speak. O. R. Blue must have read my thoughts, for he said to me, 'You need not be uneasy; he never misses fire.' There was only one of his kind. To describe his speech would be impossible; but after more than thirty years the memory of it remains with me as beautiful, pathetic, humorous, philosophical and spiritual. It was a masterpiece. I have been hungry to hear four such speeches; but I have not, nor shall I, because those four men can not again be brought together on a like occasion."

On the night of the 3d of July, Dr. Tillet, dean of the Theo-

logical Department, of Vanderbilt University, by invitation occupied Centenary's pulpit. His discourse was on "Hymnology." It was a valuable and enlightening sermon. He is master of his theme. This was my first acquaintance with this genial and learned theologian.

My life has not been without storms. I have sailed against many a head wind; sometimes, almost swamped in the storm and had to cry out, "Master, carest thou not that I perish!" In the earlier years the small critics nearly ruined me, but Grace was given and I passed through the anguish with tears dripping down my cheeks; but when my latitude was taken I was heading in the right direction. Owing to my peculiar relation to Centenary this year, much has been said pro and con; while I did not wish to hear, and though I thrust my fingers into my ears, sometimes the words would creep in under my fingers. Now as the year is winding to a close, it can be said this has been the most prosperous of the nine years at Centenary Church.

Mrs. E. M. Eckert was one of the most religious women I ever met; withal she was peculiar, but under her peculiarities ran a faith and a love which held her close to the very heart of God. Her life was hid with Christ in God, and her soul was absorbed in the principles of her Divine Master. The needle was not truer to its pole than she to whom she gave her heart when life was in its spring-time. Death found her with oil in her vessel ready to enter the marriage feast. She cared nothing for what the fashionable highly prize, but seized great principles and incorporated them into her life. She deeply impressed my heart, both in her living and dying.

On the 14th of August, Bishop Candler was in the city and at night preached for our people. This is his first Episcopal tour, and he seems fresh and vigorous. He reminds one of a pine-knot, so strongly is he welded together. He is short, heavy-set, and constructed for endurance. A vast audience greeted him. While the congregation was singing an old-time hymn, as he looked over the sea of faces, he turned to me saying, "Mathews, where do all these people come from?" I replied, "From all over the city." He preached well. Was jaded and tired, having been interviewed by many in connection with Church work in this his District. I did not speak to him about my reappointment; but, using his hands to illustrate, he said, "I have received a stack of letters so high, from many sources, asking your return to Centenary Church." He gave me reasons for his refusal, and I had nothing to say. The daily papers were full of gossip as to Centenary, and my future. I could have been returned without a violation of law. My conviction was that I had better leave the city, as in going to another Church in the city some would follow me, and thus bad feeling would be created.

During the summer, Judge Laws, of Arkansas, whose business led him over the country, called at my office, and laid before me a plan for what he termed, a "Bible School," assuring me he had the

promise, made by a millionaire lady of California, to aid him in his object to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, with which to erect what he called a "Temple," and in it develop his enterprise. He visited me time and again, but I declined to take charge of any outside work. Even after I had been settled in my new charge, in Nashville, Tennessee, he wrote pressing me to return to St. Louis, and take charge of a work dear to his heart—to teach poor children the Word of God. I did not even entertain his proposition as feasible. When it became known that my pastorate at Centenary would close in September, another proposition was made to me by Mr. D. R. Wolf, a very active Christian worker, and an elder in Dr. Nichols' Church, to take charge of a large missionary enterprise down in town, in a section of the city needing Christian influence. The plan was, to secure a certain spacious building in which the great daily, *The Republic,* was published. He even brought a drawing by an architect, a view of how the transformed building would look. He believed he could raise the funds necessary to put it in operation—about sixty thousand dollars. He had broad views of such an enterprise, and did not question success if I would take charge. I appreciated his proposition, but urged my age as in the way. He replied that all necessary help would be secured. Another objection I urged was, "It would necessitate a severance from my Church relations to undertake an independent enterprise." He then replied, that I might make it a Methodist Church—so the work would be accomplished. It was a tempting offer, because a wide field opened before an earnest worker; but I preferred ending my career in the itineracy, where from boyhood I had served my Divine Lord. Mr. Wolf is large-hearted, and an honor to the great Church of which he is a member.

On Sunday the 18th of September, I occupied Centenary pulpit, as pastor, for the last time. I appreciated the coming of the many to hear me after serving them for nine years. I would have been more than human not to feel the separation from so many of my spiritual children; from families where I had ministered to their sick and dying. It was no small trial to sunder ties which had bound our hearts together. My parting text was taken from the 73d Psalm, and 24th verse: "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." A great audience heard my suggestions and parting advice. Thus ended my work in St. Louis. The report has passed up to God. What He will say, I know not. I have often felt a fear in my heart, when I think of one sentence, "Wo, to a good life, if God should lay aside His mercy when He examines into it!"

CHAPTER XLII.

First Year at McKendree, Nashville.

I attended the session of the Conference at De Soto, and appreciated the many kindly regrets expressed in anticipation of my transfer to another Conference. This was Bishop Candler's first appearance at a St. Louis Conference. He presided with ease and guided the helm with care. He was full of wise counsel, and how he did preach on Sunday! His sermon made a profound impression; besides its intellectuality, truth came red-hot out of his heart. Being appointed to preach to my brethren, we had a hallelujah time. There was shouting, singing, and rejoicing. God was with us in power. At the close of the announcement of the appointments, Bishop Candler announced my transfer.

A Monday evening paper said, "There was an affecting scene Sunday morning at Centenary Methodist Church, when Dr. John Mathews, the beloved former pastor transferred his charge into the hands of the Rev. Dr. J. H. Young, recently of Baltimore. The old pastor said little about himself, but urged his hearers to take the new pastor to their hearts and help him in his work. There were few dry eyes in the congregation when Dr. Mathews finished his address." Dr. Young then replied briefly, and announced his text, "They took knowledge that they had been with Jesus." This sermon was an outline of the ideal life of the Christian.

The Tennessee Annual Conference assembled in Clarksville, October 19th, 1898. Bishop J. S. Key being in charge, transferred me back to this body which I joined in 1846. I did not attend the session, and was notified by telegram of my appointment to that noble and lóng famous church—McKendree, in Nashville. Nashville Methodism had just passed through a time of trial, and I feared I might become involved in it. The best of men and committees often disagree as to the best course to pursue. In considering the situation, I knew the profoundest truth in the human constitution is a longing of the soul after One to lay the hand upon that shall return the grasp. As years thicken upon me more than ever do I feel the need of a Person, not things. Throwing myself upon the friendship of Christ I felt that the supplies of God were inexhaustible. I remind myself of the Eastern story of a King who annually would get on the scales, while on the other end were placed gold, silver, and gems, enough to balance the King; then all these treasures were thrown amongst the people. Christ places himself on one side the scales, and on the other are all the treasures of the world, and says "All are yours." With a hopeful heart I turned my face

toward my new field of labor and reached Nashville, October 27th. A bevy of Stewards, in company with my nephew, Mr. Andrew F. Mathews, and his daughter, Miss Ethel, met me at the train. The company were more than cordial. In a few minutes we were wheeled away to the residence of my nephew.

On Friday morning I took possession of the pastor's office. Not anticipating my presence no fire had been lighted by the janitor. I was chilled to the core; the result was a severe cold which affected me so as to almost unfit me for the pulpit on the coming Sabbath. Information was given me to call upon Mr. J. U. Rust, Superintendent of the Sunday-School, who could give me full information about the Church. We met, and at once I took him to my heart, and ever after found him a coworker of extraordinary value. Stepped over to the Methodist Publishing House, and was introduced to the heads of departments. The greeting was warm and encouraging. Before leaving St. Louis I had decided to open my new work with a discourse to which I had given much thought and with which I was familiar. To my surprise I found I had left my brief in St. Louis. Circumstances seemed against me. While at Guthrie for supper some one entered the car and stole my umbrella, then I lost a box out of my pocket, perhaps my pocket was picked, and now my "pet" sermon was missing! The technical name for such a discourse amongst preachers, is "Sugar Stick!" Sunday, October 30th, opened bright and inspiring, but the cold I had taken so affected me I was hardly myself. On reaching the lecture-room to attend Sunday-School I found a large audience present; flowers and evergreen plants abounded. The Superintendent had an impromptu reception, and short talks were made by representatives of the different arms of Church service. These talks were informal—words of welcome to the new pastor. It was a delightful surprise, and very gratifying. At 11 a. m., preached forty minutes on "The Necessity of Transforming Power." The congregation crowded the church, quite a number were turned away. I did not have my usual freedom, but the congregation was none the wiser for that. True to my custom, persons were given an opportunity to unite with the Church, and two did so. At 8 p. m., the congregation not large. My subject was "Disappointment"—Elijah under the Juniper tree. Had two penitents at the altar. This Church had a choir of fine singers. With two mourners at the altar, and while Dr. Denny was offering up a very earnest prayer, I concluded artistic music would not prove appropriate to the condition of penitents, so I hurriedly concluded to sing a solo; and the Doctor had hardly said "Amen" when I struck up my favorite chorus:

"Oh, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, the Lamb of Calvary,
The Lamb that was slain, but lives again to intercede for me."

Choir and audience were surprised, but before the hymn was finished many were in tears.

Recalling my past earnestness in my line of life, I resolved to

put forth my best energies into my new field. First, I sought to make friends; believing with Drummond, who says, "Friendship is the nearest thing we know to what religion is," my plan of the past was emphasized by seeking to form new friendships. Second, I determined to press the Gospel with unfaltering earnestness. Emerson said, "Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the product of enthusiasm." When a man has lost his earnestness in any particular line of work, he might as well abandon the enterprise, for he will not be successful. Long years ago I learned, that an impassioned heart draws the whole man, body, will, and intelligence, after it. It is locomotive engineering; it is tide, and it is wind. The reason some ministers fail, is not for the want of "culture," but for want of earnestness. They may be orthodox but never take fire in the pulpit. "Their sermons are full of brains, but no blood. The dinner they serve on Sunday is elaborately prepared, but cold." I had learned from a long acquaintance that the reason others fail is, they preach on crotchety subjects while souls are perishing. They are "sending, like Nero, to Alexandria, for sand for the arena, while Rome is needing bread."

On Monday morning, with a deeply embedded purpose, I began my daily task. Turning my steps towards the Publishing House I found myself at the Preachers' Meeting. The ministers gave me a most cordial welcome, and much to my surprise they elected me president. In St. Louis, the Presiding Elder took the chair by virtue of his office. At night met the Board of Stewards, to arrange for the year. Financial plan adopted, ushers appointed, and committees for the year. On Tuesday I had such a cold I was compelled to keep my bed. At night dined with the Manier family, to which I became devotedly attached on account of their devotion to the best interests of the Church. Being anxious to keep house, with the kindly assistance of Mrs. McHenry I found a furnished house on South Spruce Street. After arranging for its occupancy, Mrs. Claiborne, one of our most pious members, called to accompany me to see Mrs. J. Horton Fall, a dear lover of McKendree Church. On Wednesday night attended the mid-week meeting. Not an encouraging outlook; had a short service, as I was unwell.

One of the earnest workers of the Church, Mrs. Harwell, whom I had known in years gone by, called to accompany me to see a cripple member, a Brother Hard, who had attended my Sunday-School in Old Andrew charge, when I was pastor there in 1851. He resides in East Nashville. The visit was pleasant, and I hope not without profit. A review of the past was full of interest to us both.

The next day began a regular tour of visitation. Learning of the illness of Brother Frith, one of our Stewards, called at once, found him better, and we joined in prayer for his speedy restoration. Found him to be the salt of the earth, and one who was always at his post.

At our mid-week meeting had what some of the leaders called

a good attendance. Seemed small to me. A young preacher who had belonged to Centenary Church in St. Louis, at the close of the meeting said to me, "Doctor, why don't you do here as in St. Louis?" My reply was, "If you have only four yards of cloth you can not make a longtailed coat out of it!" He referred to the enthusiasm of that people and the spirited conduct of the meeting. We had few to lead in prayer, and while their prayers were sensible, they were not red-hot. In aiming to make these services a greater blessing, I propounded a few questions to some of the more active members. One lady, famous for her zeal on many lines, in response to a very simple question, answered in such a low voice that scarcely any one heard her. I said, "Sister, why did you not answer in as loud a tone as when we spoke on the street yesterday?" This most excellent lady was famous for her courage, or I had not dared to speak as I did. This was magnified, and a number of friends teased her no little!

On this Friday night the ladies of the Church tendered Mrs. Mathews and myself a public reception in the lecture-room. It was a brilliant affair. People poured in until 9 o'clock, when refreshments were served. We made the acquaintance of many persons, and those of different denominations. Everything was on an elaborate scale. On the next day met the ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. This organization, under the presidency of Mrs. Cunningham, has never been surpassed in its regular and ordinary contributions. Mrs. Cunningham, with her husband, spent several years as missionary in China. This remarkable woman has never relaxed her zeal. The result is one of the most active societies in the denomination.

Early in December, I organized a regular Methodist class-meeting. When Bishop Fitzgerald was editor of the Nashville *Christian Advocate,* he held class-meetings in this church which were greatly enjoyed by many. We organized with an attendance of twenty. This meeting was kept up through my quadrennium of service, sometimes going as high as sixty; never, the most stormy night, going below ten. Something remarkable that the second blessing people reinforced us and aided in making the occasion interesting. A few—very few—of the theologues attended. Those who did helped us very much.

On the 31st of December, my son-in-law, Rev. John O. Keener, D. D., passed from earth to Heaven. He had not yet reached the noon of manhood. He was, at the time of his death, president of the Southern University, Greensboro, Alabama. A few days before he had dropped in upon us unexpectedly, in Nashville, running up from Huntsville, the seat of the North Alabama Conference. He had preached on Sunday morning in the Presbyterian Church in that city; the furnace was out of fix, and the weather being cold he sickened, and never fully recovered. He was making his mark in the Church. The Rev Sam Jones, stated in a speech in Birmingham,

Alabama, had Dr. Keener lived until the next General Conference, he would have been elected a Bishop. Like his father, Bishop J. C. Keener, he had marked intellectuality. He was a fine preacher, a manly man, a devoted husband and a tender father. He was buried January 1, 1899, in Greensboro. About his last utterance was to repeat that grand paragraph, "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure, for a good man some would even dare to die. But God who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he loved us—commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

As heretofore for years, appointed Watch Night service, to begin at 9 p. m. It snowed all day, and stormed at night. A good number had promised to attend but the storm prevented their attendance. By count, we had even fifty in attendance. The meeting, however, was a blessing to all who were present. The consecration service was deeply impressive, our people pledging to seek a closer union with our Lord.

This New Year's day brings unquiet moods. Temptations assail me, as I think of a providence that allows the removal from earth of such a man as Dr. J. O. Keener. Such a meditation disquiets the soul, and yet the most unquiet moods are often the most promising. My past experience assured me that these assaults are often aids to higher success. We call them pressures. Stanley tells us in his "Dark Continent," that "When crossing a rapid stream, the natives put heavy stones on their heads to keep them from being carried away by the force of the current, and thus pass safely over." So when we come to these dangerous rapids in our lives, we are steadied by the pressure which hold us down. Reflections on this line led me to say, "Thy will be done." In a day or two I hastened to Greensboro, Alabama, to visit my daughter, Mrs. Keener, and arranged for her future residence with us in Nashville. I spent Sunday in that town, and preached in the Methodist Church in the morning. On my return, found the "Union Chapman Meeting" under way. The Ministers' Alliance invited this celebrated evangelist to hold a series of meetings in our city. The meeting was conducted in the great Tabernacle; Rev. Sam Jones said on one occasion that this is the most suitable building for revival meetings he ever saw. Mr. Chapman, as I heard him, is a delightful minister; holds to the Keswick theory of holiness—sin suppressed, not eradicated. The citizens poured out to hear him. He presented the tender truths of the Gospel, and pressed them with great earnestness. After many days' work, the results were not satisfactory; very few converts.

On January 22d, we had quite an impressive scene. After a few songs, prayers, and a brief talk by the pastor, an invitation was given to all who desired to be converted. Twenty-five of the scholars responded, cheering pastor, Superintendent Rust, and his corps of teachers. Society has great force in Nashville, and unless we

secure the young ere controlled by fashionable follies, they are swept into a course of life damaging to the soul.

At one of our Epworth League services, I tested the matter by asking all present who were members of McKendree to stand up. Nine responded. We had, however, a good representation of theologues. One young theologue, W A. Farmer, of Georgia, who for one so young was deeply versed in the things of God, gave an experience rich and rare, melting all hearts. He was a great help on spiritual lines. He remained with us through the year. Much to my regret, he joined the " Pentecostal Mission," a movement of the second blessing people, as more congenial to him. His zeal was refreshing.. That organization sent him to China, where he is working to help Christianize that empire. A few other theologues had joined us: J. Mark Jenkins, M. E. Holderness, M. C. Quilian, A. S. Singleton. These reinforced us, and I praised their fidelity and assistance.

Dr. D. C. Kelly, our Presiding Elder, at our second Quarterly Meeting, preached to us a remarkable discourse—remarkable because out of the ordinary way. He took no Scriptural text, but read some cutting from newspapers, and highly entertained the audience. Of course there were criticisms. I sometimes conclude the Doctor courts criticisms. He certainly entertains and has a host of friends.

Was invited to take part in the funeral service of Mrs. Hard, having been her pastor in 1851. Her membership was in Elm St. Church, into which the old Andrew charge had been merged. She was one of a very small group who remembered me as pastor of that Church. Mrs. Hard was a good and devoted Christian, and passed into eternity in fullness of faith.

Some time during March, a committee from Franklin, Tennessee, waited upon me, and urged me to give them a few days' service. After much persuasion, I consented, and went on the day after Easter. I preached eight sermons. The weather was unfavorable—rain was incessant, and circumstances seemed against us. We trusted good was accomplished. I was pastor there about forty-five years ago, but no one appeared to remember me. I visited the old church, now in the hands of the colored people, and felt strangely sad to think that every one who once crowded that home of prayer had passed into the beyond. I was delightfully entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Winstead.

Dr. G. W. F Price, a mighty man of culture was buried on the 9th day of April, 1899. His funeral took place from the college on Sunday afternoon. Several ministers were present; Bishop Fitzgerald, the Chief Pastor, led the exercises. I had known Dr. Price personally since 1859—longer than any one present. On his line for beauty of diction, I never knew his equal. He was a master of language. As he lay upon his dying pillow, hearing I had called, he would see me though visitors were forbidden. When I entered, old

memories of the time when we were both young men flooded his soul, and tears rolled down his cheeks. Reaching out his arms, he drew me down to his bosom, and whispered hcly words into my ear —words of hope and of Heaven.

On the first day of May, our pulpit was ably filled by Bishop Wilson. The gathering of so many representative men comprising the bench of Bishops and different Boards are of vast importance. The Board of Missions did a good deal of work, but it was determined to make a good rally in the interest of the educational work of the Church. A special service held in McKendree Church and Bishops Wilson and Candler were the chief speakers. I was called for, but hesitated to respond until Bishop Wilson, in the chair, requested me to say something. My talk was twenty-five minutes in length. It was rather a breezy talk, taking off a pessimistic brother whose views were discouraging. For a private citizen Colonel Cole's was the largest funeral I remember to have witnessed. Not only was the church packed, but the street crowded, by rich and poor. Why this demonstration? It was a testimonial to Christian integrity. Coming to Nashville in his youth, he rose to be its first citizen in private life. Bishop Hendrix preached the sermon. It was worthy the man and the occasion.

Early in the season I received an invitation to preach the commencement sermon at that great school, Woman's College, of Lynchburg, Virginia. On Sunday morning the college chapel was filled with an elegant Virginia audience. No one could desire a more attentive hearing than was given me. President W. W Smith deserves much of Methodism for projecting such an institution and carrying it to such a high grade in so short a period. His energy is displayed on every hand. Early on Monday, I was on my way to Blackstone, the site of another very prosperous female college, under the presidency of Rev. James Cannon. It has attained a large prosperity. Reaching the town early in the evening, I was conveyed to the college, where I refreshed the inner man, and was soon ready to enter upon the address. This college was crowded with pupils, and the audience that gathered in the chapel was inspiring. Being within reach of Baltimore, I left Blackstone on an early train, to visit my son-in-law and family, Rev. C. M. Hawkins, D. D., pastor of Trinity Church. My visit was short; only a couple of days spent with my children. I attended prayer-meeting at Trinity and was pleased to see so many persons in attendance. I was too weary to preach, but talked for eight or ten minutes. Having attended so many commencements, I became anxious to reach home and settle into routine work for the benefit of my own people.

During the month of July, McKendree lost two prominent characters. Judge Whitworth's funeral occurred on the 7th, and was attended by a large concourse of citizens. He wielded a strong influence in both civil and religious circles. For years he was a Steward, and took an active part in the affairs of McKendree. He

loved the Church, and was ever in attendance on her services. During the ten months I was his pastor, he was at every prayer-meeting. He died expressing strong faith in Christ. On the 30th we buried a man who filled the public eye fifty years ago more than any other man in public life. Rev. C. D. Elliot, D. D., the far-famed president of what was known throughout the South as "The Nashville Academy." Perhaps no man in the Southern States educated more wealthy and influential young ladies than this cultured man. In Church circles he created a great sensation by allowing dancing among his pupils. He was arraigned and tried, Dr. John B. McFerrin as prosecutor. The trial filled the journals of the day and gossip was busy on every side. He was suspended for a time. He left the Church, and after things quieted down returned to her bosom. He was eighty-nine at the time of his death. Having been an invalid, and confined to his home for years, he gradually dropped out of mind save by a few who knew of his splendid career, and a few whom he had educated.

At our first prayer-meeting in August, had two accessions. One of the city papers said I was making a specialty of prayer-meetings. This was needed. As I concluded the opening prayer, after a stirring hymn, I sat still in my chair, looking all around, then remarked, "I am wondering who will lead in prayer!" Then called on my wife. When we arose from our knees, I said, "I owe you an apology: this is the first time since coming to this Church I have called upon Mrs. Mathews! Please excuse me! I did not know any one else to call on!" By and by we had a number to lead in prayer.

At the age of ninety-nine, Miss Jane Thomas died. We buried her on the 22d of August. She was an active member of McKendree from her young womanhood. She took part in every effort to accomplish good. She knew the history of her Church and every old family in the city. She was not only honored by our people but loved for her spirit and good works. Old as she was, she delighted to attend on the sanctuary and was in her place only a short time before she passed the pearly gates.

Our fourth Quarterly Conference was held October 9th by Dr. D. C. Kelly, who made it interesting by probing to the core and calling out a true view of the condition of the Church. He had given us a stirring sermon on Sunday morning, and now was seeking to learn our exact status. He expressed satisfaction at the outcome.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Second Year at McKendree.

On October 18th, Conference convened in the beautiful Methodist Church, in Columbia, Bishop Charles B. Galloway, president. Fifty years ago, Methodism was as strong in influence as to-day. Columbia is one of our best appointments. The Bishop was in the chair to open at the appointed hour. He appeared in fine health and spirit, and filled the description of one in his position as described by an author: "The outside world looks for Bishops who will impress the public mind by their writings, or their eloquence, or by that indescribable combination of gifts that constitutes popularity;" but those who are concerned for the carrying forward of the Church's proper work will look for other things. Bishop Galloway is a writer and orator, and presents that indescribable combination of gifts that constitutes popularity, and the "other things" which are looked for by those concerned for the best good of the Church. Quite a number of official visitors were introduced and welcomed. Dr. E. E. Hoss, editor of the *Christian Advocate,* was on hand. His ability, and his genial nature secure to him the hearts of ministers. The Doctor's influence is of an enviable character. There too was Dr. John J. Tigert, book editor. His knowledge seems to be universal. Added to this fact is his beaming face and cheerful manner. He, too, is a favorite in the Tennessee Conference. We had with us, also, the much admired Sunday-School editor, Dr. James Atkins, who has become famous in keeping his department abreast of the times. Dr. Atkins is a thinker and a scholar. To know him is to admire. We had with us at this session, the eloquent Secretary of the Epworth League, Dr. H. M. DuBose. His is a kindly nature and wins young hearts on all sides. His energy is untiring and he is ready to lend a hand to any interest of value. He will succeed. At this Conference I met a few who knew me in 1847, while on the circuit which lies alongside of Columbia. Here too, after many years, I had the pleasure of meeting Rev. Wm. G. Dorris, now superannuated. He started on his first circuit in 1849, when I was pastor in Decatur, Alabama. That was his home. He went to his circuit, preached two or three times; being discouraged, he returned to Decatur. Spent a month with me in my office, and took a fresh start, and for fifty years went forth a herald of Life, filling many of the first appointments in the Conference. He was a handsome man, and amiable in his nature. At this session the old fire was rekindled on the altar of his heart, and he longed to reenter the active ranks. By resolution he was invited to preach a Semi-Centennial Sermon at

this session, and gave us a very entertaining review of the past. The Committee on Public Worship announced my name as the preacher for Friday night. The people gave me a very large hearing. As much as in me lay, I gave them my view of the work of God in saving a sinner. I was one hour in its delivery. On Sunday morning I preached at the Presbyterian Church, to a large congregation. The Conference having finished all its disciplinary and special work, attended with bated breath the answer to the forty-sixth question, "Where are the preachers stationed this year?" McKendree, being the first Church named, my name was announced in charge. According to an arrangement with the Official Board, H. L. Munger was given as an assistant. A young man of fine character, and full of promise. He led our music, and did a great deal of other work.

The Ministers' Alliance for weeks has been concerned over Rev Sam Jones holding evangelistic services in the city. He has been invited, and they are anxious to facilitate his work by every possible means. Both these eminent evangelists, Jones and Stuart, are to be in attendance and open the campaign on Sunday afternoon, March 4th, in the Tabernacle. It was a novel sight to witness the rush of the multitude to hear these celebrities, and it was evident that Jones' popularity has in no wise waned. Both these men are a great power in assailing sin. The large Tabernacle was crowded to hear this master evangelist, who was at his best. He was in great earnestness of spirit for a sweeping revival. These brethren alternated in preaching. Toward the close of the meeting Rev. Sam Small appeared. For seventeen days these great workers battled for the glory of God and the good of their fellow men. The conversions were not numerous, but hundreds were educated into the truth, who never go to the ordinary service of the Churches. Much good was accomplished.

On April 4th, I was called to assist at the funeral of Rev. Dr. W G. E. Cunningham. For several years he was a missionary in China; then elected Sunday-School Secretary, and for years edited our Sunday-School periodicals. He was a man of ability, and gave his life to bless others. He was also prominent for his deep piety. He was loved wherever known, and his sweet spirit exhibited the power of Grace in a human life. He was buried from McKendree Church, many of his ministerial brethren attending. He died as he lived, trusting in Christ our Lord. He was a saintly man. On the 10th of April, attended the funeral of my old friend, Rev. W G. Dorris, a superannuated minister of the Tennessee Conference. At our last session he preached at Columbia, a Semi-Centennial Sermon. He was a true man, and filled many of the leading charges in our Conference. On the 12th, I attended the funeral of Brother J. H. Frith, a Steward of McKendree for years, and one of our most pious members. He was highly esteemed for his Christian qualities. He was always in his place in the prayer-meetings. He is a great loss

to us, as he was a worker. On the next day, attended the funeral of Mrs. Frances Furman, a woman of large wealth; hers was a life, toward its close, crowded with anguish. In visiting her one was saddened to hear her sorrows. How she prayed, and sought an interest in the prayers of others! The bulk of her fortune she willed to Vanderbilt University. Some relatives contested the will, but it was decided in favor of the University; an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court which reversed the decision of the lower court. Afterwards the case was compromised; how, I never learned. Her estate was estimated to be worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

We observed Easter with a sermon on "Our Risen Lord." As usual, a great concourse was present to see the decorations and hear the special music. In the afternoon attended at Vanderbilt University to hear Bishop Granbery's first lecture of the Cole series. It was all his friends expected. Polished, elegant, clear and strong, on Christian experience. He is the St. John of our bench of Bishops and worthy of the love awarded him.

On the 20th, went to our South Street Church to attend the funeral of Rev. J. G. Rice, the pastor. Many of our preachers and members attended, and touching tributes were paid him. Humble, God-loving, faithful servant of our Lord, his life was as a city set on a hill. He wrought well and passed to the other side of death in hope.

The month of May has many claims, but brings to us waves of sweetened air, and when one turns to God's promises he finds that all the gates to Christian triumph open to all who knock. The soul can drink of the water of life freely. There is an old legend of a miraculous pitcher, that bubbled as fast as Baucis and Philemon drank. The Grace of God ever bubbles for that soul which seeks it. The State Christian Endeavor Union appointed a Love Feast at the First Presbyterian Church, and the committee invited me to lead it. It was an evening of blessedness. The denominations are coming closer together year by year. The Methodists shout forth—"None but Christ!" And the Presbyterians answer in ringing notes "None but Christ!" And our Baptist brethren shout back, "None but Christ!"

On the 10th of May, attended the Annual Meeting of the Board of Missions, at the Publishing House. The attendance was large and the interest deep. Dr. W R. Lambuth, the Secretary, had everything waiting for investigation, and ready for adoption or rejection. Missionaries from various fields were present, clamoring for larger appropriations to their fields of labor. Alas! the funds were insufficient for the demands. Dr. J. H. Prichett, Assistant Secretary, was on hand to furnish information on his line, and J. D. Hamilton, the Treasurer, had his reports all in order. The growing interest in the conversion of the world calls for larger contributions.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has a flourishing institution

located in Nashville for the education of the colored people. It is called Central College, or Walden University. The Baptists and Congregationalists also have flourishing institutions for a like purpose. They are helping the race, inspiring hope, and seeking to elevate their youths. The faculty of the Methodist institution invited me to preach the commencement sermon on the 27th of May. I gave them as a theme, "Colaborers With God." I was somewhat surprised at their solemn and staid demeanor. In years gone by I had charge of fifteen or more colored Churches, in connection with the white Churches. I know their excitable nature; but on this occasion they sang as solemnly as the old convenanters sang Psalms of David. They followed the steps of the whites with marked precision. They listened with great attention, but not an "Amen!" The president, Dr. Hamilton, is very active, and has his work on his heart.

By previous engagement I was booked for the commencement exercises of the Memphis Conference Female College, an old and famous institution. Jackson is a prosperous little city of which I had often read. President Jones received me and conveyed me to the delightful home of his brother. It rained heavily on Sunday morning, but we had a full house to which I discoursed on "The Value of Truth; an Enlightening Force." Preached again at night and delivered an address in the college on Monday. Had to hasten away to meet an engagement to attend another commencement.

In the fall of 1847, now fifty-three years ago, I was sent as Junior Preacher to what was called the Spring Hill Circuit. I am now on the programme for the address before the Spring Hill High School on the closing day. As usual on such occasions, there was hardly seating room for the people. My address was on "The Essential Culture." When I was about to close, old memories poured in upon my heart, and I inquired, "Is there any one present who remembers me when on this circuit fifty-three years ago? If so hold up a hand?" Two hands went up, but upon inquiry I found they remembered me when I was the stationed preacher there in 1855. Truly life is a shadow!

That afternoon was at home in time to attend my prayer-meeting, which was of interest to a goodly company. Our singing, led by my assistant, Brother Munger, was stirring. I walked down the aisle shaking hands with the people. At the close of the hymn, I turned to a young man and propounded the question, "Are you sorry you joined the Church?" An emphatic, "No." Turning to a lady whom I knew, I inquired, "Sister, do you really want to be saved?" Thus I went on, embarrassing no one by questions which they feared to answer. Sometimes ministers propound questions that put one's veracity to the test: as, "Are you sure you have the witness of the Spirit?" or questions of a like nature.

At class-meeting we had a delightful hour encouraging one another in the Lord. We had eighteen present, and some delightful experiences. Now and then a crank drops in. We had such an one present (not a member), who had committed a poem to memory,

and as I turned to him, he began to repeat the poem; on and on he went, and I could not stop him. He finished with an air of satisfaction, as much as to say, "There, now! *beat it if you can!*" At once I started a spirited song, and by tact managed to end the meeting in a most helpful way.

Bishop Morrison was invited to dedicate the new church at that famous point of Methodism "Bethlehem," near Clarksville. Both the Presiding Elder and pastor entreated me to attend. I did so. Bishop Morrison was amongst his old friends and a very great concourse was out to hear him. He gave us one of his best sermons, full of beauty, strength and spirituality. He is a gifted man, and has made a fine impression on the people in his new office of Bishop. The sermon was followed by an old-fashioned basket dinner. At 2 p. m., the people again filled the church, and in my way, I opened to them God's way of saving man.

The Ministers' Institute met on 21st of June, and began its educational work at once. There was quite an attendance of young ministers who are seeking a deeper insight into truth. Every morning and evening there were lectures on important themes. I heard Bishops Duncan and Morrison, whose choice instruction will do great good. Dr. Tillett selected the subjects for discussion. He selected for my lecture, "The Old and the New in Methodism." I spent much time in the investigation of Methodism in its beginnings, and its status now. The same complaints heard seventy years ago as we hear now—coldness, indifference, and backslidings. The *Methodist Magazine* tells the story. At the close of my address, Bishop Fitzgerald moved a resolution of thanks with a request for its publication, which was passed.

August found me in a rather low state of health. My Official Board saw it and insisted on my resting for a month. I had been for a long period under a mental strain, preparing addresses and sermons, and going from point to point adding my contribution of work to the furtherance of Christ's Kingdom, and was weary and worn. I had never, in my long ministry, taken a vacation, (I had once or twice taken a sick wife to a higher latitude), and it was now difficult to get my consent to rest. The Officials, in spite of my protest, sent the funds to meet our expenses to Beersheba Springs, a famous resort in days gone by. Providence indicated that to go would prove a blessing to me. We went, after arranging a pulpit supply. It was a real rest and a delightful retreat. I ate, slept; awoke to eat; then drank the water and went to sleep again, day by day.

Before going to the springs, I was called upon to bury one of the oldest and purest members of McKendree, Mrs. Matilda Hall, of East Nashville. She was one of "God's shut-ins." Her physical condition prevented her attending the House of God, but frequently a company of pious women, joined by the pastor, would hold a prayer service at her home. Those were hours of comfort, and

special benedictions. It was a treat to witness her submission to the Divine Will. We saw in her spirit that God can take any condition and so reinforce the sufferer as to make the sick chamber a hallowed place.

I had to be at Fulton, Missouri, to lecture, the first night of the Annual Conference, September 12th. Brother Jackson, the pastor, had erected a handsome new edifice; then purchased an organ. The lecture was to help raise funds to clear the debt. The house was thronged, and the people in fine mood, so that I dared to ask for contributions, though admission was by paid ticket. I proposed to add to the fund, and asked any who would send up a dollar to do so. In this way the organ fund was augmented. My theme was, "Fads In Religion." The Missouri Conference preachers warmly greeted me—particularly when they found I had no intention of seeking one of their best Churches!

Our Fourth Quarterly Conference, on October 8th, was full of interest. In my somewhat lengthy report, I gave the number of calls as pastor, two thousand four hundred and seventeen; this surprised the officers. I attended three hundred and sixty-eight services during the year besides the Sunday preaching. Two hundred and three accessions to the Church and a deepening interest in the various means of Grace.

CHAPTER XLIV

THIRD YEAR AT MCKENDREE.

On October 24th, 1900, I was at the opening of the Conference at McMinnville, Bishop Galloway present and in the chair. This Conference was unusually harmonious. Rev. W D. Bradfield, of Galveston, Texas, addressed the Conference, giving a very graphic description of the Galveston flood, and raised a collection reaching the sum of two hundred and fifty-one dollars, mostly contributed by the preachers. When Bishop Galloway announced the appointments, I was returned for the third year as pastor of McKendree Church. My appointment was received thoughtfully, in a special sense; having passed beyond my threescore and ten I knew my work must soon end. As my mind turned to my people, I could join Romaine's wish for his people, "God grant this may be a year famous for believing!"

On the 31st of October, I was in my place in our mid-week service. On Friday night met twenty-three in class-meeting. The noted lawyer, Judge East, and his wife encouraged us by their presence, and the recital of their experiences. Our Superintendent of Sunday-School stood by this meeting. Miss Lavinia Taylor was rarely absent during the year, Jesse H. Thomas had often met with us. Some of our new members never failed us. Mrs. N. M. Sharp, though advanced in years, loved to meet with us and talk of the things of God. Mrs. Nat Baxter accompanied her—a lady of fine spiritual acquisitions. Brother J. H. Yarborough was there, in spite of wind and weather. Among our faithful attendants, were also J. T Webb, a man of the old style; Mrs. S. E. Trueheart, the educated and talented Missionary Secretary of the Woman's Board; Mrs. Virginia Sawrie, widow of one of Tennessee's most prominent ministers; Mrs. J. R. Harwell, one of our most active and devoted workers; Professor Loggins and wife; Mrs. W I. Edwards, and Mrs. Keeling; Mr. and Mrs. Outwine, full of faith and praying power; Mr. and Mrs. Clara Grosheider, who never failed.

A sad funeral was that of one of our oldest members, Mrs. A. J. Cherry. She dearly loved her Church, and when in full health took an active part in carrying forward her enterprises. She honored her Lord and Master after an intelligent manner, and kept her heart warm with affection for Him. Her Christian experience was a new life. It was a seed planted in the soil, from which there springs, germinant, a flower and fruit. She was anchored to God. An anchored craft always faces the tide; she faced the tide of worldliness, and now is at rest. Her funeral was largely attended, as she was highly esteemed for her many estimable qualities.

With a strong Board of Stewards, men of worth and weight, the pastor witnesses the growing desire for the best good of all, and is stirred to increased activity. McKendree Church has an unusual number of first-class laymen, worthy of mention in the history of the organization. Want of space does not allow me to enter them here. But there are one or two names I must mention. Major E. B. Stahlman is by many considered the leading spirit of the city, in all philanthropic as well as other enterprises. He is noted as a friend to the preacher, always aiding in time of need. He has many friends and Nashville is honored in having him as one of her first citizens. Another member of great value to our cause is Mr. J. U. Rust, a gentleman ever studying the best interests of humanity. He is Steward, Sunday-School Superintendent, and ready to throw his force into every plan which will help the improvement of all classes. He is a wise counselor, and ever ready to coöperate with his pastor. His influence reaches a wide circle. Perhaps few Churches in our Southern Zion have a nobler class of Christian women. Some of these will live in Church history. Take Mrs. W G. E. Cunningham, widow of our former Sunday-School editor. Her active work for missions was the admiration of all who knew her. Once a missionary in China she knows the needs of the heathen world. Take her fellow workers, Mrs. L. T. Claiborne; their hearts are a unit in carrying out the commission of our Lord. They help the pastor on a number of lines. It is said, a sick man was asked if some one should be sent for to pray for him? "Yes, but send for Paul and Silas"—speaking of these godly women. That term has been applied to them ever since. They visit together, and keep an eye on any faltering one. Mrs. Benjamin Allen in her line of action is unexcelled; she is as energetic as Martha in caring for the honor of the Church. There was the wife of our book-agent, Mrs. Margaret Barbee, "enduring as seeing Him who is invisible." No one loved the Church more fervently than Mrs. Nat Baxter, no one more concerned for her purity and success. Mrs. Carrie Briggs' face is often seen in the prayer-meeting. One of the most faithful in filling her pew was Mrs. J. O. Buckner, always lending her aid to the advancement of the Kingdom. There was Mrs. E. L. Cantrell, whose face beamed with a spiritual light as she sat in the prayer-meeting reposing on Christ her Lord. One of our truest members was Mrs. Margaret Conally, daughter of Rev. Thomas Maddin, once a prince in our Israel. She trusted in her father's God. Mrs. Sallie T. Pedan and her daughter devotedly loved the place of worship and helped much in needed work. Mrs. E. H. East, one of the most devout members, working in her own peculiar way where she felt she was needed. Another who loved the Church and labored diligently for years in the Sunday-School and in other directions, loving to aid in lifting up humanity, was Mrs. J. Horton Fall. Her light was never under a bushel. Her spirituality was marked. She was one of the most helpful hearers I ever had. Mrs. Annie L. Har-

well took an active part in Christian work and gave her influence to every worthy cause. Her interest never abated. Her name must be in the Book of Life. Mrs. E. E. French gave large attention to certain work. She was active in Epworth League work and in the Sunday-School. One of our most devoted workers in the infant department of our Sunday-School was Miss Clara Jungerman. Prompt and capable, she filled a niche of importance, and took pleasure in her work. Miss Louise McHenry for a long period led the infant department, afterwards turned it over to Mrs. Stevens, a very active worker. Mrs. Mary C. Keeling is active in the Pastor's Aid Society, also in the missionary societies and in the Sunday-School. She wrought quietly and steadily in helping on the triumph of Christ's Kingdom. Another member who headed, and helped to promote many good institutions, was Mrs. Samuel J. Keith. Her social position gives her influence, and that influence is not thrown away on the frivolities of fashionable life. She seeks to do good, and cheer many a human heart. Much might be written in her praise. She stands at the forefront of some of our most worthy charities, and is president of the Old Ladies' Home. One of the ladies connected with McKendree Church for many years is Mrs. J. W Manier, Sr., for years an active participant in all the best enterprises. This Christian woman is as earnestly in love with the spiritual things of Christ as ever, and the prosperity of Zion gives her great joy. The ladies of the Morgan family take no small part in sustaining McKendree's name for good works. They give time to the great interests of society on its best side. Mrs. Henry W and Mrs. Garnett N. Morgan were always ready to cheer the pastor by their coöperation. To Mrs. Louise H. McHenry the pastor feels indebted for the trouble she saved him in getting settled down to his work. A pastor knows how to appreciate such kindness. She, in the past, gave time and means to the furtherance of the Gospel. Another Christian woman who cheered the pastor's heart by her attendance on the social meetings of the Church, is Mrs. J. K. Hemphill. Her seat was not often vacant in the prayer-meeting. She was ready to lend her aid in looking after the timid or neglected. One of the active group forming the Pastor's Aid Society was Mrs. Laura Reed. Quiet in her ways, but always in place and ready to coöperate with the workers who are aiming to advance the interests of humanity. Her presence at all the services helped the pastor to preach and exhort. Such members are a blessing to any Church. Mrs. L. D. Palmer, wife of a former book-agent in charge of our Publishing House—it was always a pleasure to see her at the house of worship. She was a helpful listener, and a woman of wit and wisdom. One to be honored for her zeal in behalf of her Church was Mrs. Thomas Parks. She coöperated with the great missionary enterprises and was always interested in the work of Christ. For almost a life-time she has been a member of McKendree. Another name to be in a specially honored list is Mrs. Mary E. Redford,

widow of Rev. A. H. Redford once in charge of our Publishing House. For many years she was President of the Crittenton Rescue Home. Amidst the cares and sorrows of life she found time to devote to the work of rescuing fallen women. We remember the devotion of Mrs. John R. Richardson. How devoted she was to the interest of Christ's Kingdom. When circumstances permitted, she filled her place in the house of God, and in missionary work stood shoulder to shoulder with the veteran workers. One of our quiet workers was Mrs. Mary E. Shearon, ready to fill any part assigned her. McKendree was greatly blessed in having such an active worker as Mrs. Joseph Stones, the wife of one of our Stewards. She hardly let a day pass without looking after some one, or doing something to help on the advancing empire of our Lord. One rarely finds her equal in any Church. The poor, the sick, the dying were looked after. Indeed, she was useful on almost every line of Christian work. She was ever in place in the prayer-meeting and class-room. Mrs. Kate E. Thompson was another one of our loyal workers, especially in the missionary department. She was treasurer of one of the societies—the Woman's Foreign Organization—and kept everything in perfect shape. A face always seen in the prayer-meeting was that of Mrs. Jesse H. Thomas. There is a remarkable group of younger ladies, daughters of Andrew M. Trawick, M. D., who greatly aided the pastor in many ways. In Epworth League work they stood in the front rank; in the Sunday-School work, in the mid-week meetings rarely absent. They were modest, yea, even almost timid, but as fixed in their purpose as trees grown in rifted rocks. One of them married one of our missionaries to Japan and is at work in that field; she is now Mrs. Cora Court. Mrs. S. C. Truehart, mentioned elsewhere, though General Sec.-Treas. of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, was never too busy to neglect her attendance upon the means of Grace and by her presence and public prayers aid in the work of soul saving. Cultured, devout, and spiritual, her influence is felt on all sides. A highly appreciated and devoted worker was Mrs. J. L. Watkins, granddaughter of one of Tennessee's ablest preachers of fifty years ago, Dr. Thomas Madden. Her kindly attention to the pastor, and her readiness to do work for Christ, was in almost daily evidence. She is one of the most faithful teachers in our Sunday-School, and a recognized factor in all church work. A Christian woman to be considered as amongst the oldest and most devout of all our people is Mrs. Martha K. Whitworth, widow of the late Judge Whitworth. Her seat is rarely vacant in the house of God. Her interest in the welfare of our Church never has abated, and she is as true to Christ as the needle to the pole. Joining McKendree at a recent period, we find Mrs. J. S. Yarbrough, daughter of the famous Dr. J. B. McFerrin. She possesses some rare traits which place her as a front woman amongst us. She is a worker of energy in behalf of Home Missions; is a speaker of taste, wit and instruction. Another

worker of ability and uncommon zeal is Mrs. Clay G. Stephens. Very few surpass her in interesting the young. Her working qualities are recognized and appreciated. There is a large number of young women who might be praised for their activity, but the want of space forbids their mention. A noted Christian character, the oldest member of McKendree, is Mrs. Emma Hamilton, mother of J. D. Hamilton, who for years has been the Treasurer of our Foreign Missionary Society. On the old records, her name stands at the head of the lists. She still lives, but is as lively in faith as ever, and enjoys comparatively good health. She resides in the country. A noble soul she is. Much could be said of her sainted life.

We closed the calendar year with an old-style Methodist Watch-Meeting. Having heard of the last year's meeting resulting in great profit to those who attended, the lecture-room was crowded on this occasion. Many strangers were present, and taking advantage of the large presence I stressed personal responsibility and sought to quicken the convictions of the people. On this night reconsecration was urged, and when the hour for action arrived I was somewhat surprised at the number who entered into covenant with God to lead new lives. No service held by this pastor was ever more impressive. The Divine Spirit was evidently present, and the meeting was counted the best of the year.

Rev. Thomas Aldred was a local preacher whose presence I valued. He was helpful to the pastor. He was warm-hearted and bubbled over with joy, and often exclaimed, "A-men," to the annoyance of some but the joy of others. His "a-men" pleased the pastor. He was useful and he aided the brethren in the pulpit work.

One can not tell what handful of grain sown will produce a harvest. A letter from a lady in a distant city, written in glowing language, told of the conversion of her husband, and that he had joined the Church and gone to work at once. He had dropped into McKendree, heard my discourse, and was converted and went home rejoicing. The Gospel has not lost its renovating power. Human systems can not save men. A philosopher of the olden time was accosted by his pupil thus, "Your philosophy offers but a tiny cup, to be drained at a single draught!"

There is evidently an indisposition upon the part of a number of our orthodox ministers to wrestle with the themes which our fathers discussed, such as human depravity, the Judgment Day and eternal punishment. A change has occurred within the last few years. In the past quarter of a century I have had the pleasure of hearing leading ministers in various pulpits. I can not recall a sermon on future and eternal punishment. Professor Knight of Tuft's College, names our condition as one of "backboneless theology." This gentleman, in the July number of the *North American Review*, in an article headed, "The New Hell," attributes the change to the growth of tenderness. For years, in our chief pulpits, we have heard

many great discourses, but they are on the softer truths of the Bible. This professor asserts that, "A concurrent modification has happened in the general view regarding the nature of the punishment to be anticipated in hell." "It is to be questioned," he adds, "whether modern thought on this subject is capable of furnishing food adequate to sustain a vigorous religious life." An added suggestion he makes is, "There is danger that hell may become like some of our 'reform prisons' which are made so comfortable as to fail of the purpose of prisons." No marvel we have so few great revivals; the masses no longer fear that punishment is to be visited upon them.

Hoping to at least deepen the spirituality of a number of our people, it was thought best to hold a ten-days' meeting. Rev. Lewis Powell, one of our city preachers and quite an evangelistic worker, was engaged to do the preaching. His sermons were in the proper direction to lead men to repentance and on to Christ. The difficulty was not in the preaching, but was owing to the non-attendance of the unconverted. The members were present in force, and the meeting stirred their hearts. Brother Powell gave us a dozen strong and able sermons. Our people enjoyed his work. We had a few conversions and eight accessions. The work of the most famous evangelists of the land have failed to win souls to Christ here in Nashville; men of known power, Chapman, Jones, and Stuart. It is possible that some spiritual non-conductor has arrested the Divine current!

The highly esteemed and lovable Bishop Fitzgerald had promised to give our people a sermon but sickness prevented until the middle of April, when he expounded the Word to a large and appreciative audience. He has been a sufferer, but is as sweet-spirited as one can be. Few public men have ever been loved by more people than this man of God. His brightness brings gladness to every company in which he appears.

Bishop Morrison having preached in the morning at Waverly, by my earnest request gave McKendree people a very clear and encouraging sermon on "Prayer." One would think that on so common a theme interest could not be sustained; but he gave added interest to the subject. He brings beaten oil to the sanctuary. To me quite a coincident transpired. Not long before, Dr. Hoss, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, gave a sermon on the same theme, but equally as entertaining, but from a widely different standpoint. By request, Dr. J. J. Tigert occupied my pulpit, and his theme was "Prayer." His standpoint was different from the others but equally as interesting and instructive. Some one wanted to know if McKendree people had abandoned prayer!

Having been appointed a delegate to the remarkable missionary gathering held in New Orleans, I attended for a double reason; first to encourage the enterprise, and second, to meet my old parishioners where I spent eleven of the best years of my ministry, serving the

three leading Churches. Quite an army of preachers and laymen were in attendance. It was a gathering gotten up by our Missionary Secretaries and Bishops, and was a season of profound interest to thousands. The enthusiasm culminated on Sunday night under the address of Bishop C. B. Galloway. Men subscribed thousands to help on the aggressive work of the Church, and one brother pledged ten thousand dollars. The description of the enthusiasm as given in the New Orleans dailies was of an enthusiasm never witnessed by any like body of religious workers. The Bishop, it is said, can never surpass the effort of that Sunday night the 28th of April, 1901, in that great hall. I was a quiet spectator of the daily workings of the convention, and had the pleasure of greeting a large number of old friends. Brother Adkinson, of Parker Memorial Church, determined to have me occupy his pulpit. I had secured the first money towards the erection of their church before I left New Orleans for the West. On Sunday morning, in company with my host, Mr. John Blackman, I wended my way to the place of worship. One may judge of my surprise to see many persons on the street around the doors, not able to get in. Every available spot was occupied, and the windows were filled with faces. Two-thirds of them were men and women to whom I had preached in years gone by; some I had received into the Church, others I had united in marriage; to others I was endeared in burying some of their loved ones. That audience lifted me out of myself, and I preached as seldom, if ever, before. One of the papers of the city gave a full description of the welcome accorded me by persons from all over the city. It was said, no man attending the convention had served as long in the active itineracy as myself.

May came in bearing balmy odors, but full of demands for work in soul saving. Much has to be done in the way of leading the people out of erroneous views into clear views of God's way of leading and guiding His children. What tact it requires to overturn mistaken views! Not only in Nashville, but in St. Louis, and indeed in all my charges, have I found upon the part of some of the best people, the habit of misapplying God's Word. They treat the Holy Book as if it was a dice-box. They sometimes are heard to say, in times of perplexity, "I was in a quandary, not knowing what to do, so I asked God for a verse, and He gave me so and so." They open the Bible, and a verse strikes them; they claim it to be God-given, and apply it personally, whereas God did not intend such application. They thus wrench God's Word from its true meaning; often twisting the truth to fit the case. Yes, the Spirit will speak to us, not through isolated texts, but He gives us definite instruction concerning our condition in the histories of men in the Divine Record.

Dr. Wm. H. Morgan was one of the "Old Guard" belonging to McKendree. His biography would be full of interest. As a dentist, he stood in the forefront of his profession and was born to

lead. As a citizen, he took a prominent part in the affairs of Nashville. As a Christian he was as pronounced as on other fields of action. He was Sunday-School Superintendent, Steward, and a leader in all the interests of McKendree Church. He was one of the Book Committee of the Publishing House. When the wheels mired, and our chief men were dazed over the situation, he helped to extricate and start our House on its present prosperous career. He was a very godly man and held to Christ with a vise-like grip. His view of the atonement satisfied his great intellect. His last days were full of pain.

I did not visit the General Conference officers often. They had so many callers, interruptions must have tested their patience. Out of a feeling of mercy I did not give them occasion for complaint. Whenever I called upon Dr. J. D. Barbee he received me with a warmth which was refreshing. What a noble nature he possessed! His influence in Nashville and throughout Tennessee was far-reaching. Few, if any, surpassed him as a pulpiteer. One of the Bishops told me he considered Dr. Barbee the best preacher in the Church. He had only kind words for those who opposed him. We were class-friends in our young manhood. Another of the General Conference officers, was our whole-souled editor of the *Christian Advocate,* Dr. E. E. Hoss. There was a peculiar ring to his "Come in," in response to a knock at his door. What a great editor he made! No wonder the Church elected him to the high place of Bishop. He is worthy of the confidence of his Church. What a good preacher he is! He not only puts brains into his discourses, but large heart-power. His platform addresses place him in the front rank.

The pastor of Carroll Street Church had secured the services of a noted evangelist, known as "Wild Bill," in a protracted meeting. I had heard and read much of this man, who rather liked the name of Wild Bill. I was curious to look into his methods, if he had any. One hearing can afford little opportunity of forming a just estimate of any man. Of one thing I was impressed—that he was a genuinely converted man. He had little to say about science, but much about the Lamb of God. He called sin by its right name, and with his honest earnestness, one could see why God so abundantly blessed the labors of this consecrated soul. He has led many to Christ.

Having often heard of Emory College, Georgia, and now and then met some of her noted presidents and professors, upon invitation to deliver the commencement sermon, I readily consented. I was disappointed in Oxford, but not in the College. The broad-minded president entertained me, and burdened as he was with many obligations, found time to make his guests feel at home. I was there three days. Heard the classes in declamation, and was impressed with their natural and acquired ability. There was much to give interest to my visit. I had the very great pleasure of hearing the address of Dr. Young J. Allen, so many years in China as a missionary. It was a great address, by one of the leading minds of the

Church. Emory College has given the country and the Church some of the most influential characters. On Sunday there was a regular Georgia commencement audience. Every spot available was occupied. My theme was, "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." At the close of the sermon, Brother Palmer, one of my Nashville Stewards on the platform, whispered in my ear, "Sing your song and invite the congregation to come forward and shake hands." I did so, singing the old chorus, "Oh, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, the Lamb of Calvary!" It was a wonderful sight—young and old marching down the aisle singing, then shaking hands with the preacher. It was good to be there!

A few days after my return from Emory College the closing exercises of Vanderbilt were held. I heard Dr. Van Dyke's address. One wishes to hear a person whose reputation is so widespread. The trustees and faculty of Vanderbilt do not stress the spectacular on these extra occasions. The proceedings are generally quite simple. In all departments there have been men graduated whose influence is being felt in Church and State. The students as a rule admire their professors and sing their praises. Living in Nashville about three years, I am acquainted with comparatively few of the professors. My acquaintance is mainly with the theological professors. They are eminent men in their departments. The criticisms generally heard are by small critics. Dean Tillett is a most estimable gentleman, a devout Christian, eminently fitted for his high position. He is an able expounder of the Word of God. I have never heard him preach or speak without being refreshed. Professor Denny is as highly esteemed for his ability as any one of his colleagues. As a preacher he has few superiors. He is genial and laborious. Professor Kern I have never heard preach, but his name is sounded abroad as being very able in his special department. The younger professors were selected for their scholarship and learning. Dr. Brown is highly esteemed, and Dr. Stevenson is reputed great in his position. President Kirkland is a recognized power in the educational world. The graduates of our University, so far as I have learned, are making their mark in the various walks of life. Bismarck's statement about German University students is not a rule to give us an opinion as to the graduates from Vanderbilt. He is quoted as saying, "One-third of the German University students went to dissipation and ruin; one-third were insignificant, the other third ruled Germany." In Church circles the graduates of our theological school are taking high positions, and are in demand as preachers.

Two of our best lady workers called to have me visit a sick woman, expressing great sympathy for her. She resided far out, but hot as it was I hastened to see her. Her condition was deplorable. I gave her, out of our charity fund, some money. In a couple of days, she sent for more money. I saw her again. Our ladies

were attentive to her. This went on until we were informed her husband made fine wages. The money she secured from us was used to purchase opium. Her face was battered up from falls when under the influence of the drug. When a thorough investigation was made, we found she was a member of the Episcopal Church, and was also using the ladies of that organization to secure funds to purchase the drug. How many times a like deception has been practised upon me in the past years!

On the 10th of August, I took the railroad train for Monteagle Assembly where I was to preach the following morning. At the appointed hour the congregation was in place, listening to the opening exercises, when a storm seemed to gather over and around the mountain. I had not talked three minutes before the storm broke forth in fury. Lightnings flashed and leaped, thunder rolled forth, until many in the auditorium were frightened into pallor. In the meantime I had taken my seat until the storm had spent itself. When I arose to continue my discourse I saw the people were demoralized, and after a few minutes I closed the service, no doubt to the gratification of many. I spent a few days on the mountain, being entertained by Dr. Morgan and family who made our visit a delight to myself and Mrs. Mathews.

Dr. W M. Leftwich, a well known and able minister, died in Los Angeles, California. He quietly slipped away from earth into Heaven. My first meeting with him was in the summer of 1848. He was just home from college, as a prospective lawyer. Many years passed before we met again. He had played an important part in Church work in Missouri, and held a high position in the ministry. He visited Kansas City during my pastorate there and old memories were revived. In his later years he engaged largely in evangelistic work, holding meetings in many sections of our country. As he grew in years, he grew in favor both with God and men. He was pastor of our leading Church in Los Angeles when he died. He was buried from West End Church, Nashville. A great concourse attended his funeral. A noble specimen of Christian manhood he was.

At our official meeting it was found we needed for all claims six hundred and eighty dollars. On the second Sunday this debt was wiped out. At the next meeting, Colonel Thomas D. Fite stated after the financial report was concluded, he had been a Steward in this Church for fifty years, and had never known such a satisfactory closing of the Conference year. The doxology was sung. Our fourth Quarterly Conference closed with each official in a cheerful mood over the condition of our affairs. According to my visiting book I made three thousand one hundred and sixty-four calls.

CHAPTER XLV

Fourth Year at McKendree.

Little did I dream when I went down to Pulaski, Tennessee, that this would prove my last attendance on an Annual Conference as a regular itinerant! It was well that I did not anticipate closing my active career at the end of another twelve months; it would, possibly, have unfitted me for earnest work during the year. Mozart had a deep presentiment that his end was not far off and at once went to work and composed his famous requiem for himself. When the end of his journey was reached, he sent for the score, and musing over it, said: "Did I not tell you that it was for myself I composed this death chant?" As long as strength will permit one should follow Wesley's plan, work the last day as on other days.

The Conference was in charge of the lovable and sweet spirited Bishop, O. P Fitzgerald. He led the devotional exercises, and then administered the Holy Communion. The hour and the man gave it additional interest. The Bishop was somewhat feeble, but quietly followed the order and conducted the business to a successful close. On Sunday, Bishop Fitzgerald was able to occupy the pulpit of our Church, though feeble. He gave the people one of his best sermons. His theme was, "The One and Only Gospel of God." By appointment of the Committee on Public Worship I was assigned to preach at the Presbyterian Church at 11 o'clock. The audience occupied literally every available space. My theme was "Salvation." I pleaded with the many preachers present to stand by the Gospel as preached by the fathers. My heart was full and out of that swelling tide of emotion, I held up Jesus as the only Savior of men. At the close of the sixth day's session, the Bishop announced the appointments for the ensuing year. I was reappointed to McKendree Church for the fourth year. As one possessed of a sensitive Christian spirit, from the beginning of my ministry I desired some certain test by which to decide whether God had appointed work for me. No vision came to me in my sleep, nor did I ever hear the articulating voice of the Spirit. I finally adopted as a rule, to accept as Providential the work assigned me as part of God's plan which I am to accomplish. With this view controlling my life I entered upon my work from year to year with ardor, believing in spiritual reinforcements, and therefore success.

My work opened on October 30th, in prayer-meeting, the attendance good, and my reception pleasing. As usual, the first Stewards' Meeting is one of deep interest and largely attended. The committees for the year are appointed which means a great deal.

Success on many lines depends upon men of the right stamp. On this occasion the committees were satisfactory to the pastor. Then a committee was appointed to consult with the pastor as to his salary. It took but a moment to settle the question, as I assured them the past year's arrangement would be perfectly satisfactory. Three thousand dollars was allowed me, with telephone service and the board of my horse. This Board is not narrow. Some of them are very prosperous men and desire the pastor's best interest.

Rev. Lewis Cannon Bryan was converted at 1 a. m., in McKendree Church, one morning in August, 1839. He was for fifty-three years an active itinerant, and for sixty-one years a member of the Tennessee Conference. In 1894, he was superannuated. He was at one time pastor of McKendree Church. He had a fine voice and lovely temperament and was highly esteemed for his efficient qualities. He was a model preacher and an unusually devout Christian. His bearing attracted me in my youthful ministry. He spent his last years in his quiet country home a few miles from Nashville. When I was appointed to McKendree he sent for me, and I drove out to see him. He remembered me, though years had passed since we met. He was trustingly awaiting the summons to go Home. His death occurred December 21st, 1901. He shouted the praises of God all the morning before he died. In company with several ministers I attended his funeral service at Arlington Church, near his home. The blessed saint entered upon death with joy!

One of the most impressive services held by me in McKendree Church was the Watch-Meeting of this year. We had an attendance of three hundred persons, some of whom had never attended a like service, and others had not attended a like meeting in a number of years. It was a representative audience. Only recently, the wife of a prominent dentist in one of our Churches, remarked, "That Watch-Meeting was the only old-fashioned Methodist meeting she had been in for several years." It was an evening of heartsearching, of earnest supplication, as well as hearty consecration. It was evident the Holy Spirit came upon the people. How touching the scene when nearly every one entered into a new covenant for God to live and die. Since my retirement to St. Louis, a prominent Christian woman in a letter to us referred to our meetings and especially to this Watch-Night service, as an occasion of blessedness.

It is said that Judson, one of the apostles of missions to India, wrote to a friend from Burmah: "Let me beg you not to rest contented with the commonplace religion that is prevalent." If my convictions do not deceive me my soul aspires for a more intimate union with Christ. I certainly am "mortgaged" to Him. This transaction occurred in my young life. The word comes from two words, meaning "death-grip." The Master has had such a grip on me; therefore I sometimes wonder over my inability to understand the variableness of my spiritual life. I have even longed for that spiritual consciousness claimed by many. As I pass into the New

Year, I do so conscious of its responsibilities. I am getting hoary, and oftentimes weary. It is the time for searching thoughts and needed readjustments; these thoughts lead me to plead for an uplift that will quiet all fear, and fit me for the inspection of the blazing eye of the Judge in the Judgment Day! My cry is, "Holy Spirit, impassion my soul that I may tread the narrow way as conqueror!"

Brother B. F. Champe had been a soldier during the Civil War, and was a soldier in the army of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was honored amongst those who knew him for his genuine qualities and Christian spirit. He was highly esteemed in the circle in which he moved. He was unostentatious, yet a gentleman of high purpose and devout spirit. He met the true purpose of life in equipping himself for the future estate, and died looking to the Savior of men!

One Sunday night in January, we had a service for men only. The house was filled and I preached on "God's Pathetic Plaint." Text, Isaiah 1st, and 2d verse. "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." At the close the scene was impressive; some came to the altar; fifteen stood up asking prayers, and twenty held up hands desiring salvation. These meetings indicated the earnestness of our people in behalf of young men. In the several medical and dental colleges are many young men who will lead in thought and action, and we feel the importance of shaping their convictions and views.

On the 9th day of February, occurred the funeral of that remarkable man, Dr. Robert A. Young. Remarkable in that he filled a greater variety of responsible positions than any minister of the Gospel I can recall. He stepped into prominence at once. His personal appearance, his gentlemanly manner, impressed me from the first. In 1846, he came to the Tennessee Conference, from the Holston, where he was one year in service. We both were received on trial in 1846, at the Conference held in Nashville. He stood with the front men, and filled some of the best appointments in the Conference. Then was transferred to the St. Louis Conference where he remained seven years, filling chief charges to the profit and delight of the Church. He was then transferred back to the Tennessee Conference. He was an entertaining as well as a drawing preacher. He never rose to great height in the pulpit, but possessed the rare ability of holding the people from Sabbath to Sabbath—an enviable ability. He was always in demand. He was chosen Financial Secretary of Vanderbilt University in 1874, holding that position for eight years. The General Conference then elected him Secretary of the Board of Missions. He was a fine business manager and everything prospered during his administration. He was superannuated in 1896, and resided in Nashville, where, until his death, he was Regent of Belmont College. His long and active career was a blessing to the Church of God. He died anticipating an abundant entrance into Heaven.

It had been discovered that the Bishop was mistaken as to the

time of service of Dr. D. C. Kelly on the Nashville District, and it became necessary to make a change. Rev. W. R. Peebles was placed over that District, and Dr. Kelly was changed to the Columbia District. Our new Presiding Elder was given a formal reception by his special friend, Mr. Shelton. He is quite popular as a man. A good, orthodox preacher and useful in his charges. He has made a useful official on other Districts. His preaching is of a clear type, and Wesleyan to the core.

Our earnest Superintendent J. U. Rust, being deeply concerned for the conversion of the pupils of the Sunday-School, arranged to have a "Decision Day;" or, rather, a revival service in the school. This day had been referred to again and again, leading the pupils to consider the subject of their salvation. On March 2d, the teachers and scholars were out in force. The classes were located in front of the platform. Prayers went up, songs appropriate were sung with spirit, after which the pastor made a talk, seeking to win the young hearts to decide for Christ. During the scene which followed, twenty-eight confessed Christ as their Savior. For four Sundays the interest was such as to cheer all the servants of our Lord. On the second Sunday, eight men applied for membership. On the third Sunday twenty-two professed to be accepted by Christ. An afternoon during the week was appointed for the children to meet the pastor for prayer and special instruction, and many attended. On the next Sunday, eleven were baptized and twenty-one received into the Church by ritual. Our teachers teach to save their scholars. Thank God for these results!

That famous and useful man, Rev. Sam Jones, returned to Nashville, earnestly desiring to see what he called "an old-fashioned revival." His heart was full of hope, and he entered upon the work with an ardor I had never known him to exercise heretofore. He opened up in the great Tabernacle before fully five thousand persons. I never heard him preach with the interest, vigor and clearness as on that occasion. His peculiarities were held in abeyance, and truth fell from his lips with sledge-hammer strokes. The impression was profound. He did not feel equal to occupying the Tabernacle twice a day, therefore requested the use of McKendree Church for morning service. It was jammed every morning. Night after night the preacher's soul seemed ablaze with a divine energy. After his sermon at night a large number signified their purpose to serve God. On the night of the 31st he assaulted the citadel of sin with great zeal and made one of the main efforts of his life. In his desire to save men, he appointed me to go to the center of the great gallery and "all up there who wanted to be saved give Dr. Mathews the hand; all in the body of the house give me the hand." When the hymn started there was a rush both down-stairs and in the gallery. I counted those who came to me—over one hundred—and a greater number in the body of the house. The crowd was too large; there was small opportunity to talk with any one. The fol-

lowing night fifty-five came forward in the gallery and many on the lower floor. The vigor of the evangelist seemed to be exhausted; very few professed more than conviction, and I thought the preacher somewhat disheartened. The meeting may not have resulted as he hoped, but such telling sermons can not fail to affect the lives of the multitude who heard them.

Mr. Crittenton, the philanthropist, being on a visit to the "Crittenton Home," a rescue home, we gave him the use of McKendree Church in which to tell the people of the advancement of the work. Mr. Crittenton is a plain man, unostentatious, but full of Christian zeal. His address bristled with facts of a most encouraging character. He has been sucessful in business, and has given large sums to the rescue work.

I was taken with "la grippe," in May, which estopped my work for a few days. Though unconscious of the fact, it was the beginning of the break-down of my physical system which in a short time ended in my superannuation, though none of the family anticipated such a collapse.

The little son of one of our Stewards died of lockjaw, aged eight years. He was a manly little fellow; always waited to shake my hand after preaching, and the last Sunday he attended, he said, "I enjoyed your sermon very much." I suppose he had caught the sentence from other lips. Dr. Chappell and myself conducted the funeral services. On the following day I was called to attend the funeral of Mrs. Nat Baxter, Sr. She was a noble woman—one of the older type that raised honorable and worthy children. She was a thoroughly consecrated Christian, and through her long-continued illness clung to Christ as the mighty Soul-Saver. How her sons loved her, seeking her advice long after their maturity. Another funeral on the day following, was that of John Richardson. This devout man was known in business circles as a man of lofty integrity. What a good thing to carry a good name down to the grave! Ere the final stroke that laid him low, he loved to attend our class-meetings. He enjoyed the communion of saints. He was never very demonstrative. There are days in almost every life that begin in gloom, that have only slight gleams of light at midday, but in the evening the great clouds are driving eastward, and shot through with glory, and you see the pathway to Eternity through the Gates of the West! Such was the close of this man's life.

Being honored with an invitation to preach the commencement sermon at Martha Washington College, at Abingdon, Virginia, and also to address the societies, I accepted, desiring to get a taste of Virginia air, and lend a hand to others. This is one of the most efficient colleges in our connection, and is of long standing with a rich history on educational lines. My visit was pleasing to me, but still feeling the results of the grip, the labors of the occasion tired me. Being within visiting distance of Roanoke, where my son-in-law, Dr. C. M. Hawkins, is pastor of Greene-Memorial Church, and

desiring to see my daughter, I took the train for that city. It was a great pleasure to meet loved ones again in their home. On Wednesday night I attended prayer-meeting and led it in my own peculiar way, Dr. Hawkins saying that I frightened some of his members half to death by walking down the aisles, and asking them questions! This is a strong and prosperous Church. On Sunday morning I occupied the pulpit with comfort to myself and I trust not without profit to others.

Commencement days are interesting occasions at our Vanderbilt University. Chancellor Kirkland aims to secure ministers and orators of prominence to give added interest to the exercises. On this day Dr. M. R. Vincent, a Northern man of repute, delivered an address of breadth and depth. The young gentlemen graduates are all in a quiet glee over their success in winning diplomas. They receive them in hope, and go forth, some to win fame, others to drink the bitter cup of disappointment. Their future depends upon themselves. Some make a great noise at the start. A man beating a big drum makes more noise than a hundred men planting corn. The sound of the drum soon dies away, while the ripening grain waves in the harvest fields.

The day following commencement, the Ministers' Institute opened in Wesley Hall. Dr. John J. Tigert, gave the body a lecture on "John." The exegesis gave one an insight to his learning and ability to master any subject. To many of us he is a marvelous man; he brightens every problem he handles. The young ministers can learn much from lectures delivered by these men of ability. The gentlemen leading the different lines of study, unintentionally sometimes made mistakes in the character of their investigations. Some of the young ministers never heard of many of the objections to certain Christian teachings, and have been confused and somewhat alarmed, and have started rumors to the disadvantage of the Institute. Dean Tillett generally selected the subjects. In my invitation, he suggested as a theme, "Some Recollections of Fifty Years, With Suggestions to Young Ministers." We had a full attendance, and I took pleasure in reviewing some of the battles of the past. I was not always victorious, particularly in the contest with self. It has been a long struggle; and often new tactics had to be employed. In conducting the battle I finally adopted Shakespeare's idea when he says,

> "What thou wilt
> Thou shalt rather en'orce 't with a smile,
> Than hew to 't with thy sword!"

I have through Christ won in many a conflict, and I praise Him for His aid. The bird praises God by singing. The flower pays its tribute in fragrant incense as its censer swings in the breeze. So my heart pours forth its gratitude for God's ennobling power!

During July the heat greatly oppressed me, but all my duties

were performed as steadily as in my younger days. During this month and August, at night our five central churches held union services. These meetings were crowded and quite profitable. Not until the last of July did it creep into my heart that I was beginning to break down! The thought alarmed me! Such was my physical depletion, I longed for a vacation, and arrangements were made by which I was to spend August at a hamlet, called "Quebeck" in Tennessee. I was not sick, but feeble. So on August the first, I was away in company with Mrs. Mathews, stopping on the way to visit my only surviving sister, Mrs. Eliza Harrison, of Summitville, Tennessee. The two of us are left of a family of ten children. The meeting was a happy one as we talked over the past. We reached our destination and found a quiet retreat in a nice home in the village. They had a Methodist house of worship but without members. It was a neat house, in which I preached several times. For some days I improved, but near the close of the month my feebleness was apparent.

We returned to Nashville on the 1st of September in time to conduct our mid-week prayer-meeting. Preached, visited and went forward, but not with the usual vigor. As Conference was approaching Mrs. Mathews urged me to decline an appointment for the next year. The very thought was repulsive to me! My family insisted that I would not be able to take charge of a Church for another year. My eldest son visited us, and after a painful conference—painful because I was conscious my life-work was about ended—the decision was for me to decline to take a pastorate, and to return to my son's home in St. Louis to spend the remnant of my days. This conclusion was at a great cost—the greatest mental trial of years, if not of my life. My decision was announced. The St. Louis Conference met in September, and a committee had been appointed to visit the Bishop and ask my appointment to my old charge—Centenary Church. This committee was at the seat of the Conference, when they were notified of my purposed retirement. In carrying out my purpose, I endured mental throes which shook me to the core of my being! This action was necessary, and I set about closing my pastorate and my life-work.

CHAPTER XLVI.

On The Superannuated List.

My pastorate, as well as my active ministry, closed at McKendree Church, Nashville, October 19th, 1902. On the same spot, in the year 1846, I joined the Tennessee Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Living in a period of the world's history of extraordinary development—a period into the lap of which the wisdom of sixty centuries had been poured—my young heart formed one purpose; that was, to move on the track worn by the thought of God in reference to man. To the extent of my ability, I selected the best of our Lord's thoughts and proclaimed these. True, many of His lessons were too big for my mental grasp, and therefore had to be broken up into sections before their force and beauty could be seen. In examining some of the thoughts which referred to the possibilities of man, it seemed strange that a creature who evoked the interest of all Heaven, a being so august, in a world so affluent and with powers so transcendent, should live on a scale so low! I at once consecrated my life to the work of lifting up to a higher form of life those with whom I associated. I had learned that those faculties which were intended to ally man to God were locked in sleep. There were sedatives on every hand. The great English writer, Foster, said, "There is plenty of morphine; the atmosphere is full of it." The masses being under the spell of sedatives, young as I was, I could but see what poor choices the multitude made.

Virtually adopting Emerson's idea when he says, "What the world needs is not negatives but positives; not denials but affirmations," I can say as I look over my shoulder into the sixty years of my public life, that I have voiced the emotions of my heart in stressing the affirmations of Divine truth. This action had a reflex influence; it not only aided me in awakening others, but strengthened my own faith. Our religious beliefs are sometimes irresolute, because we do not know with precision what they are, nor why they are. In 1852, sailing up the Pacific Ocean on my way to California, a fellow passenger directed my attention to the phosphorescence in the track of the ship. Light was produced in the darkness. This set me to wondering. The fact that impressed me with great force was, that one of the *phosphri,* though a creature smaller than the point of a sharp pin, could give forth light. Like that tiny creature, I determined to spend my earthly existence in illuminating the great sea of human wretchedness. Believing I had a mission, I have tried to put some drops of Heaven into the lives of those to whom I was

sent. The results are known only to God into whose presence I must soon pass. As one wrote of himself, I am

"——A poor old man,
Whose hours have dwindled to the shortest span."

What the Master thinks of my work I can not now know. I stake nothing on an active life. The basis of my expectation is Jesus' blood and righteousness. What my people thought of my labors may be known in part by quotations from the daily press. The *Nashville Banner* of October 20th, giving an account of my last Sunday, says, " After over fifty-seven years of faithful service in his Master's vineyard, Dr. John Mathews laid down, yesterday, the active work of the ministry and bade farewell to McKendree Church. In the morning he preached his last sermon—preached with that same simple eloquence that has made his ministry a mighty power for good and has won many a wayward soul from sin and brought it back to Jesus. There was a touch of pathos in that service, but more than pathos was the triumph of it—it was the last-flung spear of a warrior who had known many battles, many scars, but who knew not the taste of the bitter cup of defeat; it was the last arrow sent from well-drawn bow with keen precision into the heart of the body of iniquity; it was the last shout of command and encouragement from a general who must now resign to others the task of leading in the battle, but who leaves to his successors an illustrious example, which if well followed will mean more and greater victories. At night the congregation said farewell to its beloved pastor. The great church was filled completely, and many who sought entrance were turned away. Dr. Collins Denny spoke of the great work which had been done at McKendree during the pastorate of Dr. Mathews, and sounded a note of encouragement in looking towards its future. 'McKendree,' he argued, 'is the large central Methodist Church, and by virtue of its prestige and location has a great field and an unlimited opportunity before it.' Major E. B. Stahlman followed. He spoke for the congregation, addressing himself to Dr. Mathews. The speaker said, 'In the days when the Savior was on earth, He had a faithful and loyal disciple in Matthew, but he was no stronger in his faith nor more unswerving in his loyalty than John Mathews, who fifty-seven years ago had taken up the cause of Christ in America and who had lived his whole life on the battle-ground.' He spoke of Dr. Mathews' methods—the simple preaching of the Gospel of Christ in its purity, the taking of the message of comfort and love to aching and lonely hearts. He had always eschewed the methods to which some men have stooped even in so holy a cause, and the dignity of the Church and the Gospel had never suffered at his hands. Directly addressing the venerable divine, the speaker expressed to him, on behalf of the membership, its appreciation of the great work he had performed during the past four years, and its thanks for the messages he had given them. 'And now,'

he said, 'if you should pass over into the Great Beyond before we do, we ask that you pray and plead for us as you have prayed and plead with us. And if we should go on before, we will know there is no need of prayers for you—you will come! May we all meet again together in that Better Land.'"

According to the programme, I followed in a brief address, in substance as follows: "On this occasion and at this hour I come to the close not only of my pastorate at McKendree Church, but my active ministry also. I do so with regret and sadness. It is no small thing to retire from active service! It might be well to glance over one's shoulder and take a glimpse at the past. During my pastorate at McKendree, six hundred and seventy-five members have been taken into the Church. Some of these are among the most active workers of the Church. Every department is well organized and prosperous. As you are aware, in my congregations there have been a preponderance of men, often three to one. Believing every man to be lovable, it has been one great aim of my life to lead those under my influence to see that God had some gigantic intention for the race. On my banner this inscription has been painted: *'Plus ultra'*—'more beyond!' Methodism has had more gifted sons, men of greater talents, but none more loyal. I now pass into oblivion, a dependent man—a silent spectator of the battle in which I can no longer engage. I had hoped to die with the ring of my harness heard when I should fall. This is denied me. Farewell!"

The following note was sent to the Annual Conference which assembled in Fayetteville, Tennessee, October 22d, 1902:

To the Bishop and the Members of the Tennessee Conference.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Circumstances and conditions over which I have no control, impel me to ask at your hands a Supernumerary relation. After a service of over fifty-seven years, it seems best to retire from active service. To reach this conclusion was the severest trial of my life. I submit to what I can not help. I have been loyal to the Church, and retire with the consciousness that I wrought faithfully for the extension of the empire of our Lord. Southern Methodism has had stronger, brighter, and more useful men, but none more loyal. I began in my teens and end as I near four-score years. My joy now is that I have always labored in the ranks as a common soldier. In hope of Heaven, I am your servant,

JOHN MATHEWS.

In response, the Conference granted me a superannuated relation. A lengthy and highly appreciated resolution was introduced by Dr. Tillett, dean of the theological department of Vanderbilt University, and adopted by the body. On the 20th of October, I boarded the train for the city of St. Louis. I would have been less than human had I not felt keenly the act that relegated me to an inactive life. La grippe had wrecked my physical constitution.

Not long after returning to St. Louis, the lady manager of the

Emergency Home and Hospital, Mrs. Flint, gave Mrs. Mathews and myself a reception, where we were welcomed by many of our former friends. One other social event occurred to which I will refer—a banquet given by the ladies of the Union Methodist Church, in honor of the celebrated Dr. Buckley, editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*. A large number of the ministers of the city were present. There were feasting and addresses. Notwithstanding my physical disabilities, I attended. Unexpectedly I was called on for a speech. Dr. Buckley, writing of the occasion, gave descriptions of the different addresses. In referring to my talk he used this language: "I will confess to being somewhat embarrassed, and for this reason. Just before my toast was announced, the Rev. Dr. John Mathews, known for thirty-five years and more in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as a man who, when touched by the Holy Spirit, is unsurpassed in pathetic and persuasive eloquence, was invited to say a few words. He attempted to rise and was obliged to ask for help. He began by saying that he was slightly paralyzed, and then for ten minutes he delivered the most touching of possible spontaneous addresses. It is a common habit to say of something that has made a deep impression, that it was rarely surpassed, or was unequalled. I will not say either of these things; but it reminded me of Wm. Wirt's account of the blind preacher. It also recalled Bishop Simpson's farewell address to the General Conference of 1884, and (as it proved to be in a few days) to the world. Besides pathos and wit, there were gleams and flashes of old-time eloquence in the speech of Dr. Mathews. It could be said of his address as Henry Crabb Robinson said of Wesley's sermons when hearing him as an old man, 'If it was not a masterly sermon none but a master could have preached it.' There has been in the United States no more faithful or honored ministry than his, in St. Louis, Kansas City, Nashville, and New Orleans. To rise when on an entirely different theme, when one's eyes are in an unusual condition and one's voice is likely to tremble, is not easy; but by slow degrees I descended to the level of my own speech."

Thus have I given many "peeps" into not only my own, but into the lives of others. Let the curtain drop!